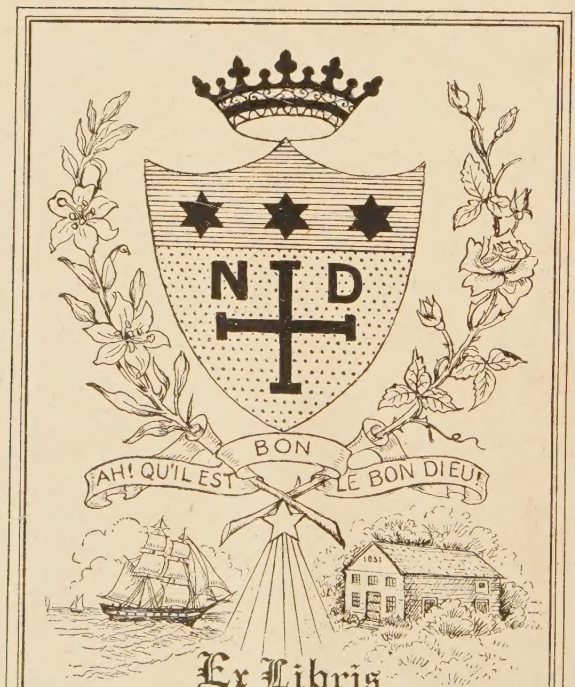

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FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

VOL. XXIII

	LIVED	PAGE
GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING	1729–1781	9005

BY E. P. EVANS

Names
Epigram
Thunder
Benefits
On Mr. R——
From 'Nathan the Wise'
On Love of Truth ('Eine Duplik')
The Meaning of Heresy
The Education of the Human Race
The Differing Spheres of Poetry and Painting ('Laocoön')
The Limitations of "Word-Painting" (same)
Lessing's Estimate of Himself ('Hamburg Dramaturgy')

CHARLES LEVER	1806–1872	9025

The Battle on the Douro ('Charles O'Malley')

GEORGE HENRY LEWES	1817–1878	9037

Goethe and Schiller
Robespierre in Paris, 1770

JONAS LIE	1833–	9048

Elizabeth's Choice ('A Norse Love Story')

ABRAHAM LINCOLN	1809–1865	9059

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

The Perpetuation of our Political Institutions (Address at Springfield, Illinois, 1837)
From His Speech at the Cooper Institute in New York, 1860

	LIVED	PAGE
ABRAHAM LINCOLN — *Continued:*		
From the first Inaugural Address, 1861		
The Gettysburg Address: at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, 1863		
The Second Inaugural Address, 1865		
LINNÆUS	1707–1778	9077
BY JOHN MUIR		
Lapland Observations ('Lachesis Lapponica')		
The Author Visits the Lapland Alps (same)		
LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS)	59 B. C.–17 A. D.	9091
BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON		
Horatius Cocles at the Sublician Bridge ('History of Rome')		
The Character of Hannibal (same)		
The Battle of Lake Trasimene (same)		
A Characteristic Episode of Classical Warfare		
JOHN LOCKE	1632–1704	9105
Pleasure and Pain ('Essay Concerning Human Understanding')		
Injudicious Haste in Study (same)		
FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON	1821–1895	9111
BY ELIZABETH STODDARD		
The Skeleton in the Cupboard	The Widow's Mite	
My Neighbor Rose	To My Grandmother	
The Rose and the Ring	Advice to a Poet	
	The Jester's Plea	
JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART	1794–1854	9125
The Last Days of Sir Walter Scott ('Memoirs')		
Zara's Earrings ('Spanish Ballads')		
The Wandering Knight's Song (same)		
THOMAS LODGE	1558(?)–1625	9139
Beauty		
Rosalind's Madrigal		
Love		

	LIVED	PAGE
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	1807–1882	9143

BY CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON

Hymn to the Night
The Beleaguered City
The Skeleton in Armor
Maidenhood
Serenade ('The Spanish Student')
Genius (same)
The Wreck of the Hesperus
The Village Blacksmith
The Rainy Day
The Belfry of Bruges
The Bridge
Seaweed
The Day is Done
The Arrow and the Song
The Cross of Snow
The Launching ('The Building of the Ship')
Sir Humphrey Gilbert
My Lost Youth
My Books
Changed
Paul Revere's Ride ('Tales of a Wayside Inn')
Thangbrand the Priest (same)
Kambalu (same)
The New Household ('The Hanging of the Crane')
Chaucer
Milton
Haroun Al Raschid
Divina Commedia
The Poet and His Songs
Finale to 'Christus: A Mystery'
The Young Hiawatha ('The Song of Hiawatha')
Prelude to 'Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie'
Peace in Acadia ('Evangeline')
Postlude to 'Evangeline'

LONGUS	Fifth century A. D.(?)	9197

The Two Foundlings ('Daphnis and Chloe')

PIERRE LOTI	1850–	9203

The Sailor's Wife ('An Iceland Fisherman')

	LIVED	PAGE
SAMUEL LOVER	1797–1868	9216
The Low-Backed Car	How to Ask and Have	
Widow Machree	The Gridiron	
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL	1819–1891	9229

BY HENRY JAMES

Si Descendero in Infernum, Ades
Hebe
She Came and Went
The Changeling
The Vision of Sir Launfal
From 'The Biglow Papers'
What Mr. Robinson Thinks
The Courtin'
Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly
The Washers of the Shroud
Memoriæ Positum
Uncle Zeb ('A Moosehead Journal')
From the Address on 'Democracy'
From Essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners'

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK	1834–	9279
The Habits of Ants ('The Beauties of Nature')		
Savages Compared with Children ('Pre-Historic Times')		
LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA	120?–200?	9285

BY EMILY JAMES SMITH

Aphrodite and Selene — The Judgment of Paris
The Amateur of Lying

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS	98?–55? B. C.	9304

BY PAUL SHOREY

Spenser's Imitation of the Opening Lines of the 'Nature of Things' ('The Fairy Queen')
Invocation to Venus
On the Evil of Superstition
The Foolishness of Luxury
The Nothingness of Death
The End of All
The Spirituality of Material Things

	LIVED	PAGE
LUTHER	1483–1546	9319

BY CHESTER D. HARTRANFT

To the Christian Nobles of the German Nation on the Improvement of the Christian Body
On the Liberty of the Christian
Reply at the Diet of Worms
Psalm CXXX.
Letter to Melanchthon
Letter to his Wife
Extract from Commentary on Psalm CI.
A Hymn for Children at Christmas
The Value and Power of Music
Luther's Letter to his Little Son Hans, Aged Six
Luther's Table-Talk
Sayings of Luther

THE EARL OF LYTTON 1831–1891 9348

Aux Italiens
Lucile's Letter ('Lucile')
From Prologue to 'The Wanderer'

MAARTEN MAARTENS (J. M. W. Van Der Poorten Schwartz) 1858– 9357

BY WILLIAM SHARP

Joost Surrenders ('The Sin of Joost Avelingh')
The Calm before the Storm ('An Old Maid's Love')
Knowledge ('God's Fool')
Music and Discord (same)
Guilt (same)
The Dawn of the Higher Life ('The Greater Glory')

THE MABINOGION 9373

BY ERNEST RHYS

The Dream of Rhonabwy
Lludd and Llevelys
Kilhwch and Olwen
From 'Branwen the Daughter of Llyr'
From 'The Dream of Maxen Wledig'

FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XXIII

	PAGE
An Irish Manuscript (Colored Plate)	Frontispiece
Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (Portrait)	9005
"Last Days of Marie Antoinette" (Photogravure)	9045
Abraham Lincoln (Portrait)	9059
Linnæus (Portrait)	9070
Livy (Portrait)	9091
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Portrait)	9143
"Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey" (Photogravure)	9149
James Russell Lowell (Portrait)	9229
Diplomatic Lombardic Writing (Fac-Simile)	9283
Martin Luther (Portrait)	9319
"The Boy Luther at the Cotta House" (Photogravure)	9340

VIGNETTE PORTRAITS

Charles Lever
George Henry Lewes
Jonas Lie
John Locke
John Gibson Lockhart
Pierre Loti
Samuel Lover
Sir John Lubbock
Lucian of Samosata
Lucretius
Lord Lytton
Maarten Maartens

LESSING.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING

(1729–1781)

BY E. P. EVANS

LESSING was born January 22d, 1729, at Camenz in the Saxon province of Upper Lusatia, and died at Brunswick, February 15th, 1781. His father was a clergyman and his mother the daughter of a clergyman; and his earliest known ancestor, Clarence Lessigk, a curate in the Saxon Erzgebirge, was one of the signers of the *formula concordiæ* published in 1580, and designed to allay certain doctrinal dissensions which had arisen soon after the death of the reformer. From this ecclesiastical progenitor his line of descent ran unbroken through six generations of theologians, jurists, burgomasters, and other men of culture; and in illustration of the "survival of the fittest," the family name and characteristics were in our own day the heritage of one of the most eminent historical painters of Germany. Lessing belonged therefore to what Oliver Wendell Holmes used to call the "Academic Races," in whom scholarly tastes and aptitudes are inbred and transmitted from father to son, and who take to learning almost as instinctively as a cat takes to mousing. It is the scions of such a stock that constitute the largest contingent of those who pursue university studies, and fill the ranks of the learned professions; producing a horde of pedants like Lessing's younger brother Theophilus, and at rare intervals a man of genius like himself.

In June 1741, when he was scarcely thirteen, he was sent to the then celebrated grammar school at Meissen (Fürstenschule zu St. Afra), where he completed the prescribed six-years' course of study in five years. In answer to the father's inquiry concerning his son's proficiency, the rector replied: "He is a horse that needs double fodder. The lessons, which are hard for others, are nothing for him. We cannot use him much longer." On September 20th, 1746, he was matriculated as a student of theology in the University of Leipsic. Two years later he went to Wittenberg, thence to Berlin, and again to Wittenberg, where he took the degree of master of arts on April 29th, 1752.

During these half a dozen years of quite varied and rather vagrant academical life, he devoted himself with energy and enthusiasm to

literary pursuits, and developed a marked talent for dramatic composition. He wrote a comedy entitled 'The Young Scholar.' The juvenile pedant, as he afterwards states, "was the only kind of ninny which at that time it was impossible for me not to be intimately acquainted with"; his play was therefore a study from life, rendered more realistic and vivid by a dawning consciousness of the danger to which he was himself exposed. The piece was given with great applause by the troupe of the celebrated Madame Neuber at Leipsic, whose citizens were only too familiar with the original of Damis. The best of his earlier plays is unquestionably 'Miss Sara Sampson,' a tragedy in five acts, first represented at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, July 10th, 1755, when, as we are told, the spectators "sat four hours like statues, and wept and wept." Nowadays its high-flown sentimentalism would excite laughter rather than tears; and although it was a theatrical success, and even had the distinction of being translated into French, it has long since fallen into oblivion. Its present importance is purely historical, as the first specimen of the tragedy of middle-class life on the German stage. Of Lessing's later and riper contributions to dramatic literature, three may be said to have an intrinsic and permanent value, 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and 'Nathan the Wise': a comedy, a tragedy, and what might be called a didactic drama, although each of these productions is pervaded by an earnest and quite obvious moral purpose.

The salient feature of 'Minna von Barnhelm,' published in 1767, is its national character,—so far as the term "national" can be applied to anything German at that time. Chiefly for this reason it appeared as "a shining meteor" to the eyes of Goethe, who was then a student in Leipsic, and who, in his talks with Eckermann in the last years of his life, recalled with reminiscent enthusiasm the immense influence it exerted upon the young people of his day. The hero, Major Tellheim, an officer in the service of Frederick the Great, has during the Seven Years' War advanced the money for the payment of a heavy contribution levied on a poor Saxon province. This noble and generous act so deeply impresses Minna von Barnhelm, a wealthy young lady of the neighborhood, that she seeks his acquaintance and becomes his betrothed. On the conclusion of peace, the draft given by the Saxon authorities to Tellheim is construed by the Prussian government into evidence of his having been bribed by the enemy; and he is therefore cashiered. His fine sense of honor makes him unwilling to involve the young lady in his disgrace, and he accordingly releases her from her engagement. As all her protests against such a proceeding prove unavailing, she resolves to accomplish her purpose by artifice, and pretends that she has been disinherited by her uncle on account of her betrothal. The cunning

device succeeds. Believing her to be poor and deserted, Tellheim is eager to wed her and take her under his protection; especially as meanwhile he has received a letter from the King, recognizing the true state of the case as regards the draft, ordering it to be paid, and offering to restore him to his former rank in the army. It is now Minna's turn to scruple at such an unequal marriage, and to urge against it all the arguments which he had used, but of which he would not admit the force in their present application. Finally the uncle, who has always held Tellheim in high esteem, appears upon the scene; the mystery is cleared up, and the lovers are made happy. The subordinate characters — Just, Werner, Franziska, and the sordid innkeeper — are admirably drawn; and the introduction of le Chevalier Riccaut de la Marlinière is a happy hit at the petty German rulers, whose courts swarmed with titled adventurers of this sort, and even at Frederic the Great, who admitted them to his army. Underlying the love story is a deeper political meaning; and the nuptial union of Tellheim and Minna is made to symbolize the natural ties of race which should bind together the different members of the German family, then alienated and antagonized by dynastic jealousies and interests.

In 'Emilia Galotti' the scene is laid in Italy, and the catastrophe recalls the days of the old Roman Republic; but the play is wholly German in spirit, and holds the mirror up to the frivolous and tyrannical princelings of Lessing's own time and nation. The heroine, the daughter of a colonel and the betrothed of Count Appiani, has excited the admiration and passion of the reigning sovereign, an effeminate and sentimental young man, whose few generous impulses have been checked and stunted by the consciousness of irresponsible power and the servile flattery of courtiers, and who has grown up into a pleasure-seeking and unscrupulous egotist. On learning that Emilia is about to marry Appiani, he gives his chamberlain, the sycophantic and utterly unprincipled Marinelli, *carte blanche* to use every means to prevent it; the result of which is the assassination of the groom on his wedding-day and the abduction of the bride, who, under the pretext of protecting her from the bandits, is carried off to the prince's castle. Her father hastens thither, and learns the real cause of Appiani's taking-off in an accidental interview with the prince's discarded mistress, Countess Orsina, who gives him a dagger and bids him do his duty. The father, disarmed by a gracious word of his Serene Highness, lets the favorable opportunity pass, and finally thrusts the dagger into the heart of his daughter, who, fearing lest she might yield to the seductions of the court and to the suit of her princely lover, entreats him to do the deed. This dénouement is the weak point in the play. Times have changed since the age of

Virginius; and the heroic act of a father to whom the law gave the power of life and death over his children does not fit into the plot of a modern tragedy. The sentimental metaphor of "a rose broken from its stem before the storm strips it of its leaves," first used by the daughter and repeated by the father, hardly suits the case. The characters Appiani and Odoardo Galotti, in contrast to Marinelli, the type of contemporary "court vermin," are admirably portrayed; the dialogue is simple and compact, and the dramatic movement remarkably direct and rapid. The piece was first represented at Brunswick, March 13th, 1772, and has kept its place on the German stage ever since.

Still more remote from Lessing's age and country is the action of 'Nathan the Wise'; the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem during the Third Crusade, in the latter half of the twelfth century, but which nevertheless bore the closest relation to his own intellectual life and to that of his time. The germ of the drama is the tale of Saladin and the Jew Melchizedek in Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' which Lessing used as a parable to illustrate and enforce his views of religious toleration. Indeed, the whole play is little more than a dialogue in iambics on this subject, which came to his hand as a new and effective weapon in the warfare which he had been waging against theological bigotry, in his controversy with the Hamburg pastor Götze. It was published in 1779, and represented in Berlin four years later.

Lessing's last word in this polemical discussion was his essay of a hundred paragraphs entitled 'The Education of the Human Race,' and containing a complete philosophy of religion in a nutshell. These acute and suggestive theses will still be read with interest, although the recent comparative study of religions has rendered some of them untenable.

An additional evidence of the vigor and versatility of his genius is seen in the acute and comprehensive spirit with which he handled æsthetical topics. His 'Laocoön' (published in May 1766), although a fragment, still remains an unrivaled masterpiece of art criticism; and the line of demarcation which he drew between the speaking and the imaging arts has never been disturbed. He fixed the limits of poetry and painting as different modes of representation, and set aside once for all the famous dictum of Simonides, *Ut pictura poesis*, which had received the indorsement of Winckelmann and which he himself had formerly accepted. The fruitfulness of this "splendid thought," as Goethe calls it, is perceptible in the subsequent development of the principles of criticism as applied to literature and the fine arts in Germany.

Even more fugitive and fragmentary than 'Laocoön' is Lessing's 'Dramaturgy,' written during his brief connection with the Hamburg

theatre as critic in 1767, and concluded in the following year after the financial failure of that ill-starred enterprise. But here too the good seed, which seemed then to have been sown among thorns or on stony places, has sprung up and borne fruit a hundredfold. This is the result which Lessing wished to attain. Number 95 of this series of papers ends as follows: "Just here I remind my readers that these pages are by no means intended to contain a dramatic system. I am therefore not bound to solve all the difficulties which I raise. I am quite willing that my thoughts should seem to want connection, and even to contradict each other, if they are only thoughts in which the readers may find material for thinking themselves. I aim at nothing more than to scatter *fermenta cognitionis.*" In the performance of this useful function he has seldom been surpassed.

Lessing possessed a clearness of insight and a vigor of mind bordering on genius; he was a master of creative criticism, an original thinker, and what is more, a man of sterling character and strictest intellectual integrity: but he was not "of imagination all compact," not a great poet, and never claimed to be. The manly stride of his prose easily turns to mincing steps in his verse. His epigrams and odes and lyrics are rhythmically correct, but purely mechanical and often exceedingly stiff; and his plays, although dramatically well constructed, lack the qualities which he as a critic appreciated in Shakespeare, but which the keenest critical faculty can never supply. But with all these deficiencies on the poetic side of his nature, of which no one was more fully conscious than himself, he still remains one of the noblest figures and most permanent influences for good in German literature.

E. P. Evans

NAMES

I ASKED my maiden fair one day:—
"What shall I call thee in my lay?
Wilt thou be as Daphne famed?
Wilt thou Galatea, Chloris,
Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris
By posterity be named?"

"Ah!" replied my maiden fair,
"Names are naught but empty air.

Choose the one that suits the line:
Call me Galatea, Chloris,
Phyllis, Lesbia, or Doris,—
Call me anything, in fine,
If thou only call'st me Thine."

EPIGRAM

WHO will not mighty Klopstock praise?
Will everybody read him? Nay!
A little less extol our lays,
And read a little more, we pray.

[This epigram evidently suggested to James Russell Lowell his pithy characterization of Klopstock as "an immortality of unreadableness." Lessing also, in a letter to Gleim (October 2d, 1757), asks: "What do you say to Klopstock's sacred songs? If you condemn them, I shall suspect your Christianity; if you approve of them, I shall question your taste."]

THUNDER

HO, FRIENDS! it thunders! Let us drink!
Fill up the bowl! For what care we?
Let hypocrites and villains shrink,
And minions bend the servile knee!
It thunders! drain the glasses dry!
Nor start like women with affright:
Just Jove may lash the sea-surge high,
His nectar he will never smite.

BENEFITS

E'EN if a vicious man were like a leaky vat,
That wastes what it receives, pour in, for all of that!
If vat and man are not in too decrepit plight,
Keep pouring in thy gifts! How soon a crack soaks tight!

ON MR. R——*

THAT you're a poet, sir, I'm very glad;
But are you nothing more? Ah! that's too bad.

* Probably Karl Wilhelm Ramler.

FROM 'NATHAN THE WISE'

SALADIN —
Draw nearer, Jew! Still nearer! Close to me,
And have no fear!
Nathan — Let that be for thy foe!
Saladin — Thy name is Nathan.
Nathan — Yes.
Saladin — Nathan the Wise?
Nathan — No.
Saladin — Well! if not by thee thyself so called,
The people call thee so.
Nathan — Maybe, the people.
Saladin — Thou dost not think, forsooth, that I
The people's voice do scornfully disdain?
Indeed, I have long wished to know the man
The people call the Wise.
Nathan — What if they mean
By wise that he is only shrewd, and knows
His own advantage craftily to gain?
Saladin — His true advantage meanest thou thereby?
Nathan — Then the most selfish were the shrewdest too;
Then were indeed "crafty" and "wise" the same.
Saladin — I hear thee prove what thou wouldst contradict.
Man's truest gain, which people do not know,
Thou knowest or at least hast sought to know;
This thou hast pondered, and 'tis this alone
That makes man wise.
Nathan — And which each deems himself
To be.
Saladin — And now of modesty enough!
To hear it evermore, where one expects
Dry reason, sickens. [*He springs up.*
To the matter now!
But be honest, yes, be honest!
Nathan — Sultan,
It surely is my wish to serve thee so,
That worthy of thy further custom I
May still remain.
Saladin — To serve me? how?
Nathan — The best
Of all shalt thou receive, and have it at
The fairest price.

Saladin — What dost thou speak of, Jew?
Not of thy wares! The chafferer with thee
Shall be my sister. [*Aside:* That for the eavesdropper.]
With thee as merchant have I naught to do.
Nathan — Then doubtless thou thyself would'st know what I
Have on my journey, of the foe, who seems
To stir again, observed or happened on?
If plainly I —
Saladin — That too is not my drift
With thee. Of that I know already what
I require. — In short —
Nathan — Command me, Sultan.
Saladin — In something else that's wholly different
I now desire thy teaching. — Since thou art
So wise, pray tell me once what faith, what law
Has seemed to thee most genuine.
Nathan — Sultan,
I am a Jew.
Saladin — And I a Mussulman.
Between us is the Christian. Of these three
Religions, one alone can be the true.
A man like thee remains not standing there,
Where merely chance of birth has cast his lot;
Or if he there remain, then he remains
Through insight, reason, or through better choice.
Come now, impart to me thy insight, let
Me hear the reasons which I've lacked the time
Minutely to examine. Let me know —
Of course in strictest confidence — the grounds
That have availed to fix thy final choice,
That I may make it mine. How? Thou dost start?
Dost weigh me with thy eye? It may well be
That I'm the first of Sultans who e'er had
A whim like this, which yet methinks is not
Unworthy of a Sultan. — Is't not so?
Give answer! Speak! Or wishest thou to have
A moment to reflect? I give it thee.
Reflect, quickly reflect. I shall return
Without delay.

[*Retires to an adjoining room.*]

Nathan — Hm! hm! How very strange!
How dazed I am! What does the Sultan want?
What? I thought 'twas money, and he wishes — Truth.

And wishes it cash down and unalloyed,
As though 'twere coin — yes, ancient coin — that's weighed.
And that perhaps might do; but coin so new,
Which by the stamp alone is made to pass,
And may be counted out upon the board,—
That it is surely not. Can truth be put
Into the head like coin into a bag?
Who then is here the Jew? Is't I or he?
How then? If he in truth demand the truth?
For the distrust that he employs the truth
But as a trap, would be too mean! Too mean?
And what then for a magnate is too mean?
He rushed into the house and burst the door,
'Tis true — people should knock and listen first,
If they approach as friends. I must proceed
With care. But how? To be a downright Jew
Will never do. And not to be at all
A Jew, will do still less. If I'm no Jew,
Might he then ask why not a Mussulman?
That's it! That can save me! Not children only
Are fed with tales.— He comes. Well, let him come.

Saladin *returns*

Saladin —
[*Aside* — Here then the field is clear.] I've not returned
Too soon for thee? Are thy reflections ended?
If so, speak out. There's none that hears us here.
Nathan — Would the whole world might hear us.
Saladin — Is Nathan
So certain of his cause? Ha! that I call
A wise man! never to conceal the truth!
For it to hazard all — body and life,
Estate and blood!
Nathan — If it be needful, yes!
Or be of use.
Saladin — Henceforth then I may hope
That I rightly bear one of my titles:
"Reformer of the world and of the law."
Nathan — Faith, 'tis a splendid title; yet before,
O Sultan, I may quite confide in thee,
Permit me to relate a tale.
Saladin — Why not?
I'm always fond of tales if they're well told.
Nathan — To tell them well is not my strongest point.
Saladin — Again so proudly modest? Make haste! the tale!

Nathan — In olden times a man lived in the East,
Who from a loving hand possessed a ring
Of priceless worth. An opal was the stone,
In which a hundred brilliant colors played,
And which the hidden virtue also had
Of making him who wore it, in this trust,
Pleasing to God and well beloved by man.
What wonder then that this man in the East
The ring upon his finger always kept,
And so disposed that it should be for aye
An heirloom in his house? He left the ring
Bequeathed unto the dearest of his sons,
Ordaining that he too the ring should leave
To that one of his sons whom he most loved,
And that this dearest one, without regard
To birth, by virtue of the ring alone
Should ever be the house's head and prince.
Thou understandest, Sultan?

Saladin — Yes; go on!

Nathan — Thus the ring came, from son to son, at last
To one who was the father of three sons,
Who all alike were dutiful to him,
And all of whom he therefore could not help
But love alike. Only from time to time
Now this one, now the other, now the third —
As each might chance to be alone with him,
And his effusive heart the other two
Did not divide — seemed worthier of the ring,
Which through fond weakness he'd to each of them
Promised in turn. Thus it went on as long
As it would do. But when he neared his death,
The kindly father was most sore perplexed.
It gave him pain to grieve two of his sons,
Who on his word relied. What should he do?
In secret to a jeweler he sends,
And orders him to make two other rings
According to the pattern of the first.
And bids him spare nor cost nor toil, that they
May prove to be alike and just like it.
The jeweler in this succeeds so well,
That when he brings the rings, the model ring
Not e'en the father longer can discern.
With joy he calls his sons, each one apart,
And gives to each his blessing and his ring —
And dies. Thou hear'st me, Sultan?

Saladin [*who has turned away astonished*] — Yes, I hear!
Make haste and bring thy story to an end.
Will it be —
Nathan — Already I have ended;
For what is still to follow, comes of course.
Scarce was the father dead, when each son comes
And brings his ring, and each would of the house
Be lord. They search, they quarrel, they accuse:
In vain; the right ring could not now be proved,—
[*After a pause, in which he awaits the Sultan's answer*]
Almost as little as to us can be
The right belief.
Saladin — How so? And that shall be
The answer to my question?
Nathan — It shall serve
Merely as my excuse, if I presume
Not to discriminate between the rings
The father ordered made with the intent
That they should indiscriminate remain.
Saladin — The rings! Sport not with me! I should have thought
That the religions, which I named to thee,
Were easy to distinguish, e'en to dress
And e'en to meat and drink.
Nathan — But only not
As to the grounds on which they're thought to rest.
For are they not all based on history,
Traditional or written? And history
Must be received on trust — is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to trust?
In our own people, surely; in those men
Whose blood we are, and who from infancy
Have proved their love and never us deceived,
Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I my forefathers less believe
Than thou dost thine? Or on the other hand,
Can ask of thee to say thy fathers lied,
In order not to contradict my own?
The same is true of Christians — is it not?
Saladin [*aside*] —
Now by the living God, the man is right,
And I'm struck dumb.
Nathan — Now to our rings let us
Return. As I have said, the sons brought suit
Against each other, and before the judge

Each truly swore that he'd received the ring
Directly from his father's hand, and swore —
Not the less true — that also long before
He had by him been solemnly assured
That he one day the ring's prerogative
Should certainly enjoy. And each declared
The father ne'er could have been false to him.
Ere such a loving father he'd suspect,
He'd sooner charge his brothers with foul play,
Though hitherto of them the very best
He always had been ready to believe;
And now he wished to find the traitors out,
That he might on them be avenged.

Saladin — And now
The judge? I long to hear what thou wilt make
The judge reply. Relate!

Nathan — The judge spoke thus: —
"If you the father cannot soon produce,
Then I dismiss you from my judgment-seat.
Think you that to solve riddles I sit here?
Or wait you till the right ring opes its mouth?
Yet stay! I hear the right ring doth possess
The magic power of making one beloved,
To God and man well pleasing. That alone
Must now decide. For surely the false rings
Will fail in *that*. Now whom love two of you
The most? Make haste and speak! Why are you mute?
Is't only inward that the rings do work,
Not outward? Does each one love himself the most?
Deceived deceivers are you then all three!
And of your rings all three are not the true.
Presumably the true ring being lost,
The father to conceal or to repair
The loss had three rings made for one."

Saladin — Grand! grand!

Nathan — And thereupon the judge went on to say: —
"If you'll, instead of sentence, take advice,
This is my counsel: Let the matter rest
Just as it lies. If each of you has had
A ring presented by his father, then
Let each believe his own the genuine ring.
'Tis possible the father did not wish
To suffer any longer in his house
The one ring's tyranny! And certainly,

As he all three did love, and all alike,
He would not willingly oppress the two
To favor one. Well, then! Let each one strive
To imitate that love, so pure and free
From prejudice! Let each one vie with each
In showing forth the virtue of the stone
That's in his ring! Let him assist its might
With gentleness, forbearance, love of peace,
And with sincere submission to his God!
And if the virtues of the stones remain,
And in your children's children prove their power,
After a thousand years have passed
Let them appear again before this seat.
A wiser man than I will then sit here
And speak. Depart!" Thus said the modest judge.

ON LOVE OF TRUTH

From 'Eine Duplik'

I KNOW not whether it be a duty to offer up fortune and life to the truth: certainly the courage and resolution necessary to such a sacrifice are not gifts which we can bestow upon ourselves. But I know it *is* a duty, if one undertake to teach the truth, to teach the whole of it or none at all, to teach it clearly and roundly, without enigmas or reserves, and with perfect confidence in its efficacy and utility; and the gifts required for such a decision *are* in our power. Whoever will not acquire these, or when acquired will not use them, shows that he has a very poor opinion of the human intellect; and he deserves to lose the confidence of his hearers, who, while he frees them from some gross errors, yet withholds the entire truth, and thinks to satisfy them by a compromise with falsehood. For the greater the error, the shorter and straighter the way to the truth. On the other hand, subtle error can prevent our recognition of its nature, and forever blind us to the truth.

The man who is faithless to Truth in threatening dangers, may yet love her much; and Truth forgives him his infidelity for the sake of his love. But whosoever thinks of prostituting Truth under all sorts of masks and rouge, may indeed be her pimp, but he has never been her lover.

Not the truth of which any one is, or supposes himself to be, possessed, but the upright endeavor he has made to arrive at truth, makes the worth of the man. For not by the possession but by the pursuit of truth are his powers expanded, wherein alone his ever-growing perfection consists. Possession makes us easy, indolent, proud.

If God held all truth shut in his right hand, and in his left nothing but the ever-restless search after truth, although with the condition of for ever and ever erring, and should say to me, "Choose!" I should bow humbly to his left hand and say, "Father, give! pure truth is for Thee alone!"

THE MEANING OF HERESY

WHAT is called a heretic has a very good side. It is a man who wishes to see with his own eyes. The only question is whether he has good eyes. In certain ages the name of heretic is the best title that a scholar can transmit to posterity; far better than that of sorcerer, magian, exorcist, for these serve to conceal many an impostor.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HUMAN RACE

WHAT education is to the individual, revelation is to the whole human race.

2. Education is revelation which is given to the individual; revelation is education which has been and is still given to the human race.

3. Whether education, regarded from this point of view, can be of any use in pedagogics, I will not discuss here; but in theology it can surely be of very great use and remove many difficulties, if revelation can be conceived of as an education of the human race.

4. Education does not give to man anything which he could not acquire of himself, but only gives it to him more quickly and more easily. So too revelation does not give anything to the human race which human reason, if left to itself, would not attain; but it has given and still gives the most important of these things earlier.

5. As in education it is not a matter of indifference in what order the powers of the individual are developed, and as it cannot impart to him everything at once, so God in his revelation must observe a certain order and due moderation.

6. If the first man were immediately provided with the conception of one God, it would be impossible for the conception thus communicated and not acquired to preserve its original purity. As soon as human reason left to itself began to act upon it, it would divide the one infinite into several finites and give to each a designation.

7. It was thus that polytheism and idolatry naturally arose. And who knows how many millions of years human reason might have wandered in these erring ways, although some individuals in all lands and at all times knew them to be erring ways, if it had not pleased God by a new impulse to give it a better direction?

8. But since God could not or would not reveal himself any longer to each single individual, he chose a single people for special education, the rudest and most uncivilized, in order to train it from the very beginning.

[Paragraphs 9 to 52 show how monotheism, or the doctrine of one God, was revealed to the Jews, and this moral education promoted by a system of temporal rewards and punishments, according as they obeyed or transgressed the commands of the Almighty. But when the Hebrew Bible, as an elementary hornbook, became gradually unsuited to the growing intellect of the children of Israel, their teachers the Rabbins resorted to mystical and allegorical interpretations, and forced new ideas into the text wholly foreign to their original meaning. This course of instruction warped the mind of the pupil, making him petty, crafty, captious, fond of subtleties and sophistries, and incapable of seeing things in their true light — in short, cabalistic and superstitious.]

53. It was therefore necessary for a better teacher to come and snatch the obsolete primer from the hands of the child. Christ came.

[In paragraphs 54–77, Lessing discusses the tenets of this new teacher and his disciples, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the dogmas of the Trinity, of Original Sin, and of the Atonement; and arrives at the conclusion that «the development of real truths into truths of the reason is absolutely necessary if they are to be of any help to the human race.»]

78. It is not true that speculations concerning these things have ever wrought mischief or been hurtful to civil society.

This reproach should be made, not to the speculations themselves, but to the folly and tyranny that would hinder these speculations and grudge to men the free exercise of their thoughts.

79. On the contrary, such speculations, however they may result in individual cases, are incontestably the fittest exercises of the human mind, so long as the human heart is at most only capable of loving virtue for the sake of its consequences in conferring eternal happiness.

80. For since this selfishness of the human heart exists, the desire to exercise the mind exclusively on that which concerns our physical necessities would tend rather to dull it than to sharpen it. The mind must in sooth be exercised on intellectual objects, if it is to attain its full illumination and produce that purity of heart which makes us capable of loving virtue for its own sake.

81. Or shall the human race never attain this highest degree of enlightenment and purity? Never?

82. Never? Let me not be guilty of such blasphemy even in my thoughts, All-gracious One! Education has its purpose in the race not less than in the individual. What is educated, is educated for something.

83. The flattering prospects which are offered to the youth, the honor and prosperity which are pictured to him,—what are these but means of training him up to be a man who will be able to do his duty, even when these prospects of honor and prosperity fail!

84. This is the aim of human education, and may not divine education attain as much? What art succeeds in doing with the individual, shall not nature succeed in doing with the whole? Blasphemy! Blasphemy! [In other words, it is blasphemy to doubt this.]

85. No! it will come, it will surely come, the time of perfect development: when man, the more firmly he feels convinced of an ever better future, will have less need of borrowing from this future the motives of his actions; when he will do good because it is good, not because he expects arbitrary rewards, which were formerly designed merely to fix and strengthen his inconstant recognition of the inner and better rewards of virtue.

86. It will surely come, the time of a new, eternal gospel, which is promised us even in the elementary books of the New Covenant.

94. Why may not each individual have already existed once in this world?

95. Is this hypothesis so absurd because it is the oldest, or because the human mind hit upon it before the mental powers had been dissipated and weakened by the sophistry of the schools?

96. Why may not I already have taken all the steps towards perfection which mere temporal rewards and punishments can induce man to take?

97. And why not again all those which the prospects of eternal reward so strongly aid us to perform?

98. Why should I not return as often as I am fitted to acquire new knowledge and new capacities? Do I take away with me so much at once that it is perhaps not worth the while to come again?

99. Or because I forget that I have been here? Well for me that I forget it! The remembrance of my former state would permit me to make only a poor use of the present. And what I must forget now, have I forgotten it forever?

100. Or because too much time would thereby be lost to me? Lost? What have I then to lose? Is not all eternity mine?

THE DIFFERING SPHERES OF POETRY AND PAINTING

From 'Laocoön'

If it be true that painting uses for its imitations wholly different means or signs from poetry,—namely, forms and colors in space instead of articulate tones in time,—if it be incontestable that these signs must bear a suitable relation to the thing signified, then coexistent signs can represent only coexistent objects, and successive signs only successive objects.

Coexistent objects are called bodies; consequently bodies with their visible attributes are the proper objects of painting.

Successive objects are called in general actions; consequently actions are the proper objects of poetry.

Bodies exist, however, not only in space, but also in time. They continue, and at every moment of their duration appear differently and in different relations to each other. Each of these momentary appearances and relations is the effect of a preceding and can be the cause of a succeeding one, and therefore the centre of an action; consequently painting can imitate actions, but only suggestively through bodies.

On the other hand, actions cannot exist in themselves, but must inhere in certain beings. So far as these beings are bodies or are regarded as bodies, poetry describes bodies, but only suggestively through actions.

Painting can use in its coexistent compositions only a single moment of the action; and must therefore choose the most pregnant one, which will render what precedes and follows most comprehensible.

In like manner poetry in its progressive imitations can use only a single property of bodies; and must therefore choose the one that awakens the most sensible image of the body, for the purpose to which it is to be put.

Hence the rule of singleness in picturesque epithets and of frugality in descriptions of material objects.

I should have less confidence in this dry deduction, if it were not fully confirmed by the practice of Homer; or if it were not rather the practice of Homer, from which I have derived it. The grand style of the Greeks can be determined and elucidated only by these principles, which are also justified by the opposite style of so many modern poets, who wish to vie with the painter in provinces in which they are necessarily surpassed by him. . . .

Homer has usually but one stroke for one thing. A ship is to him now the black ship, now the hollow ship, now the swift ship, at most the well-rowed black ship. Further than this he does not indulge in any word-painting of the ship. But he makes a minute picture of the starting, the sailing, or the landing of the ship; a picture from which the painter who wishes to put it all on canvas would be obliged to make half a dozen pictures.

THE LIMITATIONS OF «WORD-PAINTING»

From ‹Laocoön›

WHAT I have been saying of corporeal objects in general applies even more forcibly to beautiful ones.

Physical beauty results from the harmony of a number of parts which can be embraced in one glance. It is therefore essential that those parts should be close together; and since things whose parts are close together are the proper subjects of painting, that art alone can represent physical beauty.

The poet, who can only set down one after another the elements of the beautiful object, should therefore abstain wholly

from the description of physical beauty by itself. He ought to feel that these elements arranged in sequence cannot possibly produce the same effect as if in juxtaposition; that the comprehensive glance we try to throw back over them at the end of the enumeration produces no harmonious picture; and that it transcends the power of human imagination to realize the effect of a given pair of eyes, a given nose, and a given mouth together, unless we can call to mind a like combination in nature or art.

Here again Homer is the model of models. He says — Nireus was handsome; Achilles was very handsome; Helen was of godlike beauty. But he is nowhere enticed into giving a minuter detail of their beauties. Yet the whole poem is based on Helen's loveliness. How a modern poet would have reveled in specifications of it!

Even Constantine Manasses tried to adorn his bare Chronicle with a portrait of Helen. I feel grateful to him for the attempt; for really I should not know where else to turn for so striking an example of the folly of venturing on what Homer's wise judgment refrained from undertaking. When I read in his book —

> "She was a woman passing fair, fine-browed, finest complexioned,
> Fine-cheeked, fine-featured, full-eyed, snowy-skinned,
> Quick-glancing, dainty, a grove full of graces,
> White-armed, voluptuous, breathing out frank beauty,
> The complexion very fair, the cheeks rosy,
> The countenance most charming, the eye blooming;
> Beauty unartificial, unrouged, her own skin,
> Dyed the brightest rose-color a warmer glow,
> As if one stained ivory with splendid purple.
> Her neck long, passing white, whence in legend
> The Swan-born they termed the beautiful Helen,"—

it is like seeing stones rolled up a mountain, on whose crest they are to be built into a noble structure, but all of which roll down the other side. What picture does this huddle of words leave with us? How did Helen look? No two readers in a thousand would have the same mental image of her. . . .

Virgil, by imitating Homer's self-restraint, has achieved a fair success. His Dido is only the very beautiful (*pulcherrima*) Dido. All the other details he gives refer to her rich ornaments and superb apparel. . . . If on this account any one turned against him what the old artist said to one of his pupils who had

painted an elaborately dressed Helen,—"You have painted her rich because you could not paint her lovely,"—Virgil would answer: "I am not to blame that I could not paint her lovely. The fault is in the limitations of my art, and it is to my credit that I have kept within them."

LESSING'S ESTIMATE OF HIMSELF

In the Concluding Number of the 'Hamburg Dramaturgy'

I AM neither an actor nor a poet. People have honored me occasionally with the latter title, but it is because they have misunderstood me. The few dramatic attempts which I have ventured upon do not justify this generosity. Not every one who takes a brush in his hand and dabbles in colors is a painter. The earliest of these attempts of mine were dashed off in those years when desire and dexterity are easily mistaken for genius. If there is anything tolerable in those of a later date, I am conscious that I owe it all to criticism alone. I do not feel in myself that living fountain that rises by its own strength, and by its own force shoots up in jets so rich, so fresh, so pure! I am obliged to press it all up out of myself with forcing-pump and pipes. I should be so poor, so cold, and so short-sighted if I had not learned in some measure modestly to borrow foreign treasures, to warm myself at another's fire, and to strengthen my sight with the lenses of art. I have therefore always been ashamed and vexed when I have read or heard anything derogatory to criticism. Criticism, it is said, stifles genius; whereas I flatter myself I have received from it something very nearly akin to genius. I am a lame man, who cannot be edified by a lampoon against crutches.

Criticism, we may add, is like the crutch too in this respect,—that it helps the cripple move from place to place, but can never make a racer of him. If through criticism I have produced something better than a man of my talents could have produced without its aid, still it costs me so much time, I must be so free from other pursuits and so uninterrupted by involuntary diversions, I must have all my reading so at command, must be able at every step so quietly to run over all the observations I have ever made of manners and passions, that no one in the world could be more unsuited than I, to be a worker whose task it should be to supply a theatre with novelties.

CHARLES LEVER

(1806–1872)

THE wonderful flow of animal spirits in Lever's novels is an expression of the warm vital force of the man, who was joyous in his childhood and dowered with good things in his youth. An Irishman,—born August 21st, 1806, in Dublin,—his folk were of English descent. Charles—or Charles James, as his full name ran—was a handsome, merry, and clever lad, who rode his pony to school and gave his schoolmasters some bad quarters of an hour by his escapades. Fencing and love-making too he liked, when the time came. With this temperament and with his personal attraction, it is easy to understand that at Trinity College in his native city, where he took his degree, his life was a gay one. But along with social aptitudes, he early developed diligence in literary work, writing tales and ballads many during undergraduate days. His particular literary idols were the Waverley novels. "I can remember the time," he wrote to a friend, "when as freshmen we went about talking to each other of 'Ivanhoe' and 'Kenilworth,' and when the glorious spirit of these novels had so possessed us, that our romance elevated and warmed us to unconscious imitation of the noble thoughts and deeds we had been reading."

CHARLES LEVER

From Trinity College Lever went to Göttingen for further study, took a degree there, and saw society so broadly that, writing as "Cornelius O'Dowd"—his pen-name in Blackwood's—he could say of himself, with some truth behind the whimsical exaggeration:—

"I know everybody worth knowing in Europe. I have been everywhere, eaten everything, and seen everything. There's not a railway guard doesn't give a recognition to me; not a waiter, from the Trois Frères to the Wilde Mann, doesn't trail his napkin to earth as he sees me. Ministers speak up when I stroll into the Chamber, and prima donnas soar above the orchestra as I enter the pit."

Returning to Dublin, Lever took a medical degree, and practiced with success in the North of Ireland,—his courage during the cholera

epidemic of 1832 being widely blazoned. His rating in that profession is indicated by his nomination to the post of physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, where he remained three years, coming back in 1842 to be editor of the Dublin University Magazine, which he brought into prominence. In 1845 he went to live in Florence; leaving that city in 1858 to accept the consulship at Spezia, and going to Triest in 1867 to fill the same position there.

Lever's best-known and best-loved novels are those of his younger manhood,—'Harry Lorrequer' (1837), 'Charles O'Malley' (1840), and 'Tom Burke of Ours' (1844): they are dashing tales of dare-devil Irish soldier life of the early century. Martial courage, gallantry, song, drink, the salt of fun and the zest of life are in them; and they are told in a straight-away breezy fashion and with an honesty of character that is winning. Lever's spirit was very sweet and human. He was a natural story-teller, too; neither of the highest nor deepest, but sure to be read and kindly remembered. He was a voluminous and industrious writer; his novels numbering over thirty, and his last, 'Lord Kilgobbin,' appearing the year he died. A few of them, the outflow of his prime of vigor, certainly have the marks of a vital product. Lever died at Triest in 1872; like his contemporary and friend Thackeray, he passed away in his sleep.

THE BATTLE ON THE DOURO

From 'Charles O'Malley'

Never did the morning break more beautifully than on the 12th of May, 1809. Huge masses of fog-like vapor had succeeded to the starry, cloudless night; but one by one they moved onward toward the sea, disclosing as they passed long tracts of lovely country, bathed in a rich golden glow. The broad Douro, with its transparent current, shone out like a bright-colored ribbon meandering through the deep garment of fairest green; the darkly shadowed mountains which closed the back-ground loomed even larger than they were, while their summits were tipped with the yellow glory of the morning. The air was calm and still, and the very smoke that arose from the peasant's cot labored as it ascended through the perfumed air; and save the ripple of the stream, all was silent as the grave.

The squadron of the 14th, with which I was, had diverged from the road beside the river, and to obtain a shorter path, had entered the skirts of a dark pine wood: our pace was a sharp

one; an orderly had been already dispatched to hasten our arrival, and we pressed on at a brisk trot. In less than an hour we reached the verge of the wood; and as we rode out upon the plain, what a spectacle met our eyes! Before us, in a narrow valley, separated from the river by a low ridge, were picketed three cavalry regiments; their noiseless gestures and perfect stillness bespeaking at once that they were intended for a surprise party. Farther down the stream and upon the opposite side rose the massive towers and tall spires of Oporto, displaying from their summits the broad ensign of France: while far as the eye could reach, the broad dark masses of troops might be seen; the intervals between their columns glittering with the bright equipments of their cavalry, whose steel caps and lances were sparkling in the sunbeams. The bivouac fires were still smoldering, and marking where some part of the army had passed the night: for early as it was, it was evident that their position had been changed; and even now, the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving from place to place, while the long line of the road to Vallonga was marked with a vast cloud of dust. The French drum and the light infantry bugle told, from time to time, that orders were passing among the troops; while the glittering uniform of a staff officer, as he galloped from the town, bespoke the note of preparation.

"Dismount. Steady: quietly, my lads," said the colonel as he alighted upon the grass. "Let the men have their breakfast."

The little amphitheatre we occupied hid us entirely from all observation on the part of the enemy, but equally so excluded us from perceiving their movements. It may readily be supposed, then, with what impatience we waited here; while the din and clangor of the French force, as they marched and countermarched so near us, were clearly audible. The orders were, however, strict that none should approach the bank of the river; and we lay anxiously awaiting the moment when this inactivity should cease. More than one orderly had arrived among us, bearing dispatches from headquarters; but where our main body was, or what the nature of the orders, no one could guess. As for me, my excitement was at its height; and I could not speak for the very tension of my nerves. The officers stood in little groups of two and three, whispering anxiously together; but all I could collect was, that Soult had already begun his retreat upon

Amarante, and that with the broad stream of the Douro between us he defied our pursuit.

"Well, Charley," said Power, laying his arm upon my shoulder, "the French have given us the slip this time: they are already in march, and even if we dared force a passage in the face of such an enemy, it seems there is not a boat to be found. I have just seen Hammersley."

"Indeed! where is he?" said I.

"He's gone back to Villa de Condé; he asked after you most particularly. Don't blush, man: I'd rather back your chance than his, notwithstanding the long letter that Lucy sends him. Poor fellow! he has been badly wounded, but it seems, declines going back to England."

"Captain Power," said an orderly, touching his cap, "General Murray desires to see you."

Power hastened away, but returned in a few moments.

"I say, Charley, there's something in the wind here. I have just been ordered to try where the stream is fordable. I've mentioned your name to the General, and I think you'll be sent for soon. Good-by."

I buckled on my sword, and looking to my girths, stood watching the groups around me; when suddenly a dragoon pulled his horse short up, and asked a man near me if Mr. O'Malley was there?

"Yes, I am he."

"Orders from General Murray, sir," said the man, and rode off at a canter.

I opened, and saw that the dispatch was addressed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the mere words, "With haste!" on the envelope.

Now which way to turn I knew not; so springing into the saddle, I galloped to where Colonel Merivale was standing talking to the colonel of a heavy dragoon regiment.

"May I ask, sir, by which road I am to proceed with this dispatch?"

"Along the river, sir," said the heavy,—a large dark-browed man, with a most forbidding look. "You'll soon see the troops; you'd better stir yourself, sir, or Sir Arthur is not very likely to be pleased with you."

Without venturing a reply to what I felt a somewhat unnecessary taunt, I dashed spurs into my horse, and turned towards

the river. I had not gained the bank above a minute when the loud ringing of a rifle struck upon my ear; bang went another and another. I hurried on, however, at the top of my speed, thinking only of my mission and its pressing haste. As I turned an angle of the stream, the vast column of the British came in sight; and scarcely had my eye rested upon them when my horse staggered forwards, plunged twice with his head nearly to the earth, and then, rearing madly up, fell backward upon the ground. Crushed and bruised as I felt by my fall, I was soon aroused to the necessity of exertion: for as I disengaged myself from the poor beast, I discovered he had been killed by a bullet in the counter; and scarcely had I recovered my legs when a shot struck my chago and grazed my temples. I quickly threw myself to the ground, and creeping on for some yards, reached at last some rising ground, from which I rolled gently downwards into a little declivity, sheltered by the bank from the French fire.

When I arrived at headquarters I was dreadfully fatigued and heated; but resolving not to rest till I had delivered my dispatches, I hastened towards the convent of La Sierra, where I was told the commander-in-chief was.

As I came into the court of the convent, filled with general officers and people of the staff, I was turning to ask how I could proceed, when Hixley caught my eye.

"Well, O'Malley, what brings you here?"

"Dispatches from General Murray."

"Indeed! Oh, follow me."

He hurried me rapidly through the buzzing crowd, and ascending a large gloomy stair, introduced me into a room where about a dozen persons in uniform were writing at a long deal table.

"Captain Gordon," said he, addressing one of them, "dispatches requiring immediate attention have just been brought by this officer."

Before the sentence was finished the door opened, and a short slight man in a gray undress coat, with a white cravat and a cocked hat, entered. The dead silence that ensued was not necessary to assure me that he was one in authority: the look of command his bold stern features presented, the sharp piercing eye, the compressed lip, the impressive expression of the whole face, told plainly that he was one who held equally himself and others in mastery.

"Send General Sherbroke here," said he to an aide-de-camp. "Let the light brigade march into position;" and then turning suddenly to me:—

"Whose dispatches are these?"

"General Murray's, sir."

I needed no more than that look to assure me that this was he of whom I had heard so much, and of whom the world was still to hear so much more.

He opened them quickly, and glancing his eye across the contents, crushed the paper in his hand. Just as he did so, a spot of blood upon the envelope attracted his attention.

"How's this—are you wounded?"

"No, sir: my horse was killed—"

"Very well, sir; join your brigade. But stay, I shall have orders for you. Well, Waters, what news?"

This question was addressed to an officer in a staff uniform who entered at the moment, followed by the short and bulky figure of a monk, his shaven crown and large cassock strongly contrasting with the gorgeous glitter of the costumes around him.

"I say, whom have we here?"

"The Prior of Amarante, sir," replied Waters, "who has just come over. We have already by his aid secured three large barges—"

"Let the artillery take up position in the convent at once," said Sir Arthur, interrupting. "The boats will be brought round to the small creek beneath the orchard. You, sir," turning to me, "will convey to General Murray—but you appear weak—you, Gordon, will desire Murray to effect a crossing at Avintas with the Germans and the Fourteenth. Sherbroke's division will occupy the Villa Nuova. What number of men can that seminary take?"

"From three to four hundred, sir. The padre mentions that all the vigilance of the enemy is limited to the river below the town."

"I perceive it," was the short reply of Sir Arthur, as placing his hands carelessly behind his back, he walked towards the window, and looked out upon the river.

All was still as death in the chamber; not a lip murmured. The feeling of respect for him in whose presence we were standing checked every thought of utterance, while the stupendous gravity of the events before us engrossed every mind and occupied

every heart. I was standing near the window; the effect of my fall had stunned me for a time, but I was gradually recovering, and watched with a thrilling heart the scene before me. Great and absorbing as was my interest in what was passing without, it was nothing compared with what I felt as I looked at him upon whom our destiny was then hanging. I had ample time to scan his features and canvass their every lineament. Never before did I look upon such perfect impassibility; the cold determined expression was crossed by no show of passion or impatience. All was rigid and motionless; and whatever might have been the workings of the spirit within, certainly no external sign betrayed them: and yet what a moment for him must that have been! Before him, separated by a deep and rapid river, lay the conquering legions of France, led on by one second alone to him whose very name had been the prestige of victory. Unprovided with every regular means of transport, in the broad glare of day, in open defiance of their serried ranks and thundering artillery, he dared the deed. What must have been his confidence in the soldiers he commanded! what must have been his reliance upon his own genius!

As such thoughts rushed through my mind, the door opened, and an officer entered hastily, and whispering a few words to Colonel Waters, left the room.

"One boat is already brought up to the crossing-place, and entirely concealed by the wall of the orchard."

"Let the men cross," was the brief reply.

No other word was spoken, as turning from the window he closed his telescope, and followed by all the others, descended to the court-yard.

This simple order was enough; an officer with a company of the Buffs embarked, and thus began the passage of the Douro.

So engrossed was I in my vigilant observation of our leader that I would gladly have remained at the convent, when I received an order to join my brigade, to which a detachment of artillery was already proceeding.

As I reached Avintas all was in motion. The cavalry was in readiness beside the river, but as yet no boats had been discovered; and such was the impatience of the men to cross, it was with difficulty they were prevented trying the passage by swimming, when suddenly Power appeared, followed by several fishermen. Three or four small skiffs had been found, half sunk in

mud among the rushes; and with such frail assistance we commenced to cross.

"There will be something to write home to Galway soon, Charley, or I'm terribly mistaken," said Fred, as he sprang into the boat beside me. "Was I not a true prophet when I told you we'd meet the French in the morning?"

"They're at it already," said Hixley, as a wreath of blue smoke floated across the stream below us, and the loud boom of a large gun resounded through the air.

Then came a deafening shout, followed by a rattling volley of small-arms, gradually swelling into a hot sustained fire, through which the cannon pealed at intervals. Several large meadows lay along the river-side, where our brigade was drawn up as the detachments landed from the boats; and here, although nearly a league distant from the town, we now heard the din and crash of battle, which increased every moment. The cannonade from the Sierra convent, which at first was merely the fire of single guns, now thundered away in one long roll, amid which the sounds of falling walls and crashing roofs were mingled. It was evident to us, from the continual fire kept up, that the landing had been effected; while the swelling tide of musketry told that fresh troops were momentarily coming up.

In less than twenty minutes our brigade was formed; and we now only waited for two light four-pounders to be landed, when an officer galloped up in haste, and called out, "The French are in retreat!" and pointing at the same moment to the Vallonga road, we saw a long line of smoke and dust leading from the town, through which as we gazed the colors of the enemy might be seen as they defiled; while the unbroken lines of the wagons and heavy baggage proved that it was no partial movement, but the army itself retreating.

"Fourteenth, threes about — close up — trot!" called out the loud and manly voice of our leader; and the heavy tramp of our squadrons shook the very ground as we advanced towards the road to Vallonga.

As we came on, the scene became one of overwhelming excitement; the masses of the enemy that poured unceasingly from the town could now be distinguished more clearly; and amid all the crash of gun-carriages and caissons, the voices of the staff officers rose high as they hurried along the retreating battalions. A troop of flying artillery galloped forth at top speed, and

wheeling their guns into position with the speed of lightning prepared by a flanking fire to cover over the retiring column. The gunners sprang from their seats, the guns were already unlimbered, when Sir George Murray, riding up at our left, called out: —

"Forward — close up — charge!"

The word was scarcely spoken when the loud cheer answered the welcome sound; and at the same instant the long line of shining helmets passed with the speed of a whirlwind. The pace increased at every stride, the ranks grew closer, and like the dread force of some mighty engine we fell upon the foe. I have felt all the glorious enthusiasm of a fox-hunt, when the loud cry of the hounds, answered by the cheer of the joyous huntsman, stirred the very heart within; but never till now did I know how far higher the excitement reaches, when, man to man, sabre to sabre, arm to arm, we ride forward to the battle-field. On we went, the loud shout of "Forward!" still ringing in our ears. One broken, irregular discharge from the French guns shook the head of our advancing column, but stayed us not as we galloped madly on.

I remember no more. The din, the smoke, the crash — the cry for quarter mingled with the shout of victory — the flying enemy — the agonizing shrieks of the wounded — all are commingled in my mind, but leave no trace of clearness or connection between them; and it was only when the column wheeled to re-form behind the advancing squadrons, that I awoke from my trance of maddening excitement, and perceived that we had carried the position and cut off the guns of the enemy.

"Well done, Fourteenth!" said an old gray-headed colonel as he rode along our line, — "gallantly done, lads!" The blood trickled from a sabre cut on his temple, along his cheek, as he spoke; but he either knew it not or heeded it not.

"There go the Germans!" said Power, pointing to the remainder of our brigade, as they charged furiously upon the French infantry and rode them down in masses.

Our guns came up at this time, and a plunging fire was opened upon the thick and retreating ranks of the enemy. The carnage must have been terrific; for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the most destructive tide of the artillery had swept through them. The speed of the flying columns grew momentarily more; the

road became blocked up too by broken carriages and wounded; and to add to their discomfiture, a damaging fire was opened from the town upon the retreating column, while the brigade of Guards and the Twenty-ninth pressed hotly on their rear.

The scene was now beyond anything maddening in its interest. From the walls of Oporto the English infantry poured forth in pursuit; while the whole river was covered with boats, as they still continued to cross over. The artillery thundered from the Sierra, to protect the landing — for it was even still contested in places; and the cavalry, charging in flank, swept the broken ranks and bore down upon the squares.

It was now, when the full tide of victory ran highest in our favor, that we were ordered to retire from the road. Column after column passed before us, unmolested and unassailed; and not even a cannon-shot arrested their steps.

Some unaccountable timidity of our leader directed this movement; and while before our very eyes the gallant infantry were charging the retiring columns, we remained still and inactive.

How little did the sense of praise we had already won repay us for the shame and indignation we experienced at this moment, as with burning cheek and compressed lip we watched the retreating files. "What can he mean?" "Is there not some mistake?" "Are we never to charge?" were the muttered questions around, as a staff officer galloped up with the order to take ground still further back and nearer to the river.

The word was scarcely spoken, when a young officer in the uniform of a general dashed impetuously up: he held his plumed cap high above his head as he called out, "Fourteenth, follow me! Left face — wheel — charge!"

So, with the word, we were upon them. The French rear-guard was at this moment at the narrowest part of the road which opened by a bridge upon a large open space; so that forming with a narrow front, and favored by a declivity in the ground, we actually rode them down. Twice the French formed, and twice were they broken. Meanwhile the carnage was dreadful on both sides; our fellows dashing madly forward where the ranks were thickest, the enemy resisting with the stubborn courage of men fighting for their last spot of ground. So impetuous was the charge of our squadrons that we stopped not till, piercing the dense column of their retreating mass, we reached the open ground beyond. Here we wheeled, and prepared once

more to meet them; when suddenly some squadrons of cuirassiers debouched from the road, and supported by a field-piece, showed front against us. This was the moment that the remainder of our brigade should have come to our aid; but not a man appeared. However, there was not an instant to be lost: already the plunging fire of the four-pounder had swept through our files, and every moment increased our danger.

"Once more, my lads, forward!" cried our gallant leader, Sir Charles Stewart, as waving his sabre, he dashed into the thickest of the fray.

So sudden was our charge, that we were upon them before they were prepared. And here ensued a terrific struggle; for as the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, we came upon the close ranks of the infantry, at half-pistol distance, who poured a withering volley into us as we approached. But what could arrest the sweeping torrent of our brave fellows, though every moment falling in numbers?

Harvey, our major, lost his arm near the shoulder. Scarcely an officer was not wounded. Power received a deep sabre cut in the cheek, from an aide-de-camp of General Foy, in return for a wound he gave the General; while I, in my endeavor to save General Laborde, when unhorsed, was cut down through the helmet, and so stunned that I remembered no more around me. I kept my saddle, it is true, but I lost every sense of consciousness; my first glimmering of reason coming to my aid as I lay upon the river bank, and felt my faithful follower Mike bathing my temples with water, as he kept up a running fire of lamentations for my being *murthered* so young.

"Are you better, Mister Charles? Spake to me, alanah: say that you're not kilt, darling; do now. Oh, wirra! what'll I ever say to the master? and you doing so beautiful! Wouldn't he give the best baste in his stable to be looking at you to-day? There, take a sup: it's only water. Bad luck to them, but it's hard work beatin' them. They're only gone now. That's right; now you're coming to."

"Where am I, Mike?"

"It's here you are, darling, resting yourself."

"Well, Charley, my poor fellow, you've got sore bones too," cried Power, as, his face swathed in bandages and covered with blood, he lay down on the grass beside me. "It was a gallant thing while it lasted, but has cost us dearly. Poor Hixley—"

"What of him?" said I, anxiously.

"Poor fellow! he has seen his last battle-field. He fell across me as we came out upon the road. I lifted him up in my arms and bore him along above fifty yards; but he was stone dead. Not a sigh, not a word escaped him; shot through the forehead." As he spoke, his lips trembled, and his voice sank to a mere whisper at the last words: "You remember what he said last night. Poor fellow! he was every inch a soldier."

Such was his epitaph.

I turned my head toward the scene of our late encounter. Some dismounted guns and broken wagons alone marked the spot; while far in the distance, the dust of the retreating columns showed the beaten enemy, as they hurried towards the frontiers of Spain.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

(1817–1878)

THE work of Mr. Lewes admirably illustrates the intellectual change which characterizes the nineteenth century. He was born in London April 18th, 1817, and died at the Priory, St. John's Wood, November 28th, 1878; so that the active period of his life covered those years when, consciously or unconsciously, many thinkers were being strongly affected by the influence of Auguste Comte, and when the investigations and teachings of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and others were revolutionizing science and philosophy, and in a large degree theology also. Lewes reflected the spirit of the time in the most positive fashion. He was a careful student of philosophy, but rejected the metaphysical method. He was as ardent a seeker as any Gradgrind for "facts, sir! facts!" but the facts which he sought were those which seemed capable of use in a larger and more stable philosophy. He would perhaps have claimed that the house which is to endure must be built from the foundation up, and not from the chimney down. English in birth and fibre, much of his youth was spent in France and Germany, so that insular prejudices did not control him. Devoted to investigation and to philosophical speculation, he nevertheless inherited from his grandfather, who had been a prominent actor, a love of the drama and predilection for the stage which tempered the influence of his more abstruse studies and broadened his outlook upon life. He studied medicine, but did not pursue the profession, because he could not endure the sight of so much pain as he was called upon to witness. For a time he was an inmate of a notary's office, and again for a short period he tried commerce and trade in the employ of a Russian merchant. The attractions of literature were too great to be exceeded by any other, even by those of the stage, to which he was greatly drawn. He indeed appeared behind the footlights at various times, even so late as in 1850, when he sustained a part in a play of his own called 'The Noble Heart'; and he appears to have

GEORGE HENRY LEWES

been an actor of some ability. His Shylock was considered especially good.

As early as in his sixteenth year, Lewes had written a play for private performance. At nineteen he was discussing Spinoza as a member of a philosophical debating club. At about this time he planned a work in which philosophy should be treated from the physiological point of view; and thus began the undertaking which claimed his most earnest thought for the remainder of his life. His career in this respect may be divided into three periods. In the first, through his 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' published in 1845–6, he undertook to show the futility of metaphysics. In it he combined a history of philosophical theories with entertaining biographical sketches of those who propounded them; and thus clothed the dry bones, and gave living interest to what might otherwise have offered little to attract the ordinary reader. The work was afterward much modified and extended, and reissued as a 'History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte.' In his second period he became a careful investigator of biological phenomena, and subsequently published the results of his investigations in a number of interesting and popular works: 'Seaside Studies' (1858), 'Physiology of Common Life' (1859–60), 'Studies in Animal Life' (1862). In the third he combined, as it were, the results of the work of the two preceding periods, in the 'Problems of Life and Mind,' in four volumes (1874–1879); in which he sought to establish the principles of a rational psychology, and to lay the foundations for a creed. In this series may also be included his work on 'Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences' (1853); 'Aristotle: A Chapter from the History of the Sciences' (1864); and 'The Study of Psychology: Its Object, Scope, and Method' (1879). He was always deeply interested in the philosophy of Auguste Comte; but criticized Comte freely, and thereby, he says, lost his friendship.

In 1854, upon uniting his fortunes with those of George Eliot, he made a visit to Germany; and at Weimar he completed his 'Life of Goethe,'—next to the 'History of Philosophy,' probably the best known of his works. He had previously (1849) published a 'Life of Maximilian Robespierre.' His early love for the drama, in addition to the work previously cited, recorded itself in 'The Spanish Drama: Lope de Vega and Calderon' (1847), and in 'On Actors and the Art of Acting' (1875). He was also the author of two novels,—'Ranthorpe' (written in 1842 but not published until 1847), and 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet' (1848). He was not at his best, however, in fiction.

Mr. Lewes wrote extensively for the reviews, and upon a great variety of topics. His style is, as Leslie Stephen well says, "bright, clear, and independent." His views were positive, and he did not

mince his words. Though the biographer of Goethe, whom he esteemed very highly, he was not fond of the German literary style; and he admired Lessing in part, it is said, because he was «the least German of all Germans.» Von Schlegel he called a philosophical impostor, and Cousin he thought a charlatan. He was the first editor of the Leader, and subsequently of the Fortnightly; and as an editor he was successful, but he disliked the drudgery. In the Fortnightly he introduced the custom of signed reviews. He was an important member of a literary circle which included, among others, Carlyle, Thackeray, and J. S. Mill.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER

THERE are few nobler spectacles than the friendship of two great men; and the history of literature presents nothing comparable to the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. The friendship of Montaigne and Étienne de la Boétie was perhaps more passionate and entire: but it was the union of two kindred natures, which from the first moment discovered their affinity; not the union of two rivals, incessantly contrasted by partisans, and originally disposed to hold aloof from each other. Rivals Goethe and Schiller were and are; natures in many respects directly antagonistic; chiefs of opposing camps, and brought into brotherly union only by what was highest in their natures and their aims.

To look on these great rivals was to see at once their profound dissimilarity. Goethe's beautiful head had the calm victorious grandeur of the Greek ideal; Schiller's the earnest beauty of a Christian looking towards the future. The massive brow and large-pupiled eyes,—like those given by Raphael to the infant Christ, in the matchless Madonna di San Sisto; the strong and well-proportioned features, lined indeed by thought and suffering, which have troubled but not vanquished the strong man; a certain healthy vigor in the brown skin,—make Goethe a striking contrast to Schiller, with his eager eyes, narrow brow, tense and intense; his irregular features, worn by thought and suffering and weakened by sickness. The one *looks*, the other *looks out*. Both are majestic; but one has the majesty of repose, the other of conflict. Goethe's frame is massive, imposing: he seems much taller than he is. Schiller's frame is disproportioned; he

seems less than he is. Goethe holds himself stiffly erect; the long-necked Schiller "walks like a camel." Goethe's chest is like the torso of the Theseus; Schiller's is bent, and has lost a lung.

A similar difference is traceable in details. "An air that was beneficial to Schiller acted on me like poison," Goethe said to Eckermann. "I called on him one day; and as I did not find him at home, I seated myself at his writing-table to note down various matters. I had not been seated long before I felt a strange indisposition steal over me, which gradually increased, until at last I nearly fainted. At first I did not know to what cause I should ascribe this wretched and to me unusual state, until I discovered that a dreadful odor issued from a drawer near me. When I opened it, I found to my astonishment that it was full of rotten apples. I immediately went to the window and inhaled the fresh air, by which I was instantly restored. Meanwhile his wife came in, and told me that the drawer was always filled with rotten apples, because the scent was beneficial to Schiller, and he could not live or work without it."

As another and not unimportant detail, characterizing the healthy and unhealthy practice of literature, it may be added that Goethe wrote in the freshness of morning, entirely free from stimulus; Schiller worked in the feverish hours of night, stimulating his languid brain with coffee and champagne.

In comparing one to a Greek ideal, the other to a Christian ideal, it has already been implied that one was the representative of realism, the other of idealism. Goethe has himself indicated the capital distinction between them: Schiller was animated with the idea of freedom; Goethe, on the contrary, was animated with the idea of nature. This distinction runs through their works: Schiller always pining for something greater than nature, wishing to make men demigods; Goethe always striving to let nature have free development, and produce the highest forms of humanity. The fall of man was to Schiller the happiest of all events, because thereby men fell away from pure instinct into conscious freedom; with this sense of freedom came the possibility of morality. To Goethe this seemed paying a price for morality which was higher than morality was worth; he preferred the ideal of a condition wherein morality was unnecessary. Much as he might prize a good police, he prized still more a society in which a police would never be needed.

Goethe and Schiller were certainly different natures; but had they been so fundamentally opposed as it is the fashion to consider them, they could never have become so intimately united. They were opposite and allied, with somewhat of the same differences and resemblances as are traceable in the Greek and Roman Mars. In the Greek mythology, the god of war had not the prominent place he attained in Rome; and the Greek sculptors, when they represented him, represented him as the victor returning after conflict to repose, holding in his hand the olive branch, while at his feet sat Eros. The Roman sculptors, or those who worked for Rome, represented Mars as the god of war in all his terrors, in the very act of leading on to victory. But different as these two conceptions were, they were both conceptions of the god of war. Goethe may be likened to the one, and Schiller to the other: both were kindred spirits united by a common purpose.

Having touched upon the points of contrast, it will now be needful to say a word on those points of resemblance which served as the basis of their union. It will be unnecessary to instance the obvious points which two such poets must have had in common; the mention of some less obvious will suffice for our present purpose. They were both profoundly convinced that art was no luxury of leisure,—no mere amusement to charm the idle or relax the careworn,—but a mighty influence, serious in its aims although pleasurable in its means; a sister of religion, by whose aid the great world-scheme was wrought into reality. This was with them no mere sonorous phrase. They were thoroughly in earnest. They believed that culture would raise humanity to its full powers; and they, as artists, knew no culture equal to that of art. It was probably a perception of this belief that made Karl Grün say, "Goethe was the most ideal idealist the earth has ever borne; an *æsthetic* idealist." And hence the origin of the wide-spread error that Goethe "only looked at life as an artist,"—*i. e.*, cared only for human nature inasmuch as it afforded him materials for art; a point which will be more fully examined hereafter. The phases of their development had been very similar, and had brought them to a similar standing-point. They both began rebelliously; they both emerged from titanic lawlessness in emerging from youth to manhood. In Italy the sight of ancient masterpieces completed Goethe's metamorphosis. Schiller had to work through his in the gloomy North, and under the constant pressure of anxieties. He too pined for Italy, and

thought the climate of Greece would make him a poet. But his intense and historical mind found neither stimulus nor enjoyment in plastic art. Noble men and noble deeds were the food which nourished his great soul. "His poetic purification came from moral ideas; whereas in Goethe the moral ideal came from the artistic." Plutarch was Schiller's Bible. The ancient masterpieces of poetry came to him in this period of his development, to lead him gently by the hand onwards to the very point where Goethe stood. He read the Greek tragedians in wretched French translations, and with such aid laboriously translated the 'Iphigenia' of Euripides. Homer in Voss's faithful version became to him what Homer long was to Goethe. And how thoroughly he threw himself into the ancient world may be seen in his poem, 'The Gods of Greece.' Like Goethe, he had found his religious opinions gradually separating him more and more from the orthodox Christians; and like Goethe, he had woven for himself a system out of Spinoza, Kant, and the Grecian sages.

At the time, then, that these two men seemed most opposed to each other, and *were* opposed in feeling, they were gradually drawing closer and closer in the very lines of their development, and a firm basis was prepared for solid and enduring union. Goethe was five-and-forty, Schiller five-and-thirty. Goethe had much to give which Schiller gratefully accepted; and if he could not in return influence the developed mind of his great friend, nor add to the vast stores of its knowledge and experience, he could give him that which was even more valuable, *sympathy* and *impulse*. He excited Goethe to work. He withdrew him from the engrossing pursuit of science, and restored him once more to poetry. He urged him to finish what was already commenced, and not to leave his works all fragments. They worked together with the same purpose and with the same earnestness; and their union is the most glorious episode in the lives of both, and remains as an eternal exemplar of a noble friendship.

Of all the tributes to Schiller's greatness which an enthusiastic people has pronounced, there is perhaps nothing which carries a greater weight of tenderness and authority than Goethe's noble praise. It is a very curious fact in the history of Shakespeare, that he is not known to have written a single line in praise of any contemporary poet. The fashion of those days was for each poet to write verses in eulogy of his friends, and the eulogies written by Shakespeare's friends are such as to satisfy even the

idolatry of admirers in our day; but there exists no eulogy, no single verse, from him whose eulogy was more worth having than that of all the rest put together. Had literary gossip, pregnant with literary malice, produced the absurd impression that Shakespeare was cold, selfish, and self-idolatrous, this curious fact would have been made a damning proof. I have so often in these pages used Shakespeare as a contrast to Goethe, that it would be wrong not to contrast him also on this point. Of all the failings usually attributed to literary men, Goethe had the least of what could be called jealousy; of all the qualities which sit gracefully on greatness, he had the most of magnanimity. The stream of time will carry down to after ages the memory of several whose names will live only in his praise, and the future students of literary history will have no fact to note of Goethe similar to that noted of Shakespeare: they will see how enthusiastic was his admiration of his rivals Schiller, Voss, and Herder, and how quick he was to perceive the genius of Scott, Byron, Béranger, and Manzoni.

ROBESPIERRE IN PARIS, 1770

He led a life of honorable poverty, seclusion, and study,—the life that is led by thousands of young men both in England and in France. He occupied a small apartment *au cinquième* in the Rue St. Jacques. His slender means admitted of but very little of that dissipation with which young law students seek relief from their wearisome studies.

Jurisprudence did not, however, wholly occupy him. He was in Paris, in the midst of its pleasures, its frivolities, its debates. Too poor to enjoy many of these delights, of a disposition naturally reserved and unsocial, he had little to interrupt his studies; so that when not attending lectures or bending over digests, he was walking along the quays or down the shady, dusty avenues of the Tuileries, meditating on the destinies of mankind, and striving, with the help of Rousseau and others, to solve the vexed problems which then agitated Europe.

He was in Paris; yet not in its giddy vortex, not among its brilliant courtiers, not moving amid the rustling hoops of its court nor adding to the elegant frivolity of its salons. He was in its dark and narrow streets, amidst its misery and squalid

rage. He fought no duels, sparkled at no suppers, was the hero of no *bonnes fortunes.* He was near enough to the court and the salons to know what passed there; far enough removed from them to feel some hatred at the distinction. He could see that the Great were only the Privileged, and had no real title to be an aristocracy. Any common observer might have seen that; but the serious, unfriended Robespierre saw it with terrible distinctness.

Aristocracy had indeed fallen more completely than even kingship. If the nobles ever were the foremost, topmost men, they long had ceased to be so. A more finished grace of deportment, a more thorough comprehension of the futilities and elegances of luxurious idleness, and perhaps a more perfect code of dueling, might be conceded to them. If life were as gay and frivolous a thing as Paris seemed to believe, if its interests were none other than the ingenious caprices of otiose magnificence,—then indeed these were the topmost men, and formed a veritable aristocracy.

But the brilliant fête was drawing to a close; and while the beams of morning made the rouged and fatigued cheeks of the giddy dancers look somewhat ghastly, there was heard the distant tramp of an advancing army, which told them that a conflict was at hand. Some heard it, and with reckless indifference danced on, exclaiming like Madame de Pompadour, "Après nous le Déluge!" Others resolutely shut their ears, and would *not* hear it.

Since the last days of the Roman Empire, no such spectacle had been exhibited by society as that exhibited by France during the eighteenth century. To look at it from afar, as seen in books, how gay and brilliant it appears! What wit, what eloquence! What charming futilities, what amiable society! What laughter, what amusement! If man's life were but a genteel comedy, acted before well-fed, well-bred, well-dressed audiences, this was a scene to draw forth all our plaudits. A Secretary of State at eighteen (M. de Maurepas) decides State questions with a *bon-mot.* A miserable negro page, Du Barri's favorite, is thought fitted to become the governor of a royal château. Storms lower on the horizon: they are met with epigrams! Dandy abbés make their lacqueys repeat the breviary for them; and having *thus* discharged the duties of their office, set themselves with all seriousness to turning couplets, and to gaining the reputation of gallantry. Women of the highest rank go to hear mass; but take

with them under guise of prayer-book some of those witty and licentious novels which are to be compared only to the 'Satyricon' of Petronius.

These charming women "violated all the common duties of life, and gave very pleasant little suppers." They had effaced the negative from the seventh Commandment, and made marriage, as the witty Sophie Arnould felicitously defined it, "the sacrament of adultery."

The treasury was drained to enrich favorites, and to supply splendid fêtes. "Sometimes," says Louis Blanc, "there were cavaliers emulous of the *preux de Charlemagne*, who in sumptuous gardens, under trees upon which were suspended shields and lances, feigned a magic sleep, till the Queen appearing deigned to break the spell. Sometimes after reading of the loves of deer, these cavaliers took it into their heads to transform themselves into stags, and to hide themselves clothed in skins in the thickest part of the shady park. In the days when the nobility had manly passions, they amused themselves with tournaments which counterfeited war; now it was dancers who, mingling with the nobles, wore the colors of their ladies in fêtes counterfeiting tournaments!"

What could France think of her aristocracy, while the highest people in the realm were objects of contempt? Her Queen, the lovely Marie Antoinette, whom France had welcomed with such rapture and such pride, what figure did she make in this dissolute court? Did she set an august example of virtue and of regal grandeur? Could hopes be formed of her? Alas, no! Young, ardent, quick-blooded, fond of pleasure, reckless as to means, careless of appearances, she was no longer the queen to whom a gallant Brissac, pointing to a jubilant crowd, could say, "Behold! they are so many lovers!" She had become the object of hatred. She had been imprudent, perhaps worse; and princely libelers had circulated atrocious charges against her. She had forgotten herself so far as to appear at the Bal de l'Opéra. She had worn a heron's plume which Lauzun had taken from his hat to give her. It was said that dancing with Dillon, and thinking herself out of hearing, she had told him to feel how her heart beat; to which the King sternly replied, "Monsieur Dillon will take your word for it, madame!" This and more was said of her; and an irritated nation eagerly credited the odious reports which transformed their young Queen into a Messalina. That she was

libeled, no one pretends to doubt; but *then* those libels were almost universally accredited.

And the King? His great occupation was lock-making! His brothers were less innocently employed: the one devoting himself to intrigue, a shameless libeler and daring conspirator; and the other to flaunting at *bals masqués*.

Thus were the great names of France illustrious only in the annals of debauchery or folly; and the people asked themselves, "Are these our rulers?" The few exceptions to the general degradation only make the degradation more patent. Nobles, heretofore so proud, were now ambitious of repairing their ruined fortunes by marrying the daughters of opulent financiers. The courts of justice were scandalized by trials for robbery, in which noblemen figured as criminals. Not only had they lost their self-respect, but they had also lost the respect of the nation.

Seriousness and serious topics were by no means banished: they were only transformed into *agréments*. Philosophy was rouged and wore a hoop. It found ready admission into all salons. Ruddy lips propounded momentous problems; delicate fingers turned over dusty folios. The "high argument" of God's existence and man's destiny, the phenomena of nature, the deepest and most inscrutable of questions, were discussed over the supper table, where *bons-mots* and champagne sparkled as brightly as the eyes of the questioners. No subject was too arid for these *savant-asses* (to use Mademoiselle de Launay's admirable expression): mathematics did not rebut them; political economy was charming; and even financial reports were read as eagerly as romances. And amidst this chaos of witticisms, paradoxes, and discussions, colonels were seated, occupied with embroidery or with *parfilage;* noblemen made love to other noblemen's wives; while a scented abbé—

"Fait le procès au Dieu qui le nourrit."

Society never exhibited greater contrasts nor greater anarchy; old creeds and ancient traditions were crumbling away; and amidst the intellectual orgies of the epoch the most antagonistic elements had full play. D'Alembert, Lalande, Lagrange, Buffon, and Lavoisier, were jostled by Cagliostro, Mesmer, Saint-Martin, and Weishaupt: the exact sciences had rivals in the wildest chimeras and quackeries. Atheists proclaimed with all the fervor of conviction their faith in the eternal progress of humanity; skeptics

who assailed Christianity with all the powers of mockery and logic were declared the apostles of the three fundamental principles of Christianity,—the principles of charity, fraternity, and equality. Voltaire attacked all sacred institutions, devoting himself to *écraser l'infâme*. Montesquieu examined with no reverent spirit the laws of every species of established government. Rousseau went deeper still, and struck at the root of all society by a production as daring as it was well-timed,—the 'Discours sur l'Inégalité.'

The gayety, frivolity, wit, and elegance of France, so charming to those who lived in the salons, formed as it were but the graceful vine which clustered over a volcano about to burst; or rather let me say it was the rouge which on a sallow, sunken cheek simulated the ruddy glow of health. Lying deep down in the heart of society there was profound seriousness: the sadness of misery, of want, of slavery clanking its chains, of free thought struggling for empire. This seriousness was about to find utterance. The most careless observer could not fail to perceive the heavy thunder-clouds which darkened the horizon of this sunny sky. The court and the salons were not France: they occupied the foremost place upon the stage, but another actor was about to appear, before whom they would shrink into insignificance; the actor was the People.

JONAS LIE

(1833–)

JONAS LIE is one of three men who make up the literary triumvirate of Norway. Björnson, Ibsen, and Lie are the veteran writers of the present day who have given international importance to Norwegian *belles-lettres*. Lie lacks the heroic proportions of the other two; but his position in his own land is as secure as theirs, and his work deserves and receives critical foreign attention.

Jonas Lauritz Idemil Lie (the family name is pronounced Lee) was born June 11th, 1833, at Eker, a small town in southern Norway. His father was a lawyer, who when Jonas was a lad moved in some official capacity to the wild northern seaport of Tromsö. This early presence of the sea may have given color and direction to Lie's subsequent literary work, in which coast life is so prominent a theme. This residence also gave him opportunity for an acquaintance with the primitive fishing districts. He entered the naval academy at Frederiksvœrn, but near-sightedness compelled him to stop. He was then sent to school at Christiania to fit for the university at Heftberg's Gymnasium, where he fell in with Björnson and Ibsen, forming friendships kept up in the case of the former through later years. At the university, Lie studied jurisprudence, and began to practice law at Kongsvinger; he prospered in his profession, and soon was socially prominent. But in the Norwegian financial crisis of the sixties he was ruined; and in 1868 — having hitherto done journalistic and literary work enough to test his talent — he went to Christiania, there to devote himself single-eyed to letters.

JONAS LIE

He had the usual young literary man's struggle at first; did a little teaching; and got on his feet by his first novel, 'The Visionary' (1870), which had immediate recognition. After the enlightened custom of the country, the Norwegian government sent him to the far north to study life, and later allowed him a stipend to travel abroad for the purpose of cultivating himself as a poet. His 'Tales and Sketches from Norway' (1872) was written mostly in Rome. The

two novels 'The Bark «Failure»' and 'The Pilot and his Wife' (1874) are typical sea stories, in which Lie excels. This year he was granted the «poet's pension,» the same official recognition received by Björnson and Ibsen. 'The Pilot and his Wife' is perhaps the best known of his novels; and from this time Lie has worked steadily to produce the score of volumes constituting his literary baggage and adding solidly to his reputation. In the main he has lived abroad, in different German cities and in Paris,—like Ibsen in this respect; but he spent the summer of 1893 in Norway, after an absence of twelve years, and this visit was signalized by festivities in Christiania and other cities.

Lie's Italian experience brought forth 'Frankfulla,' 'Antonio Banniera,' and 'Faustina Strozzi' (1875), minor works not calling out his native gift. 'Thomas Ross' (1878) and 'Adam Schrader' (1879) depict city life. In 'Rutland' (1881) and 'Press On' (1882) he returns to the sea for inspiration. 'The Slave For Life' (1883) is a strong story, ranking among the best of his maturest productions. 'The Family at Gilje' appeared the same year. 'A Malstrom' (1884), 'Eight Stories' (1885), 'The Daughters of the Commodore,' a finely representative work (1886), 'Married Life' (1887), 'Evil Powers' (1890), 'Troll I. and II.' (1891–2: a group of marine horror tales), and 'Niobe' (1893), complete the list of fiction. A three-act comedy, 'Grabow's Cat' (1880), after rejection at Copenhagen, was successful at Christiania and Stockholm; and another comedy, 'Merry Women,' is of so recent date as 1894.

Lie's earlier works are marked by keen characterization, sympathy for the life described, truthful observation of traits external and internal, and a certain pathos and poetry of treatment which give his fiction charm. Of late years Lie, like his literary compeers Björnson and Ibsen, like so many distinguished writers in other lands, has moved pretty steadily towards realism and the unflinching presentment of unpalatable fact,—retaining, however, his sympathetic touch. A powerful but unpleasant story like 'The Slave For Life,' written more than a dozen years ago, is a significant work in denoting this change in Lie; the same is true of the following novel, 'The Family at Gilje,' although this study is relieved by humor. When the novelist writes of the sea which he knows so marvelously well, when he limns the simple provincial folk who live by the water or go forth upon it for their daily bread,—he is admirably true, and a master at home with his subject. Björnson said of Lie in a public address: «His friends know that he only needs to dip the net down into himself to bring up a full catch.» To carry out the figure, the fattest catch with Lie is a sea catch. When writing in scenes the most remote from the marine atmosphere, he has caught the very spirit

of the ocean and its wayfarers. This is true of 'The Pilot and his Wife' (the English translation of which is entitled 'A Norse Love Story'), from which a chapter is given. Penned in a small Italian mountain town, it is, as Edmund Gosse puts it, "one of the saltest stories ever published."

Lie has been much translated, and a number of his novels and short stories have appeared in English.

ELIZABETH'S CHOICE

From 'A Norse Love Story.' Copyright 1876, by S. C. Griggs & Co.

In the evening, when the gentlemen were sitting in the grove alone, and Elizabeth came out with a fresh supply of hot water for their toddy, the chairman permitted himself to offer a joke which drove the blood up to her cheeks. She made no reply, but the mug trembled in her hands as she put it down, and at the same time she gave to the one concerned a glance so decidedly bitter and scornful that he for an instant felt himself corrected.

"By heavens, Beck!" he exclaimed, "did you see what eyes she fixed on me? they fairly lightened."

"Yes, she is a noble girl," replied Beck; who was enraged, but had his reason for being circumspect before his superior.

"Ah, a noble girl!" added the latter in an irritated tone, which made Carl feel that he meant she ought rather to be called an impudent servant.

"Yes, I mean a handsome girl," added Carl, evasively correcting himself with a forced laugh.

Elizabeth had heard it. She was wounded, and commenced in her own mind, for the first time, a comparison between the lieutenant and Salve. Salve would not have prevaricated thus if he had been in this one's stead.

When later in the evening he chanced upon her alone, as she was putting things in order on the steps after their departure, he said half anxiously:—

"You did not really take that to heart, Elizabeth, from the old, coarse, blustering brute? He is really a brave and honest fellow, who does not mean anything by his talk."

Elizabeth was silent, and sought to leave him and go inside with what she had in her hands.

"Yes, but I cannot endure that you should be insulted, Elizabeth!" he broke out suddenly in wild passion, and tried to seize her arm: "this hand, with which you work, is dearer to me than all the fine ladies' together."

"Herr Beck!" she burst out wildly, with tears in her eyes, "I go my way this very night if I hear more!"

She disappeared in the hallway, but Beck followed.

"Elizabeth," he whispered, "I am in earnest!" She tore herself violently from him and went into the kitchen, where the sisters were standing talking by the fire.

Young Beck, in the beautiful starlit night, took a lonely walk into the interior of the island, and did not return until past midnight.

He had not meant it so decidedly in earnest; but now, since he had seen her before him, so wonderfully beautiful, with the tears in her eyes — now, yes, now he did mean it in sober earnest. He was ready to engage himself to her in spite of all considerations, if need be.

The next morning he went with his pleasure-boat to Arendal. He had however first, in passing, whispered to her: —

"I am in earnest!"

These words, again repeated, entirely confused Elizabeth. She had lain and thought upon this same remark during the night, and resented it with indignation; for it could only signify that he ventured to declare to her that he was charmed with her, and she had already determined to carry out her threat to leave the house. But now, repeated — in that tone! Did he really mean to offer her his hand and heart — to become his, the officer's wife?

There lay before her fancy a glittering expanse of early dreams which almost intoxicated her. She was distracted and pale the entire week, and thought with dread of Sunday, when he should come again. What would he then say? And what should she answer?

He did not come, however, since a business trip had unexpectedly become necessary. On the contrary, Marie Fostberg came, and she felt that the girl's disposition in some way or other must have changed; for she evidently shunned every assistance from her, and in glances which Marie accidentally caught there was something hard and unfriendly. It affected her more closely than she herself would admit. Faithful as she was, she

sought — following a sudden impulse — to pat her in a friendly way on the shoulder; but this apparently made quite another impression, — she could just as well have caressed a piece of wood: and when she entered the sitting-room she could not help asking, "What has come over Elizabeth?" But the others had remarked nothing.

Carl Beck, contrary to custom, came not the next Saturday, but earlier, in the middle of the week; and he walked with rapid strides through the rooms when he did not see Elizabeth in the sitting-room.

He found her at last up-stairs. She stood looking out of the window in the upper hall, from which there was a view of the grove up the mountain slope, and of the sky above. She heard his step, and that he was coming up the stairs; and she felt an unspeakable anxiety, a panic, almost as if she could spring out of the window. What should she answer?

Then he came, and put his arm about her waist, and half above a whisper asked: —

"Elizabeth! will you be mine?"

For the first time in her life she felt near fainting. She hardly knew what she did, but pushed him, involuntarily, violently from her.

He seized her hand again, and asked: —

"Elizabeth, will you become my wife?"

She was very pale, as she answered: —

"Yes."

But when he would again place his arm about her waist, she suddenly sprang back with an expression of terror.

"Elizabeth!" said he tenderly, — and sought again to draw her to him, — "what affects you so? If you knew how I have longed for this hour!"

"Not now — no more now!" she prayed, while she held her hand against him; "later — "

"Why, you say 'yes,' Elizabeth — that you are my — " But he felt that now she would have him go. For a long time she sat on a chest up there, silent and gazing before her.

It was accomplished, then. Her heart beat so loud that she could hear it, and it was as if she felt a dull pain there. Her face gradually assumed a rigid, cold look. She thought he was now telling his stepmother that they were engaged, and she was preparing herself for what she would have to endure.

She waited to be called down; at last she determined to go herself.

In the sitting-room each one sat wholly taken up with his own work. The lieutenant pretended to be reading a book,—over which, however, when she entered he sent her a stolen, tenderly anxious glance.

Supper was brought in, and everything went on as usual. He joked a little, as was his wont. She thought it was as if a fog had enveloped them all. Mina asked her once if anything ailed her, and she answered mechanically, "No."

It was therefore to happen later in the evening. She went in and out as usual with the tea things; still it was as if she could not feel the floor under her feet, or what she carried in her hands.

The evening passed, and they retired without anything having occurred. In the dim light of the stairway he grasped her hand warmly, and said, "Good-night, my Elizabeth, my—my Elizabeth!" But she would not return his grasp, and when he approached her brow with his lips she drew back quickly.

"I came out here alone to tell you this, dear, beloved Elizabeth!" whispered he, with a trembling fervor in his voice, while he sought to embrace her. "I must return again to-morrow. Shall I go without a sign that you care for me?"

She slowly bent her brow toward him, and he kissed it, when she immediately left him.

"Good-night, my beloved!" whispered he after her.

Elizabeth lay long awake. She felt the need of having a good cry, and her heart was chilled within her. When she at last slept she did not dream about her lover, but about Salve—the whole time about Salve. She saw him gazing at her with his earnest face; it was so heavy with sorrow, and she stood like a criminal before him. He said something which she could not hear, but she understood that he cursed her, and that he had thrown her dress overboard.

She arose early, and sought to engage her thoughts with other dreams,—her future as the officer's wife. But it was as if everything that heretofore had seemed only as gold would now present itself before her as brass. She felt unhappy and restless, and bethought herself a long time before entering the sitting-room.

Carl Beck did not go that morning; he had perceived that there was something or other that put Elizabeth out of sorts.

During the forenoon, when his sisters were out and his stepmother was occupied, he fortunately chanced to have the opportunity of speaking with her alone. She was still in a fever, and expected that he had spoken to Madam Beck.

"Elizabeth," he said, gently smoothing her hair, for she seemed so embarrassed as she stood looking down, "I could not go before I had spoken with you again."

Her eyes were still lowered, but she did not reject his hand.

"Do you really care for me? Will you become my wife?"

She was silent. At last, a little paler, and as if somewhat overcome, she said:—

"Yes, Herr Beck!"

"Say *du* to me—say Carl," he fervently prayed, "and—look at me!"

She looked at him; but not as he had expected. It was with a fixed, cold glance, wherewith she said:—

"Yes—when we are betrothed."

"Are we not betrothed?"

"When will your stepmother know it?" she asked, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Dear Elizabeth! they must not notice anything here at home until—until three months are past, when I am—"

But he now noticed the expression of her face, and the quick way in which she withdrew her hand, which led him to reserve what he had originally thought, and he corrected himself hastily:

"During next week, from Arendal I shall write to father, and then I will tell my stepmother what I have written. Are you satisfied, Elizabeth, dear Elizabeth! or will you have it done now?" he exclaimed resolutely, and again seized her hand.

"No, no, not now!—next week—do not let it be done until next week!" she broke out in sudden dread; at the same time she almost beseechingly returned the pressure of his hand—the first he had gotten from her.

"And then will you be mine, Elizabeth?"

"Yes—*then!*" She sought to escape his eye.

"Farewell then, Elizabeth; but I will come again on Saturday; I can be no longer without seeing you."

"Farewell!" said she, somewhat lifelessly.

He sprang down to the sail-boat which lay in waiting; but she did not look after him, and passed in the opposite direction with bowed head into the house.

Small things often weigh heavily in the world of impressions. Elizabeth was overwhelmed by his noble way of thinking, when he had declared that he would elevate her to be his wife. She felt it was her worth which in his eyes had outweighed all else. That he should shrink from the outward struggle with the family, had on the other hand not occurred to her. To be sure, she had felt that it would be painful; but on this point she sheltered herself behind his manly shield. When he now so unexpectedly began to put off the time of announcement, first even by saying that he intended to be absent when the matter came up at home, there passed through her a feeling which she, in her inward dread, instinctively grasped as a saving straw, which possibly might enable her to reconsider.

The two days passed hard and heavily with her, until Carl Beck returned again, and the nights were as a fever.

Saturday evening he came, and she was the first one he greeted. He hardly seemed longer to be desirous of concealing their relation to each other: while she, pale and quiet, was busy going in and out of the room.

He had with him a letter from his father, which was read at the table. It was dated from a South-American port, and spoke of Salve. In the latitude of Cape Hatteras they had had hard weather, during which it was necessary to cut away the mainmast's rigging. The topmast still remained hanging by a couple of ropes, and reeled forward and back in the violent sea, against the under-rigging, so that the latter was threatened with destruction. Then Salve Kristiansen had ventured up to cut away the rest, and while he sat there the whole went overboard. He fell with it, but was so fortunate in falling as to catch hold of a topping-lift and save himself. "It was a great piece of daring," added the communication in closing; "but for the rest, everything is not with him as it should be, and as was expected."

"Oh, no! I thought that before," remarked young Beck, and shrugged his shoulders scornfully: "he was a God-forsaken scamp, and if he did not end that time he will soon have another chance."

He did not see the angry eyes Elizabeth fixed upon him at these words. She felt with despair, at this instant, that it was her fault alone that Salve behaved so recklessly, and had become what he was. She sat for a long time silent, angry, and quiet, with her hands in her lap; she was meditating a decision.

Before they retired, Carl Beck whispered to her:—

"I have sent a letter to father to-day, and to-morrow, Elizabeth, will be our betrothal day! Mina will show a pair of wondering eyes."

Elizabeth was the last one up, as she put the room to rights, and when she went she took a piece of paper with writing materials out with her. She lay down on her bed; but at midnight she sat with a candle and covered a scrap of paper with letters. It read:—

"Pardon me that I cannot become your wife, for my heart is another's. Elizabeth Raklev."

She folded it together, and fastened it with a pin in want of a wafer. Then she softly opened the door to the chamber where Madam Beck slept, put her mouth close to her ear, and whispered her name. She awoke, and was quite frightened when she saw Elizabeth standing before her fully dressed, and apparently ready to leave.

"Madam Beck!" said she softly, "I will confide something to you, and beg advice and help of you. Your stepson has asked if I would be his wife. It was last Sunday—and I answered yes; but now I will not. And now I want to go to my aunt; or I would prefer to go further, if you know of any way for me. For otherwise I fear he will follow me."

Madam Beck sat as if the heavens had fallen. She assumed an incredulous, scornful expression; but when she felt that everything really must be as stated, she involuntarily sat up higher in bed.

"But why do you come with this just now, in the night?" she remarked at last, suspiciously examining her: she thought she still lacked full light in the matter.

"Because he has written his father to-day about it, and is going to tell you and the rest to-morrow."

"Ah, he has already written! Hence it was for this reason that he got you into this house!" she uttered after a pause, somewhat bitterly. Then it struck her that there was something noble in Elizabeth's conduct. She looked at her more amiably and said:—

"Yes, you are right: it is best for you to go to—a place where he cannot so easily reach you."

She gave herself again to thought; then a bright idea struck her, and she rose and dressed. There was a man's definiteness about her, and she was wont to direct affairs. The Dutch skipper Garvloit, who was married to her half-sister, had just during the last days been inquiring for a Norse girl, that could help them about the house; and here indeed was a place for Elizabeth. She had only to go on board his trader, which lay ready to sail.

She wrote at once a letter to Garvloit, which she handed to Elizabeth, together with a tolerably large sum of money: "Your wages for your work here," she said.

In the still, moonlit night Elizabeth rowed alone the little boat into Arendal. The bright sound was filled with myriads of reflected stars 'twixt the deep shadows of the sloping ridges, while more than one light mast betrayed that there were vessels close to the land. Occasionally the falling stars shot athwart the heavens, and she felt a jubilant gladness which she must often subdue by hard rowing for long stretches. She was, as it were, liberated, freed from some pressing evil. And Marie Fostberg — how delighted she would be to see her now!

She reached town before daybreak and went straight up to her aunt's, to whom she explained that Madam Beck desired that she should get a place in Holland with Skipper Garvloit, who was just ready to sail. She showed her the letter, there was such pressing haste. The aunt listened for a time, and then said suddenly: —

"Elizabeth, there has been something out of the way with the naval officer!"

"Yes, aunt, there has," she answered, promptly: "he has offered himself to me!"

"Well, then —"

"And then I as good as promised him; but I will not have him. So I told Madam Beck."

The aunt's gestures showed that she thought this astounding intelligence.

"So you will not have him?" she said at last: "then it was perhaps because you would rather have Salve?"

"Yes, aunt," she answered, somewhat softly.

"Why didn't you take him, then?" said the aunt, a little harshly.

The tears came to Elizabeth's eyes.

"Yes, as one makes his bed so he must lie," remarked the old woman, who was always strong in proverbs; and gave her attention to the morning coffee.

Elizabeth, on the way to get some one to row her out to the trader, went in by the post-office, where she found Marie already up, in her morning dress and busy in the day-room. The latter was very much astonished when Elizabeth told her her new decision. It was so profitable, and an almost independent position, and Madam Beck had herself advised it, Elizabeth explained; and showed much ingenuity in avoiding putting her on the track. That Marie Fostberg did not after all get things to rhyme, Elizabeth could understand by her eyes. When they took leave they embraced each other and wept.

There was grand amazement out at the country-place that Elizabeth was absent. The lieutenant had found her letter in the crack of his door, but had not imagined that she had left; and he had gone out with it in violent excitement, without coming home again until late in the afternoon.

Madam Beck had meanwhile intrusted the matter to the daughters, and they understood that it was to be kept secret from outsiders.

Although his eyes searched, still he did not inquire expressly for Elizabeth until evening; and when he heard that she was gone, and probably was now under way for Holland, he sat for a time as if petrified. Thereupon he looked scornfully upon them, one after another.

"If I knew that I had any one of you to thank for this," he burst out at last, "then — " Here he grasped the chair he sat upon, cast it on the floor so that it broke, and jumped upon it. But her letter was unfortunately plain enough: she loved another, and he also knew who that other was.

Translation of Mrs. Ole Bull.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1809–1865)

BY HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

BORN in 1809 and dying in 1865, Mr. Lincoln was the contemporary of every distinguished man of letters in America to the close of the war; but from none of them does he appear to have received literary impulse or guidance. He might have read, if circumstances had been favorable, a large part of the work of Irving, Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Thoreau, as it came from the press; but he was entirely unfamiliar with it apparently until late in his career, and it is doubtful if even at that period he knew it well or cared greatly for it. He was singularly isolated by circumstances and by temperament from those influences which usually determine, within certain limits, the quality and character of a man's style.

And Mr. Lincoln had a style,—a distinctive, individual, characteristic form of expression. In his own way he gained an insight into the structure of English, and a freedom and skill in the selection and combination of words, which not only made him the most convincing speaker of his time, but which have secured for his speeches a permanent place in literature. One of those speeches is already known wherever the English language is spoken; it is a classic by virtue not only of its unique condensation of the sentiment of a tremendous struggle into the narrow compass of a few brief paragraphs, but by virtue of that instinctive felicity of style which gives to the largest thought the beauty of perfect simplicity. The two Inaugural Addresses are touched by the same deep feeling, the same large vision, the same clear, expressive, and persuasive eloquence; and these qualities are found in a great number of speeches, from Mr. Lincoln's first appearance in public life. In his earliest expressions of his political views there is less range; but there is the structural order, clearness, sense of proportion, ease, and simplicity which give classic quality to the later utterances. Few speeches have so little of what is commonly regarded as oratorical quality; few have approached so constantly the standards and character of literature. While a group of men of gift and opportunity in the East were giving American literature its earliest direction, and putting the

stamp of a high idealism on its thought and a rare refinement of spirit on its form, this lonely, untrained man on the old frontier was slowly working his way through the hardest and rudest conditions to perhaps the foremost place in American history, and forming at the same time a style of singular and persuasive charm.

There is, however, no possible excellence without adequate education; no possible mastery of any art without thorough training. Mr. Lincoln has sometimes been called an accident, and his literary gift an unaccountable play of nature; but few men have ever more definitely and persistently worked out what was in them by clear intelligence than Mr. Lincoln, and no speaker or writer of our time has, according to his opportunities, trained himself more thoroughly in the use of English prose. Of educational opportunity in the scholastic sense, the future orator had only the slightest. He went to school «by littles,» and these «littles» put together aggregated less than a year; but he discerned very early the practical uses of knowledge, and set himself to acquire it. This pursuit soon became a passion, and this deep and irresistible yearning did more for him perhaps than richer opportunities would have done. It made him a constant student, and it taught him the value of fragments of time. «He was always at the head of his class,» writes one of his schoolmates, «and passed us rapidly in his studies. He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books with him to work, so that he might read when he rested from labor.» «I induced my husband to permit Abe to read and study at home as well as at school,» writes his stepmother. «At first he was not easily reconciled to it, but finally he too seemed willing to encourage him to a certain extent. Abe was a dutiful son to me always, and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him,—would let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord.»

The books within his reach were few, but they were among the best. First and foremost was that collection of great literature in prose and verse, the Bible: a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting nearly every literary form, and translated at the fortunate moment when the English language had received the recent impress of its greatest masters of the speech of the imagination. This literature Mr. Lincoln knew intimately, familiarly, fruitfully; as Shakespeare knew it in an earlier version, and as Tennyson knew it and was deeply influenced by it in the form in which it entered into and trained Lincoln's imagination. Then there was that wise and very human text-book of the knowledge of character and life, 'Æsop's Fables'; that masterpiece of clear presentation, 'Robinson Crusoe'; and that classic of pure English, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' These four

books — in the hands of a meditative boy, who read until the last ember went out on the hearth, began again when the earliest light reached his bed in the loft of the log cabin, who perched himself on a stump, book in hand, at the end of every furrow in the plowing season — contained the elements of a movable university.

To these must be added many volumes borrowed from more fortunate neighbors; for he had "read through every book he had heard of in that country, for a circuit of fifty miles." A history of the United States and a copy of Weems's 'Life of Washington' laid the foundations of his political education. That he read with his imagination as well as with his eyes is clear from certain words spoken in the Senate chamber at Trenton in 1861. "May I be pardoned," said Mr. Lincoln, "if on this occasion I mention that way back in my childhood, the earliest days of my being able to read, I got hold of a small book, such a one as few of the members have ever seen,— Weems's 'Life of Washington.' I remember all the accounts there given of the battle-fields and struggles for the liberties of the country; and none fixed themselves upon my imagination so deeply as the struggle here at Trenton, New Jersey. The crossing of the river, the contest with the Hessians, the great hardships endured at that time, — all fixed themselves on my memory more than any single Revolutionary event; and you all know, for you have all been boys, how those early impressions last longer than any others."

"When Abe and I returned to the house from work," writes John Hanks, "he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. We grubbed, plowed, weeded, and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read." And this habit was kept up until Mr. Lincoln had found both his life work and his individual expression. Later he devoured Shakespeare and Burns; and the poetry of these masters of the dramatic and lyric form, sprung like himself from the common soil, and like him self-trained and directed, furnished a kind of running accompaniment to his work and his play. What he read he not only held tenaciously, but took into his imagination and incorporated into himself. His familiar talk was enriched with frequent and striking illustrations from the Bible and 'Æsop's Fables.'

This passion for knowledge and for companionship with the great writers would have gone for nothing, so far as the boy's training in expression was concerned, if he had contented himself with acquisition; but he turned everything to account. He was as eager for expression as for the material of expression; more eager to write and to talk than to read. Bits of paper, stray sheets, even boards served

his purpose. He was continually transcribing with his own hand thoughts or phrases which had impressed him. Everything within reach bore evidence of his passion for reading, and for writing as well. The flat sides of logs, the surface of the broad wooden shovel, everything in his vicinity which could receive a legible mark, was covered with his figures and letters. He was studying expression quite as intelligently as he was searching for thought. Years afterward, when asked how he had attained such extraordinary clearness of style, he recalled his early habit of retaining in his memory words or phrases overheard in ordinary conversation or met in books and newspapers, until night, meditating on them until he got at their meaning, and then translating them into his own simpler speech. This habit, kept up for years, was the best possible training for the writing of such English as one finds in the Bible and in 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' His self-education in the art of expression soon bore fruit in a local reputation both as a talker and a writer. His facility in rhyme and essay-writing was not only greatly admired by his fellows, but awakened great astonishment, because these arts were not taught in the neighboring schools.

In speech too he was already disclosing that command of the primary and universal elements of interest in human intercourse which was to make him, later, one of the most entertaining men of his time. His power of analyzing a subject so as to be able to present it to others with complete clearness was already disclosing itself. No matter how complex a question might be, he did not rest until he had reduced it to its simplest terms. When he had done this he was not only eager to make it clear to others, but to give his presentation freshness, variety, attractiveness. He had, in a word, the literary sense. «When he appeared in company,» writes one of his early companions, «the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. Mr. Lincoln was figurative in his speech, talks, and conversation. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales, and figures. He would almost always point his lesson or idea by some story that was plain and near to us, that we might instantly see the force and bearing of what he said.»

In that phrase lies the secret of the closeness of Mr. Lincoln's words to his theme and to his listeners,—one of the qualities of genuine, original expression. He fed himself with thought, and he trained himself in expression; but his supreme interest was in the men and women about him, and later, in the great questions which agitated them. He was in his early manhood when society was profoundly moved by searching questions which could neither be silenced nor evaded; and his lot was cast in a section where, as a rule, people

read little and talked much. Public speech was the chief instrumentality of political education and the most potent means of persuasion; but behind the platform, upon which Mr. Lincoln was to become a commanding figure, were countless private debates carried on at street corners, in hotel rooms, by the country road, in every place where men met even in the most casual way. In these wayside schools Mr. Lincoln practiced the art of putting things until he became a past-master in debate, both formal and informal.

If all these circumstances, habits, and conditions are studied in their entirety, it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln's style, so far as its formal qualities are concerned, is in no sense accidental or even surprising. He was all his early life in the way of doing precisely what he did in his later life with a skill which had become instinct. He was educated, in a very unusual way, to speak for his time and to his time with perfect sincerity and simplicity; to feel the moral bearing of the questions which were before the country; to discern the principles involved; and to so apply the principles to the questions as to clarify and illuminate them. There is little difficulty in accounting for the lucidity, simplicity, flexibility, and compass of Mr. Lincoln's style; it is not until we turn to its temperamental and spiritual qualities, to the soul of it, that we find ourselves perplexed and baffled.

But Mr. Lincoln's possession of certain rare qualities is in no way more surprising than their possession by Shakespeare, Burns, and Whitman. We are constantly tempted to look for the sources of a man's power in his educational opportunities instead of in his temperament and inheritance. The springs of genius are purified and directed in their flow by the processes of training, but they are fed from deeper sources. The man of obscure ancestry and rude surroundings is often in closer touch with nature, and with those universal experiences which are the very stuff of literature, than the man who is born on the upper reaches of social position and opportunity. Mr. Lincoln's ancestry for at least two generations were pioneers and frontiersmen, who knew hardship and privation, and were immersed in that great wave of energy and life which fertilized and humanized the central West. They were in touch with those original experiences out of which the higher evolution of civilization slowly rises; they knew the soil and the sky at first hand; they wrested a meagre subsistence out of the stubborn earth by constant toil; they shared to the full the vicissitudes and weariness of humanity at its elemental tasks.

It was to this nearness to the heart of a new country, perhaps, that Mr. Lincoln owed his intimate knowledge of his people and his deep and beautiful sympathy with them. There was nothing sinuous

or secondary in his processes of thought: they were broad, simple, and homely in the old sense of the word. He had rare gifts, but he was rooted deep in the soil of the life about him, and so completely in touch with it that he divined its secrets and used its speech. This vital sympathy gave his nature a beautiful gentleness, and suffused his thought with a tenderness born of deep compassion and love. He carried the sorrows of his country as truly as he bore its burdens; and when he came to speak on the second immortal day at Gettysburg, he condensed into a few sentences the innermost meaning of the struggle and the victory in the life of the nation. It was this deep heart of pity and love in him which carried him far beyond the reaches of statesmanship or oratory, and gave his words that finality of expression which marks the noblest art.

That there was a deep vein of poetry in Mr. Lincoln's nature is clear to one who reads the story of his early life; and this innate idealism, set in surroundings so harsh and rude, had something to do with his melancholy. The sadness which was mixed with his whole life was, however, largely due to his temperament; in which the final tragedy seemed always to be predicted. In that temperament too is hidden the secret of the rare quality of nature and mind which suffused his public speech and turned so much of it into literature. There was humor in it, there was deep human sympathy, there was clear mastery of words for the use to which he put them; but there was something deeper and more pervasive,—there was the quality of his temperament; and temperament is a large part of genius. The inner forces of his nature played through his thought; and when great occasions touched him to the quick, his whole nature shaped his speech and gave it clear intelligence, deep feeling, and that beauty which is distilled out of the depths of the sorrows and hopes of the world. He was as unlike Burke and Webster, those masters of the eloquence of statesmanship, as Burns was unlike Milton and Tennyson. Like Burns, he held the key of the life of his people; and through him, as through Burns, that life found a voice, vibrating, pathetic, and persuasive.

Hamilton W. Mabie

[The following passages are all quoted from 'Abraham Lincoln's Speeches.' Compiled by L. E. Chittenden. Published and copyrighted 1895, by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.]

THE PERPETUATION OF OUR POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS

From Address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Illinois, January 1837

WE FIND ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when remounting the stage of existence, found ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or the establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by a once hardy, brave, and patriotic, but now lamented and departed race of ancestors. . . .

All honor to our Revolutionary ancestors, to whom we are indebted for these institutions. They will not be forgotten. In history we hope they will be read of and recounted, so long as the Bible shall be read. But even granting that they will, their influence cannot be what it heretofore has been. Even then they cannot be so universally known nor so vividly felt as they were by the generation just gone to rest. At the close of that struggle, nearly every adult male had been a participator in some of its scenes. The consequence was, that of those scenes, in the form of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother, a living history was to be found in every family,—a history bearing the indubitable testimonies to its own authenticity in the limbs mangled, in the scars of wounds received in the midst of the very scenes related; a history too that could be read and understood alike by all, the wise and the ignorant, the learned and the unlearned. But those histories are gone. They can be read no more forever. They were a fortress of strength; but what the invading foemen could never do, the silent artillery of time has done,—the leveling of its walls. They are gone. They were a forest of giant oaks; but the resistless hurricane has swept over them, and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more ruder storms, and then to sink and be no more.

FROM HIS SPEECH AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE

In New York, February 27th, 1860

It is surely safe to assume that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say, prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that in his understanding any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. To those who now so declare, I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search; and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them. . . .

But enough! Let all who believe that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" understood this question just as well and even better than we do now, speak as they spoke, and act as they acted upon it. This is all Republicans ask, all Republicans desire, in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it again be marked: as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly maintained. For this Republicans contend; and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen,—as I suppose they will not,—I would address a few words to the Southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people.

Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or at the best as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates or murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite — license, so to speak — among you, to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now, can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves? Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof, and what is it? Why, that our party has no existence in your section — gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your section, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You cannot escape this conclusion; and yet, are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. . . .

The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started,— to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle and we with it are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section, and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Do you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again upon their official oaths, is in fact so clearly

wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory: . . . and about one year after he penned it [that warning] he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure; expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free States. . . .

Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. . . . It was not we but you who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. . . . If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry? John Brown? John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it. . . .

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts . . . at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast . . . ventures the attempt, . . . which ends in little else than his own execution. . . .

But you will not abide the election of a Republican president! In that supposed event, you say you will destroy the Union; and then you say the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear and

mutters through his teeth, "Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!" . . .

If slavery is right, all words, acts, laws, and constitutions against it are themselves wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality — its universality; if it is wrong, they cannot justly insist upon its extension — its enlargement. All they ask we could readily grant, if we thought slavery right; all we ask they could as readily grant if they thought it wrong. Their thinking it right and our thinking it wrong is the precise fact upon which depends the whole controversy. Thinking it right, as they do, they are not to blame for desiring its full recognition as being right; but thinking it wrong, as we do, can we yield to them? Can we cast our votes with their view and against our own? In view of our moral, social, and political responsibilities, can we do this?

Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and belabored, — contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong, vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care," on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to disunionists, — reversing the Divine rule, and calling not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said, and undo what Washington did.

Neither let us be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government, nor of dungeons to ourselves. Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

1273

FROM THE FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1861

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States, that by the accession of a Republican Administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." . . . I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming Administration. I add, too, that all the protection which consistently with the Constitution and the laws can be given, will cheerfully be given to all the States when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause; as cheerfully to one section as to another. . . .

I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or the laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same great task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, *the Union of these States is perpetual.* Perpetuity is

implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national government, and the Union will endure forever,—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it as a contract be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

. . . . . .

It follows then from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and [that] acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be but necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. . . .

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I

need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right plainly written in the Constitution has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. . . .

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding in any case upon the parties to the suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. . . . At the same time, . . . if the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. . . .

Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the judges. . . . One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law ever can be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse, in both cases, after the separation of the sections than before.

The foreign slave trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction in one section; while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you. . . .

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people; and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also, if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations with his eternal truth and justice be on your side of the North or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

. . . . . .

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point, the laws of your

own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Remarks at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19th, 1863

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they

did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4TH, 1865

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war,—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

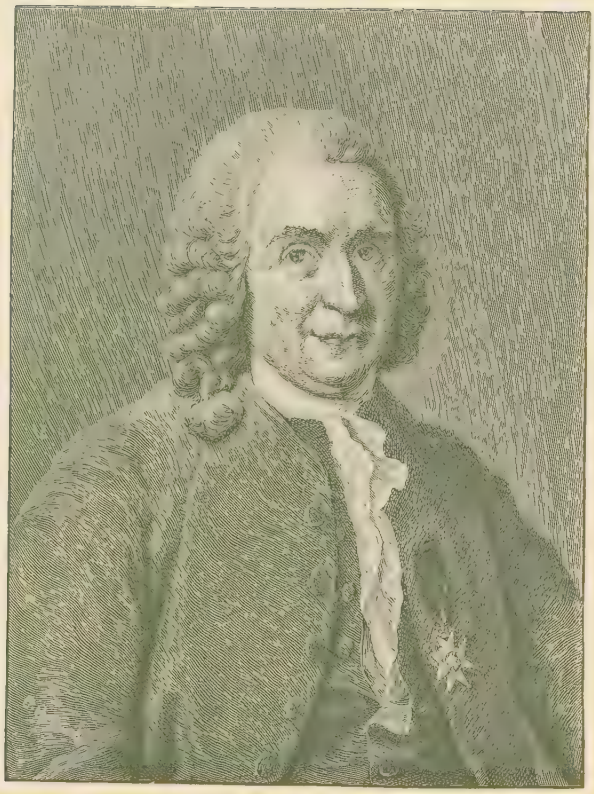
One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves; not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of

the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, — shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, — as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, — let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.



LINNÆUS.

LINNÆUS

(1707–1778)

BY JOHN MUIR

THE immortal Linnæus — Carl von Linné — was born in Sweden, a cold rocky country now famous forever. He was born in the bloom-time of the year, May 13th, 1707; and contemplating this great event, one may easily fancy every living thing dancing and singing and clapping hands for joy.

Whether descended from sea-kings and pirates as is most likely, or from fighting Normans or Goths, matters not; for he was a lover sent of God to revive and cheer and bless all mankind. And this he did in spite of crushing poverty, and all the black brood of disappointments and discouragements that ever beset the onway of genius. His parents were as poor and pious as the parents of great men usually are. He was a naturalist from his birth, and reveled in the bloom of the fields and gardens about his native village of Rashult as naturally as a bee. By his steady, slow-going neighbors he was looked on as one possessed. They did not know what to make of him; neither did his own father and mother. His father, a minister, naturally wished his son to follow in his footsteps, and with commendable self-denial saved money to send young Carl to school with this end in view. But the studies leading to the ministry did not interest the lad, and like other divine boys he was called a dunce. Accordingly, when his father visited the school and anxiously inquired how Carl was getting on, he was bluntly told that the boy was dull, had no brains, and could never be made into a minister or scholar of any kind. Under these dark circumstances, the best advice the schoolmaster was able to offer the discouraged father was to take away his boy and make a tailor or a shoemaker of him. Yet this was the boy who was to do the most of all for many generations to open men's eyes to see the beauty of God's gardens and the creatures that enliven them.

The real education of Linnæus began as soon as he could see. When only four years old he constantly questioned his father about the weeds and flowers around the house. His formal education began at the age of seven, when he was sent to a private school for three years; at the end of which time he entered another private school at Wexiö. In 1719, we are told, he was committed to the care of one Gabriel Hok, a teacher of repute, but who was as unsuccessful as his

predecessors had been in his efforts to overcome the lad's distaste for scholastic studies and his seemingly irrational liking for plants. In 1724 he entered the gymnasium, caring for nothing but botany and biology in general,—which in truth is almost everything. Here he managed to get together some of the books of the few Swedish authors who had written of plants, and over these he laboriously pored.

It was when he was in the gymnasium, at the age of seventeen, that his father was advised to make a tailor or shoemaker of his dullard. The old clergyman, grieved and disappointed at the outcome of twelve years' schooling, met Dr. Rothman, a practitioner of the town, to whom he mentioned his sad case. The doctor, a better judge of human nature than the minister, declared he could end the troubles of both father and son: he offered to board Carl the year that remained of the gymnasium course, and assured his father that though backward in theology, the boy would yet make a name in medicine and natural history. So Carl escaped cobbling, was kindly cared for by the good doctor, given instruction in physiology, and directed to Tournefort's system of botany, the best then in existence.

At the age of twenty he went to the University of Lund; and while studying there had the good fortune to lodge at the house of Dr. Stobæus, who had a museum of minerals, shells, dried plants, and birds, which made the heart of young Linnæus throb with joy. The learned doctor also had a library to which Carl at length gained access, and from which he got books on natural history, which he read stealthily by night against the rules of the orderly household. And thus genius made its own starry way, uncontrollable as the tides of the sea.

In the summer of 1728 Linnæus again met his benefactor Rothman, who urged him to leave Lund and go to Upsala, where educational advantages were better. Accordingly, with about forty dollars in his pocket,—all he was to expect from his father,—he set out for the university he was soon to make famous. Of course his little stock of money quickly melted away; and being a stranger, he could earn nothing by teaching. Nearly a year he passed in dire poverty, glad when he could get one hard meal a day. His worn-out shoes he patched with pasteboard. His eyes were full of plants, but his stomach was achingly empty most of the time. Only by chance meals from fellow-students, and others almost as poor as himself, did he manage to keep body and soul together. A course of starvation, it would seem, is a tremendous necessity in the training of Heaven's favorites.

During the hunger period, in the autumn of 1729, Linnæus was one day intently studying a plant in the academical garden, when a venerable minister happened to notice him, and asked what he was

doing, — whether he knew anything about plants, whence he came, etc. This clergyman was Olaf Celsius, professor of theology, who was then writing his 'Hierobotanicon.' He was quick to see, as well any naturalist might, that the starved and ragged student was no ordinary fellow. He therefore invited him to his house and fed him. How could he help it? And later, when he saw Linnæus's collection of plants and heard him talk about them, he gladly gave him a home. In the University at this time little attention was given to natural history; and it is said that Linnæus did not hear a single lecture on botany all the time he attended the classes. In 1729 he began to write his wonderful books: first a small one on the sexes of plants, which he showed to his friend Celsius, who in turn showed it to Professor Rudbeck, who knew something of botany. In the following year Rudbeck, who was growing old, appointed Linnæus his assistant; and the latter was now openly started on his flowery way, lecturing, traveling, and reveling in the wilderness of plants like a bee in a clover-field.

He now wrote his celebrated epoch-making 'Systema Naturæ.' At Amsterdam in Holland he dwelt a year with the famous Professor Boerhaave, and there published his 'Fundamenta Botanica.' A rich banker by the name of Cliffort wiled him to his magnificent garden at Hartecamp, where he worked and lived like a prince; and there he published his 'Flora Lapponica,' containing the new genus Linnæa.

In 1736 he visited England, and was warmly welcomed by the plants and plant-lovers there. On his return to the Netherlands he completed his 'Genera Plantarum,' which may be regarded as the beginning of the natural systematic botany. This great work was followed in this hot, fertile, high-pressure period by his 'Classes Plantarum.' His industry and fertility were truly wonderful. Books came from his brain as from an inexhaustible fountain; and neither pleasure nor pain, praise nor blame, nor the weariness and exhaustion that stop common mortals, could abate one jot his overmastering enthusiasm, or divert him in the least from his glorious course.

In 1738 Linnæus established himself as a physician in Stockholm, and was married there the following year. In 1740 Rudbeck died, and Linnæus gained his place as professor of natural history at the University of Upsala, where he had so long and so bravely studied and starved. Thenceforth his life was all congenial work, flowers and sunshine, praise and fame. In 1750, after many other less notable works, he published 'Philosophia Botanica,' and three years later 'Species Plantarum.' He shone now like a sun; honors of all kinds poured in on him, kings wanted him at their courts, every university wanted him; but he remained true to his own country and his own work. Students from near and far gathered about him. The five

hundred at Upsala increased to fifteen hundred, attracted and inspired by his bright-burning love. He lived till 1778.

In person he is described as of medium height, with large limbs and wonderful eyes. If one may judge from the portrait statue erected to his memory in Upsala, his features were beautiful and serene beyond those of most men, and surely beyond those of most statues.

Of course plants were studied long before Linnæus, but mostly as food or medicine; and the collections of living plants were called "physic gardens." Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." The Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Greeks studied botany in some form or other; for the showy multitudes of plant-people could not fail to attract the attention of scholars in every age. About three hundred years before Christ, Theophrastus wrote a 'History of Plants,' in which he described about five hundred species supposed to be useful in medicine. The elder Pliny described about a thousand. But it was not until the sixteenth century that anything noteworthy was done in botany as a science. In 1583 Andreas Cæsalpinus, professor of botany at Padua, published a work called 'De Plantis,' in which he distributed some one thousand five hundred and twenty plants in fifteen classes, according to the differences of their fruits and flowers, and their being herbaceous or woody.

Then came John Ray, an Englishman, who died two years before Linnæus was born; and who published in 1682 'Methodus Plantarum,' in which he separated flowering from flowerless plants, and divided the former into Dicotyledons and Monocotyledons,—a marked advance in natural classification. Tournefort, a contemporary of Ray, was professor of botany in Paris in 1683; and published a systematic arrangement in 1694–1700, in which he described about eight thousand species of plants, divided into twenty-two classes.

Then came Linnæus, whose published works are said to number over one hundred and eighty, while many remain in manuscript. Much has been written by naturalists on the Linnæan system; and while recognizing its usefulness as a convenient index to nature's floral book, they seem puzzled to account for the revolution he effected in natural history, and his unparalleled influence. Even his most enthusiastic admirers seem at a loss to know the secret of his unrivaled power. The so-called Sexual system of Linnæus, they anxiously point out, was needful in bringing order out of chaos, and making a foundation for the "natural system" now universally adopted, and in preparing the way for the work of De Jussieu and De Candolle. Strong, they say, in body and mind, with marvelous industry and insight, Linnæus worked with the strength of ten. He improved the existing

distinctions of genera and species, introduced a better nomenclature on the binomial method, and invented the system founded on the stamens and pistils. In half praise, half apology, they claim that «his verbal accuracy and the terseness of his technical language» reduced the crude accumulations of his predecessors into available form, arranged their endless synonyms, cast out the confusing varieties of gardeners' terms, like a Moses led botanical science out of Egyptian darkness; and in fine, that he found biology a chaos and left it a cosmos.

But it is not in methods of classification, technical skill, tireless energy in making books and gathering plants, that we are to look for the secret of the marvelous influence he exerted, and which made him the king of naturalists. No. Dry words and dry facts, however clear-cut and polished, will not fire hearts. A botanist may be a giant in intellect, gather plants from the four quarters of the globe and pile them in labeled heaps as high as haystacks, without kindling a single spark of the love that fired the followers of Linnæus. In drying plants, botanists too often dry themselves. But Linnæus loved every living thing as his friend and brother, and his eyes never closed on the divine beauty and harmony and oneness they displayed. All the dry word-work he did, however technical and severe, was done to bring the plants and animals as living children of Nature forward into light to be loved. In the midst of his immense classifying labors, he seemed always to be saying in a low glowing undertone, «Come, darlings: I love you, and want everybody to love you! Come, stand in rows and let me see you and count you and call you by name.» And they came — from his own Scandinavia, from the tundras of Lapland, from icy Siberia, from sunny India and Africa, from both the Americas, and from the isles of the seas. They came to his love, led by devoted disciples. For as a sun, he warmed others and inspired them; and thus warmed and inspired, they radiated like light over all the world and did the master's bidding. The beasts of the field came also to this solar man to be seen and warmed and loved; and the birds from every grove, and insects and creeping things, and fishes from the seas and streams, and crystals from the mountain caves,— all for love. And so his radiant influence works on, cheering and enlightening the world, and will go on while flowers bloom and birds sing.

A hundred years after Linnæus died, our own Asa Gray, Sir Joseph Hooker, and I were botanizing together on Mount Shasta, the northernmost of the great mountains of California; and when night came we camped in a flowery opening in a grand forest of silver firs. After supper I built a big fire, and the flowers and the trees, wondrously illumined, seemed to come forward and look on and listen as we

talked. Gray told many a story of his life and work on the Atlantic Alleghanies and in Harvard University; and Hooker told of his travels in the Himalayas, and of his work with Tyndall and Huxley and grand old Darwin. And of course we talked of trees, argued the relationship of varying species, etc.; and I remember that Sir Joseph, who in his long active life had traveled through all the great forests of the world, admitted, in reply to a question of mine, that in grandeur, variety, and beauty, no forest on the globe rivaled the great coniferous forests of my much-loved Sierra. But it was not what was said in praise of our majestic sequoias and cedars, firs and pines, that was most memorable that night. No: it was what was said of the lowly fragrant namesake of Linnæus,—Linnæa borealis. After a pause in the flow of our botanic conversation that great night, the like of which was never to be enjoyed by us again (for we soon separated and Gray died), as if speaking suddenly out of another country Gray said, «Muir, why have you not found Linnæa in California? It must be here or hereabouts on the northern boundary of the Sierra. I have heard of it, and have specimens from Washington and Oregon all through these northern woods, and you should have found it here.» In reply, I said I had not forgotten Linnæa. «That fragrant little plant, making carpets beneath the cool woods of Canada and around the great lakes, has been a favorite of mine ever since I began to wander. I have found many of its relations and neighbors, high up in the mountain woods and around the glacier meadows; but Linnæa itself I have not yet found.» «Well, nevertheless,» said Gray, «the blessed fellow must be living hereabouts no great distance off.» Then we let the camp fire die down to a heap of ruby coals, wrapped our blankets about us, and with Linnæa in our minds, fell asleep. Next morning Gray continued his work on the Shasta flanks, while Hooker and I made an excursion to the westward over one of the upper valleys of the Sacramento. About noon we came to one of the icy-cold branches of the river, paved with cobblestones; and after we forded it we noticed a green carpet on the bank, made of something we did not at first recognize, for it was not in bloom. Hooker, bestowing a keen botanic look on it, said «What is that?» then stooped and plucked a specimen and said, «Isn't that Linnæa? It's awfully like it.» Then finding some of the withered flowers, he exclaimed, «It *is* Linnæa.» This was the first time the blessed plant was recognized within the bounds of California; and it would seem that Gray had felt its presence the night before, on the mountain ten miles away.

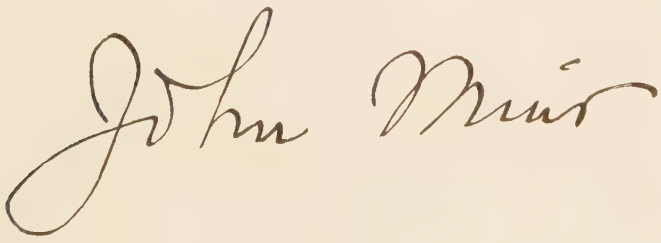
It is a little slender, creeping, trailing evergreen, with oval crenate leaves, tiny thread-like peduncles standing straight up and dividing into two pedicels at the top, on each of which is hung a delicate,

fragrant white and purple flower. It was at the age of twenty-five that Linnæus made the most notable of his many long, lonely botanical excursions. He set out from Upsala and wandered afoot or on horseback northward through endless pine and birch woods, tundras, and meadows, and along the shores of countless lakes into Lapland, beyond the Arctic Circle; now wading in spongy bogs, now crossing broad glacier pavements and moraines and smooth ice-burnished bosses of rock, fringed with heathworts and birch: a wonderful journey of forty-six hundred miles, full of exciting experiences and charming plants. He brought back hundreds of specimens new to science, among which was a little fragrant evergreen that he liked the best of all. Soon after his return he handed a specimen of it to his friend Gronovius, pointed out its characters, and requested him to describe it and name it for him; saying that somehow he felt that this little plant was related to him and like him. So it was called Linnæa borealis, and keeps his memory green and flowery and fragrant all round the cool woods of the world.

Only last summer, when I was in the wildest part of the Rocky Mountains, where glaciers still linger and waterfalls like ribbons hang down the unscalable cliffs, I found Linnæa spreading and blooming in glorious exuberance far and wide over mossy ground, beneath spruce and pine,— the wildest and the gentlest, the most beautiful and most loveful of all the inhabitants of the wilderness.

Wherever Linnæa dwells, you will find enchanting woods and the dearest of the small plant-people,— chiogenes, Clintonia, orchids, heathworts, and hosts of bright mosses wearing golden crowns. No breath of malaria comes near Linnæa. The air and the scenery are always good enough for gods or men, and a divine charm pervades it that no mortal can escape. In Linnæan woods I always feel willing to encamp forever and forego even heaven. Never was man's memory more blessedly embalmed than is the memory of immortal Linnæus in this little flower. All around the cool ends of the world, while wild beauty endures, the devout pilgrim will see —

> «— beneath dim aisles in odorous beds,
> The slight Linnæa hang its twin-born heads,
> And bless the monument of the man of flowers,
> Which breathes his sweet fame through the northern bowers.»



LAPLAND OBSERVATIONS

From the 'Lachesis Lapponica'

JUNE 11.—Being Sunday, and a day of continued rain, I remained at Umœa.

June 12.—I took my departure very early in the morning. The weather was so hazy I could not see the distance of half a gunshot before me. I wandered along in a perpetual mist, which made the grass as wet as if it had rained. The sun appeared quite dim, wading as it were through the clouds. By nine o'clock the mists began to disperse, and the sun shone forth. The spruce fir (Pinus Abies), hitherto of a uniform dark green, now began to put forth its lighter-colored buds, a welcome sign of advancing summer.

Chamoedaphne of Buxbaum (Andromeda polifolia) was at this time in its highest beauty, decorating the marshy grounds in a most agreeable manner. The flowers are quite blood-red before they expand, but when full-grown the corolla is of a flesh color. Scarcely any painter's art can so happily imitate the beauty of a fine female complexion; still less could any artificial color upon the face itself bear a comparison with this lovely blossom. As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda as described by the poets; and the more I meditated upon their descriptions, the more applicable they seemed to the little plant before me,—so that if these writers had it in view, they could scarcely have contrived a more apposite fable. Andromeda is represented by them as a virgin of most exquisite and unrivaled charms, but these charms remain in perfection only so long as she retains her virgin purity; which is also applicable to the plant, now preparing to celebrate its nuptials. This plant is always fixed on some little turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as Andromeda herself was chained to a rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the roots of the plant. Dragons and venomous serpents surrounded her, as toads and other reptiles frequent the abode of her vegetable prototype, and when they pair in the spring, throw mud and water over its leaves and branches. As the distressed virgin cast down her blushing face through excessive affliction, so does the rosy-colored flower hang its head, growing paler and paler till it withers away. Hence, as this plant forms a new genus, I have chosen for it the name of Andromeda.

Everywhere near the road grew the Mesomara or herbaceous cornel (Cornus suecica, very minutely described in Fl. Lapp., ed. 2, 39; see also English Botany, v. 5, t. 310).

All the little woods and copses by the roadside abounded with butterflies of the Fritillary tribe, without silver spots. The great dragon-fly with two flat lobes at its tail (Libellula forcipata), and another species with blue wings (L. Virgo), were also common.

Various modes of rocking children in cradles are adopted in different places. In Småland the cradle is suspended by an elastic pole, on which it swings up and down perpendicularly. The poorer Laplanders rock their infants on branches of trees, but those of superior rank have cradles that commonly roll from side to side. In the part of the country where I was now traveling, the cradles rock vertically, or from head to foot.

Close to the road hung the under jaw of a horse, having six fore teeth, much worn and blunted, two canine teeth, and at a distance from the latter twelve grinders, six on each side. If I knew how many teeth and of what peculiar form, as well as how many udders, and where situated, each animal has, I should perhaps be able to contrive a most natural methodical arrangement of quadrupeds. . . .

June 15.—This day afforded me nothing much worthy of notice. The sea in many places came very near the road, lashing the stony crags with its formidable waves. In some parts it gradually separated small islands here and there from the mainland, and in others manured the sandy beach with mud. The weather was fine.

In one marshy spot grew what is probably a variety of the cranberry (Vaccinium Oxycoccus), differing only in having extremely narrow leaves, with smaller flowers and fruit than usual. The common kind was intermixed with it, but the difference of size was constant. The Pinguicula grew among them, sometimes with round, sometimes with more oblong leaves.

The bilberry (Vaccinium Myrtillus) presented itself most commonly with red flowers, more rarely with flesh-colored ones. Myrica Gale, which I had not before met with in West Bothnia, grew sparingly in the marshes.

In the evening, a little before the sun went down, I was assailed by such multitudes of gnats as surpass all imagination. They seemed to occupy the whole atmosphere, especially when I traveled through low or damp meadows. They filled my mouth,

nose, and eyes, for they took no pains to get out of my way. Luckily they did not attack me with their bites or stings, though they almost choked me. When I grasped at the cloud before me, my hands were filled with myriads of these insects, all crushed to pieces with a touch, and by far too minute for description. The inhabitants call them Knort, or Knott (Culex reptans), by mistake called C. pulicaris in Fl. Lapp., ed. 2, 382.

Just at sunset I reached the town of Old Pitheå, having previously crossed a broad river in a ferry-boat. Near this spot stood a gibbet, with a couple of wheels, on which lay the bodies of two Finlanders without heads. These men had been executed for highway robbery and murder. They were accompanied by the quartered body of a Laplander who had murdered one of his relations.

Immediately on entering the town I procured a lodging, but had not been long in bed before I perceived a glare of light on the wall of my chamber. I was alarmed with the idea of fire; but on looking out of the window, saw the sun rising, perfectly red, which I did not expect would take place so soon. The cock crowed, the birds began to sing, and sleep was banished from my eyelids.

Translation of James Edward Smith.

THE AUTHOR VISITS THE LAPLAND ALPS

From 'Lachesis Lapponica': Date July 6

My companion was a Laplander, who served me both as servant and interpreter. In the latter capacity his assistance was highly requisite, few persons being to be met with on these alps who are acquainted with the Swedish language; nor was I willing to trust myself alone among these wild people, who were ignorant for what purpose I came. I had already suffered much in the Lapland part of Umeå for want of knowing the language. Nor was my companion wanted less to assist me in carrying what was necessary; for I had sufficient incumbrances of my own, without being the bearer of our provisions into the bargain.

On my first ascending these wild alps, I felt as if in a new world. Here were no forests to be seen; nothing but mountains upon mountains, larger and larger as I advance, all covered with

snow. No road, no tracks, nor any signs of inhabitants were visible. The verdure of summer seemed to shun this frozen region, retiring into the deep valleys between the mountains. I saw very few birds, except some ptarmigans, which the Laplanders call Cheruna (Tetrao Lagopus), running with their young along the vales. The delightful season of spring, whose cheering influence on man and all living nature I had so lately experienced in the beginning of my journey, seemed an alien here. The declining sun never disappeared sufficiently to allow any cooling shade; and by climbing to the more elevated parts of these lofty mountains I could see it at midnight above the horizon. When I cast my eyes over the grass and herbage, there were few objects I had seen before, so that all nature was alike strange to me. I sat down to collect and describe these vegetable rarities, while the time passed unperceived away; and my interpreter was obliged to remind me that we had still five or six miles to go to the nearest Laplander, and that if we had a mind for any reindeer meat, we ought to bestir ourselves quickly. We therefore proceeded up and down the snowy hills; sometimes passing along their precipitous sides, which was the most difficult traveling of all, and for many a long way we walked over heaps of stones. About the evening of the following day we reached the nearest spot where any Laplander we met at that time settled. The man we met with gave me a very good reception, and furnished me with a couple of reindeer skins to sleep between. Immediately after my arrival, the herd, consisting of seven or eight hundred head of reindeer, came home. These were milked, and some of the milk was boiled for my entertainment; but it proved rather too rich for my stomach. My host furnished me with his own spoon, which he carried in his tobacco-bag. On my expressing a wish, through my interpreter, to have the spoon washed, my Lapland friend immediately complied, taking a mouthful of water and spitting it over the spoon.

After having satisfied my hunger and refreshed myself with sleep, I steered my course directly southwest, towards the alps of Pitheå, proceeding from thence to the lofty icy mountains or main ridge of the country. A walk of scarcely above four or five miles further brought me to the western edge of this ridge; for I was desirous of examining that side of the mountains to see how it agreed with the eastern part. I had no sooner arrived at the icy mountains than a storm overtook me, accompanied by

a shower of thin pieces of ice, which soon formed an icy crust over my own clothes and those of my conductor. The severity of the cold obliged me to borrow the gloves and *lappmudd* (coat of reindeer skin) from the man who accompanied me. But the weather proved more favorable as soon as we had crossed the summit of the ridge. From hence the verdant appearance of Norway, lying far beneath us, was very delightful. The whole country was perfectly green, and notwithstanding its vast extent, looked like a garden in miniature, for the tallest trees appeared not above a span high. As we began to descend the alps, it seemed as if we should soon arrive at the lower country; but our calculations were very inadequate to what we found its actual distance. At length, however, we reached the plains of which we had enjoyed so stupendous a prospect. Nothing could be more delightful to my feelings than this transition from all the severity of winter to the warmth and beauty of summer. The verdant herbage, the sweet-scented clover, the tall grass reaching up to my arms, the grateful flavor of the wild fruits, and the fine weather which welcomed me to the foot of the alps, seemed to refresh me both in mind and body.

Here I found myself close to the sea-coast. I took up my abode at the house of a shipmaster, with whom I made an agreement to be taken in a boat, the following day, along the coast. I much wished to approach the celebrated whirlpool called the Maelstrom, but I could find nobody willing to venture near it.

We set sail the next morning according to appointment; but the wind proved contrary, and the boatmen were after a while exhausted with rowing. Meantime I amused myself in examining various petrifactions, zoöphytes, and submarine plants of the Fucus tribe, which occupied every part of the coast. In the evening I arrived at the house of Mr. Rask, the pastor of Torfjorden, who gave me a kind reception.

Next day we proceeded further on our voyage; but the contrary wind exhausted our patience, and we veered about, soon reaching the place from whence we had first set out, the wind being directly in our favor for that purpose.

On the following morning I climbed one of the neighboring mountains, with the intention of measuring its height. While I was reposing in perfect tranquillity on the side of the hill, busied only in loosening a stone which I wanted to examine, I heard the report of a gun at a small distance below. I was too far off

to receive any hurt, however, so thanks to Providence I escaped; but my alarm may be easily imagined. Perceiving the man who had fired the gun, I pursued him to a considerable distance to prevent his charging his piece a second time; and I determined never to go there again without some protection. I inquired who it could be that had made this unprovoked attack, but found it impossible to gain any information on the subject.

On the 15th of July we set out on our return; and that whole day was employed in climbing the mountains again, to our no small fatigue and exhaustion, the ground we had to pass over being so extremely steep as well as lofty. When we reached the cold snowy mountains, indeed, we had sufficient opportunity to cool ourselves.

From hence we turned our course towards the alps of Torneå, which were described to me as about forty miles distant. What I endured in the course of this journey is hardly to be described. How many weary steps was I obliged to take in order to climb the precipices that came in my way, and how excessive were my perspiration and fatigue! Nor were these the worst evils we had to encounter before we reached Caituma. Sometimes we were enveloped with clouds, so that we could not see before us; sometimes rivers impeded our progress, and obliged us either to choose a very circuitous path, or to wade naked through the cold snow-water. This fresh snow-water, however, proved a most welcome and salutary refreshment; for without it we should never have been able to encounter the excessive heat of the weather. Water was our only drink during this journey, but it never proved so refreshing as when we sucked it out of the melting snow.

Having nearly reached the Lapland village of Caituma,—the inhabitants of which seemed perfectly wild, running away from their huts as soon as they perceived us approaching from a considerable distance,—I began to be tired of advancing further up into this inhospitable country. We had not at this time tasted bread for several days, the stock we had brought with us being entirely exhausted. The rich milk of the reindeer was too heavy to be eaten without bread. . . . I determined therefore to return towards Quickjock, which was forty miles from this spot. In the course of my journey thither, walking rather carelessly over the snow, without noticing a hole which the water had made, I fell through the icy crust into the deep

snow. The interpreter and guide were totally unable to assist me, the cavity in which I lay being very steep, and so hollowed out by the water that it surrounded me like a wall. It was not in their power to reach me without a rope, which they luckily were able to procure to drag me out of the hole. I received a blow on my thigh in the fall, the effects of which I felt for a month afterwards. One of my guides had met with a similar accident but a week before.

At length we arrived at Quickjock, after having been four weeks without tasting bread. Those who have not experienced the want of this essential support of life can scarcely imagine how hard it is to be deprived of it so long, even with a superfluity of all other kinds of food. I remained four days at Quickjock to recruit my strength, and afterwards descended the river again to Luleå. There being no boat to be had north of Purkijaur, we were obliged to construct a raft for ourselves. Our voyage was very perilous, for the wind and current both combined to overset us; so that it was not without the greatest exertion we saved ourselves: and it being night, nobody heard our cries for assistance.

The next day I was conducted to the river of Calatz, to see the manner of fishing for pearls, and on the 30th of July arrived at Luleå.

Translation of James Edward Smith.

LIVY.

LIVY (TITUS LIVIUS)

(59 B. C.–17 A. D.)

BY WILLIAM CRANSTON LAWTON

IF "HISTORY" is to be held firmly to its original meaning, *investigation*, Livy hardly deserves to be classed among historians at all. Certainly we shall not wonder that Macaulay condemns him, with his usual unsparing vigor; and we can but smile at Dante's no less sweeping indorsement of "Livy, who erreth not!" Nevertheless, fiction widely accepted is often infinitely more powerful in molding the minds of later men, than forgotten reality. The obscure beginnings of Roman political life will never be adequately illuminated; but the Æneid, and the romantic inventions of the annalists, will probably never wholly fade from the imagination of mankind so long as any record of earlier civilizations is preserved and conned.

In this, and in many other respects, Livy is not unworthy of a place beside Herodotus. Like his Greek predecessor and master, the Roman author also may more fairly be described as an essayist. Each treated a single theme of immense importance, with consummate charm in narration and description. Each was so successful as to overshadow and outlive all rivals. Neither had any glimmer of "modern methods of research." Indeed, it is difficult to realize that Herodotus was a contemporary of Thucydides; while Livy, it is very probable, actually had Polybius's conscientious work among the scanty volumes upon which he drew for his materials. Yet these easy-going lovers of the picturesque have a truthfulness of their own. Through their books, as by no others, we come to realize how the terrific pageant of Xerxes, the heroic march of the legions toward world-wide dominion, impressed the imagination of contemporaries. So it has come to pass, not unnaturally, that the favorite dream for centuries of those who love best the antique life and literature has been the recovery of Livy's lost volumes, the complete possession of his hundred and forty-two books on the story of Rome.

Livy was born just before Cæsar's great campaigns in Gaul began; and was just too young to bear arms when Brutus, Cassius, and Cicero flung their lives away in the last struggle for "freedom,"—or rather for the dying rule of the old senatorial aristocracy. The

comparatively peaceful and settled conditions under Augustus's sway, Livy accepted at best with the resignation of Horace, certainly not with the enthusiastic subservience of Virgil. Like Catullus, Nepos, and other gallant spirits of the age, Livy came from beyond the Po. His native city Padua was famed, says Pliny, for purity of morals. He evidently enjoyed all the advantages of wealth and good social position. He early acquired some repute as a writer on philosophic themes, and composed a manual of rhetoric, dedicated to his son, in which the study of Demosthenes and Cicero was especially urged. These are just the studies from which we would wish to know that Livy approached his life task. A passage in the first book (§19, 3) reveals that he is writing in 27 or 26 B. C. The account stopped at the death of Drusus in 9 B. C., as we learn from the scanty abstract of the lost books. We are told — by the epitomator — that the last two decades were composed after Augustus's death (14 A. D.) This is hardly credible, as Livy's own life closed at Padua only three years later. Still, he may have been surprised by death in the midst of a final rapid effort to complete the record for that most memorable of reigns.

We have preserved for us the first, third, and fourth decades entire, half the fifth in a rather tattered condition, the epitome just mentioned, and meagre bits cited by later authors,—notably the famous passage on Cicero's lack of stoicism in disaster. There is extant, then, about a fourth of the whole work; for which, entire, Martial declares his own library had not room! The scale was not colossal, however, considering the magnitude of the theme. Livy's achievement coincided most exactly in length with Charles Knight's 'History of England,' which in general purpose and scope also, as in the genial, truth-loving, yet warmly patriotic spirit of the author, may perhaps deserve mention in the same breath.

The subdivision, already alluded to, into groups of five and ten books each, was made by Livy himself, and helps to render the parts still extant far less tantalizing and fragmentary than might be supposed. Thus Books i.–v. carry the story down to the sack of Rome by the Gauls, in 390 B. C. Book vi. opens with a fresh preface, confessing that the scanty memorials which had ever existed from the earlier time had nearly all perished at that crisis in the burning city. We are now promised a clearer and more trustworthy account for the later periods. This throws an amusing light backward upon the graphic details, the copious speeches reported verbatim, etc., already provided for the regal and early republican times! We give below, for instance, the passage upon which Macaulay's ballad of 'Horatius at the Bridge' leans so heavily. The very existence of Tarquin, Lars Porsena, and the rest, is debatable; and certainly Livy's account,

beginning like Virgil's with the destruction of Troy and Æneas's flight to Italy, must be read in quite the same spirit as the great patriotic epic itself. Both contain something far mightier than painfully sought historic truth; namely, what the Romans taught their children to believe concerning the remote past.

Books xxi.–xxx., again, contain a complete account of the Hannibalic war. Here the historic element is altogether larger, and the struggle between patriotic detestation of the Carthaginian, and chivalric admiration for valor and good generalship, reveals Livy's own pleasing nature with great clearness. All this may be supported even by so brief a passage as the opening characterization of Hannibal, here cited.

Livy is at his best in the speeches with which all his books were thickly studded. These have usually little or no historical foundation, but are revelations of the purpose and character of the chief actors, as Livy saw them. His broad descriptions of battles, marches, etc., are probably drawn with almost as free a hand. Certainly he did not as a rule embarrass or limit himself by any accurate study of the topography on the spot. These strictures apply less than usual to his picture of the fight by Lake Trasimenus, where he was upon ground familiar to him, as it is to many of his modern readers.

We get a little out of patience at times with Livy's assurances of Roman magnanimity and Punic treachery. Curiously enough, however, after these have occurred in speeches, or even in Livy's own introductory remarks, the clear stream of the narrative proper often runs in quite another direction. Occasionally, again, we get a purely humorous variation on the hackneyed theme; as when the schoolmaster of Falerii leads his princely boys into the besiegers' camp, and the Romans equip the youths with long sticks, to flog the treacherous pedagogue back into the beleaguered town! Again, Livy is too good a rhetorician to make the alien speeches notably weaker than the Roman pleas. When Rome repudiated the disgraceful peace which released her army from the Caudine Forks, and offered up to Samnite vengeance the consuls who had exceeded their powers, but refused to send the army back into the trap, the gallant Samnite Pontius cried out: —

«Will you always find a pretext for repudiating the pledges made in defeat? You gave hostages to Porsena — and by stealth withdrew them. With gold you redeemed your city from the Gauls: they were cut down in the act of receiving it. You pledged us peace, to regain your legions: that peace you now cancel. Always you cover deception with some fair mask of justice.»

Our heaviest loss is doubtless in the later books. Livy seems to have written with dignified frankness on the period of the civil wars.

For instance, he expressed a doubt whether the life of the great Julius had been on the whole a curse or a blessing; and his admiration for the dictator's military rival caused Augustus to stigmatize the historian good-humoredly as a «Pompeian.» Such a man must have left a record, based largely upon his own memories, far more connected and impartial than Cicero's letters, more trustworthy than the late and inferior historians yet extant. Livy detested both extremes, tyranny and democracy. He took a pessimistic view of the present and future of Rome; and indeed he counts it a sufficient reward for his labor that «while reviewing in thought those earlier days,» he may «escape, at least for the time, from the many evils which this generation has seen.»

Upon the whole, then, Livy can hardly be assigned a place at all among scientific investigators of historical fact; since the chief monuments and other data, even in Rome itself, rarely attracted his critical attention. He was a fair-minded, patriotic man, of wide culture and exquisite taste, a master of rhetoric, a delightful story-teller, with a fair respect for truth, but—endowed with a dangerously vivid imagination. Many, perhaps most, of his best passages, are true only as Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' are: true to artistic taste, and usually also to the larger historical outlines of the character described.

The text of Livy is in very bad condition, and numberless heroic emendations have been necessary. Here the bold methods of the great Danish critic Madvig have found their most fitting field: a large proportion of Livy's sentences have first become intelligible under this surgeon's healing hand. Even of the extant books there is no adequate annotated edition in English. That of Weissenborn, with German notes, is indispensable to Latinists. The best recent piece of translation is Books xxi.–xxv., by Church and Brodribb (to whom we are especially indebted also for a complete English Tacitus.) This volume, attractively printed by Macmillans in their Classical Series, is the best introduction to Livy for the English student. The Bohn, though oppressively literal, is not remarkably inaccurate.

The lost books of Livy are not likely to reappear. Indeed, abridgments and epitomes displaced them largely even under the early empire; and the very epigram of Martial, cited above, evidently accompanied such a condensation:—

«Here into scanty parchment is monstrous Livy rolled;
He whom by no means when entire my library could hold!»

William Cranston Lawton.

HORATIUS COCLES AT THE SUBLICIAN BRIDGE

From the Second Book of the 'History of Rome'

THE Sublician bridge well-nigh afforded a passage to the enemy, had there not been one man, Horatius Cocles (that defense the fortune of Rome had on that day), who, happening to be posted on guard at the bridge, when he saw the Janiculum taken by a sudden assault, and that the enemy were pouring down from thence in full speed, and that his own party in terror and confusion were abandoning their arms and ranks,—laying hold of them one by one, standing in their way, and appealing to the faith of gods and men, he declared "That their flight would avail them nothing if they deserted their post; if they passed the bridge and left it behind them, there would soon be more of the enemy in the Palatium and Capitol than in the Janiculum: for that reason he advised and charged them to demolish the bridge, by their sword, by fire, or by any means whatever; that he would stand the shock of the enemy as far as could be done by one man." He then advanced to the first entrance of the bridge, and being easily distinguished among those who showed their backs in retreating from the fight, facing about to engage the foe hand to hand, by his surprising bravery he terrified the enemy. Two indeed a sense of shame kept with him,—Spurius Lartius and Titus Herminius; men eminent for their birth, and renowned for their gallant exploits. With them he for a short time stood the first storm of the danger, and the severest brunt of the battle. But as they who demolished the bridge called upon them to retire, he obliged them also to withdraw to a place of safety on a small portion of the bridge still left. Then casting his stern eyes round all the officers of the Etrurians in a threatening manner, he sometimes challenged them singly, sometimes reproached them all: "the slaves of haughty tyrants, who, regardless of their own freedom, came to oppress the liberty of others." They hesitated for a considerable time, looking round one at the other, to commence the fight: shame then put the army in motion, and a shout being raised, they hurl their weapons from all sides on their single adversary; and when they all stuck in the shield held before him, and he with no less obstinacy kept possession of the bridge with firm step, they now endeavored to thrust him down from it by one push, when at once the crash of the falling bridge,

at the same time a shout of the Romans raised for joy at having completed their purpose, checked their ardor with sudden panic. Then Cocles says, "Holy father Tiberinus, I pray that thou wouldst receive these arms and this thy soldier in thy propitious stream." Armed as he was, he leaped into the Tiber, and amid showers of darts hurled on him, swam across safe to his party, having dared an act which is likely to obtain more fame than belief with posterity. The State was grateful towards such valor: a statue was erected to him in the Comitium, and as much land was given to him as he plowed around in one day. The zeal of private individuals also was conspicuous among the public honors. For amid the great scarcity, each person contributed something to him according to his supply at home, depriving himself of his own support.

Porsena being repulsed in his first attempt, having changed his plans from a siege to a blockade, after he had placed a garrison in Janiculum, pitched his camp in the plain and on the banks of the Tiber. Then sending for boats from all parts, both to guard the river so as not to suffer any provision to be conveyed to Rome, and also to transport his soldiers across the river to plunder different places as occasion required,—in a short time he so harassed the entire country round Rome, that not only everything else from the country, but even their cattle, was driven into the city, and nobody durst venture thence without the gates. This liberty of action was granted to the Etrurians, not more through fear than from policy; for Valerius, intent on an opportunity of falling unawares upon a number of them, and when straggling, a remiss avenger in trifling matters, reserved the weight of his vengeance for more important occasions. Wherefore, to decoy the pillagers, he ordered his men to drive their cattle the next day out at the Esquiline gate, which was farthest from the enemy; presuming that they would get intelligence of it, because during the blockade and famine some slaves would turn traitors and desert. Accordingly they were informed of it by a deserter; and parties more numerous than usual, in hopes of seizing the entire body, crossed the river. Then Publius Valerius commanded Titus Herminius with a small body of men to lie concealed two miles from the city, on the Gabian road, and Spurius Lartius with a party of light-armed troops to post himself at the Colline gate, till the enemy should pass by, and then to throw himself in their way so that there might be no return to

the river. The other consul, Titus Lucretius, marched out of the Nævian gate with some companies of soldiers; Valerius himself led some chosen cohorts down from the Cœlian Mount, and they were first descried by the enemy. Herminius, when he perceived the alarm, rose out of ambush and fell upon the rear of the Tuscans, who had charged Valerius. The shout was returned on the right and left, from the Colline gate on the one hand and the Nævian on the other. By this stratagem the plunderers were put to the sword between both, they not being a match in strength for fighting, and all the ways being blocked up to prevent escape: this put an end to the Etrurians strolling about in so disorderly a manner.

Nevertheless the blockade continued, and there was a scarcity of corn, with a very high price. Porsena entertained a hope that by continuing the siege he should take the city; when Caius Mucius, a young nobleman, to whom it seemed a disgrace that the Roman people, who when enslaved under kings had never been confined within their walls, in any war nor by any enemy, should now, when a free people, be blocked up by these very Etrurians whose armies they had often routed,—thinking that such indignity should be avenged by some great and daring effort, at first designed of his own accord to penetrate into the enemy's camp. Then, being afraid if he went without the permission of the consuls, or the knowledge of any one, he might be seized by the Roman guards and brought back as a deserter, the circumstances of the city at the time justifying the charge, he went to the Senate: "Fathers," says he, "I intend to cross the Tiber, and enter the enemy's camp, if I can; not as a plunderer, or as an avenger in our turn of their devastations. A greater deed is in my mind, if the gods assist." The Senate approved his design. He set out with a sword concealed under his garment. When he came thither, he stationed himself among the thickest of the crowd, near the King's tribunal. There, where the soldiers were receiving their pay, the King's secretary, sitting beside him dressed nearly in the same style, was busily engaged (and to him they commonly addressed themselves); being afraid to ask which of them was Porsena, lest by not knowing the King he should discover himself, as fortune blindly directed the blow he killed the secretary instead of the King. Then as he was going off thence, where with his bloody dagger he had made his way through the dismayed multitude, a concourse being attracted at

the noise, the King's guards immediately seized and brought him back, standing alone before the King's tribunal; even then, amid such menaces of fortune, more capable of inspiring dread than of feeling it,—"I am," says he, "a Roman citizen; my name is Caius Mucius: an enemy, I wished to slay an enemy; nor have I less of resolution to suffer death than I had to inflict it. Both to act and to suffer with fortitude is a Roman's part. Nor have I alone harbored such feelings towards you; there is after me a long train of persons aspiring to the same honor. Therefore, if you choose it, prepare yourself for this peril, to contend for your life every hour; to have the sword and the enemy in the very entrance of your pavilion: this is the war which we, the Roman youth, declare against you; dread not an army in array, nor a battle,—the affair will be to yourself alone and with each of us singly."

When the King, highly incensed, and at the same time terrified at the danger, in a menacing manner commanded fires to be kindled about him, if he did not speedily explain the plots which by his threats he had darkly insinuated against him, then Mucius said, "Behold me, that you may be sensible of how little account the body is to those who have great glory in view;" and immediately he thrusts his right hand into the fire that was lighted for the sacrifice. When he continued to broil it as if he had been quite insensible, the King, astonished at this surprising sight, after he had leaped from his throne and commanded the young man to be removed from the altar, says, "Begone, having acted more like an enemy towards thyself than me. I would encourage thee to persevere in thy valor, if that valor stood on the side of my country. I now dismiss thee untouched and unhurt, exempted from the right of war." Then Mucius, as if making a return for the kindness, says, "Since bravery is honored by you, so that you have obtained by kindness that which you could not by threats, three hundred of us, the chief of the Roman youth, have conspired to attack you in this manner. It was my lot first. The rest will follow, each in his turn, according as the lot shall set him forward, unless fortune shall afford an opportunity of slaying you."

Mucius being dismissed,—to whom the cognomen of Scævola was afterwards given, from the loss of his right hand,—ambassadors from Porsena followed him to Rome. The risk of the first attempt, from which nothing had saved him but the mistake of

the assailant, and the risk to be encountered so often in proportion to the number of conspirators, made so strong an impression upon him [Porsena], that of his own accord he made propositions of peace to the Romans.

Translation of D. Spillan.

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL

From the Twenty-first Book of the 'History of Rome'

HANNIBAL was sent to Spain, and instantly on his arrival attracted the admiration of the whole army. Young Hamilcar was restored to them, thought the veterans, as they saw in him the same animated look and penetrating eye, the same expression, the same features. Soon he made them feel that his father's memory was but a trifling aid to him in winning their esteem. Never had man a temper that adapted itself better to the widely diverse duties of obedience and command, till it was hard to decide whether he was more beloved by the general or the army. There was no one whom Hasdrubal preferred to put in command, whenever courage and persistency were specially needed; no officer under whom the soldiers were more confident and more daring. Bold in the extreme in incurring peril, he was perfectly cool in its presence. No toil could weary his body or conquer his spirit. Heat and cold he bore with equal endurance; the cravings of nature, not the pleasure of the palate, determined the measure of his food and drink. His waking and sleeping hours were not regulated by day and night. Such time as business left him, he gave to repose; but it was not on a soft couch or in stillness that he sought it. Many a man often saw him wrapped in his military cloak, lying on the ground amid the sentries and pickets. His dress was not one whit superior to that of his comrades, but his accoutrements and horses were conspicuously splendid. Among the cavalry or the infantry he was by far the first soldier; the first in battle, the last to leave it when once begun.

These great virtues in the man were equaled by monstrous vices: inhuman cruelty, a worse than Punic perfidy. Absolutely false and irreligious, he had no fear of God, no regard for an oath, no scruples.

Translation of Church and Brodribb.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE TRASIMENE

From the Twenty-second Book of the 'History of Rome'

HANNIBAL devastated with all the horrors of war the country between Cortona and Lake Trasumennus, seeking to infuriate the Romans into avenging the sufferings of their allies. They had now reached a spot made for an ambuscade, where the lake comes up close under the hills of Cortona. Between them is nothing but a very narrow road, for which room seems to have been purposely left. Further on is some comparatively broad level ground. From this rise the hills, and here in the open plain Hannibal pitched a camp for himself and his African and Spanish troops only; his slingers and other light-armed troops he marched to the rear of the hills; his cavalry he stationed at the mouth of the defile, behind some rising ground which conveniently sheltered them. When the Romans had once entered the pass and the cavalry had barred the way, all would be hemmed in by the lake and the hills.

Flaminius had reached the lake at sunset the day before. On the morrow, without reconnoitring and while the light was still uncertain, he traversed the narrow pass. As his army began to deploy into the widening plain, he could see only that part of the enemy's force which was in front of him; he knew nothing of the ambuscade in his rear and above his head. The Carthaginian saw his wish accomplished. He had his enemy shut in by the lake and the hills, and surrounded by his own troops. He gave the signal for a general charge, and the attacking columns flung themselves on the nearest points. To the Romans the attack was all the more sudden and unexpected because the mist from the lake lay thicker on the plains than on the heights, while the hostile columns on the various hills had been quite visible to each other and had therefore advanced in concert. As for the Romans, with the shout of battle rising all round them, before they could see plainly they found themselves surrounded; and fighting began in their front and their flanks before they could form in order, get ready their arms, or draw their swords.

Amidst universal panic the consul showed all the courage that could be expected in circumstances so alarming. The broken ranks, in which every one was turning to catch the discordant shouts, he re-formed as well as time and place permitted; and as

far as his presence or his voice could reach, bade his men stand their ground and fight. "It is not by prayers," he cried, "or entreaties to the gods, but by strength and courage that you must win your way out. The sword cuts a path through the midst of the battle; and the less fear, there for the most part the less danger." But such was the uproar and confusion, neither encouragements nor commands could be heard; so far were the men from knowing their standards, their ranks, or their places, that they had scarcely presence of mind to snatch up their arms and address them to the fight, and some found them an overwhelming burden rather than a protection. So dense too was the mist, that the ear was of more service than the eye. The groans of the wounded, the sound of blows on body or armor, the mingled shouts of triumph or panic, made them turn this way and that an eager gaze. Some would rush in their flight on a dense knot of combatants, and become entangled in the mass; others returning to the battle would be carried away by the crowd of fugitives. But after awhile, when charges had been vainly tried in every direction, when it was seen that the hills and the lake shut them in on either side, and the hostile lines in front and rear, when it was manifest that the only hope of safety lay in their own right hands and swords,—then every man began to look to himself for guidance and for encouragement, and there began afresh what was indeed a new battle. No battle was it with its three ranks of combatants, its vanguard before the standards and its second line fighting behind them, with every soldier in his own legion, cohort, or company: chance massed them together, and each man's impulse assigned him his post, whether in the van or rear. So fierce was their excitement, so intent were they on the battle, that not one of the combatants felt the earthquake which laid whole quarters of many Italian cities in ruins, changed the channels of rapid streams, drove the sea far up into rivers, and brought down enormous landslips from the hills.

For nearly three hours they fought, fiercely everywhere, but with especial rage and fury round the consul. It was to him that the flower of the army attached themselves. He, wherever he found his troops hard pressed or distressed, was indefatigable in giving help; conspicuous in his splendid arms, the enemy assailed and his fellow Romans defended him with all their might. At last an Insubrian trooper (his name was Ducarius), recognizing him also by his face, cried to his comrades, "See!

this is the man who slaughtered our legions, and laid waste our fields and our city: I will offer him as a sacrifice to the shades of my countrymen whom he so foully slew." Putting spurs to his horse, he charged through the thickest of the enemy, struck down the armor-bearer who threw himself in the way of his furious advance, and ran the consul through with his lance. When he would have stripped the body, some veterans thrust their shields between and hindered him.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavored to escape by swimming; but the endeavor was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided, that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could. The next day, finding their situation generally desperate, and starvation also imminent, they capitulated to Hannibal, who had overtaken them with the whole of his cavalry, and who pledged his word that if they would surrender their arms, they should go free, each man having a single garment. The promise was kept with Punic faith by Hannibal, who put them all in chains.

Such was the famous fight at Trasumennus, memorable as few other disasters of the Roman people have been. Fifteen

thousand men fell in the battle; ten thousand, flying in all directions over Etruria, made by different roads for Rome. Of the enemy two thousand five hundred fell in the battle. Many died afterwards of their wounds. Other authors speak of a loss on both sides many times greater. I am myself averse to the idle exaggeration to which writers are so commonly inclined; and I have here followed as my best authority Fabius, who was actually contemporary with the war. Hannibal released without ransom all the prisoners who claimed Latin citizenship; the Romans he imprisoned. He had the corpses of his own men separated from the vast heaps of dead, and buried. Careful search was also made for the body of Flaminius, to which he wished to pay due honor; but it could not be found.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPISODE OF CLASSICAL WARFARE

The Locrians had been treated with such insolence and cruelty by the Carthaginians since their revolt from the Romans, that they were able to endure severities of an ordinary kind not only with patience but almost with willingness. But indeed, so greatly did Pleminius surpass Hamilcar who had commanded the garrison, so greatly did the Roman soldiers in the garrison surpass the Carthaginians in villainy and rapacity, that it would appear that they endeavored to outdo each other not in arms but in vices. None of all those things which render the power of a superior hateful to the powerless was omitted towards the inhabitants, either by the general or his soldiers. The most shocking insults were committed against their own persons, their children, and their wives. . . .

One of Pleminius's men, while running away with a silver cup which he had stolen from the house of a townsman, the owners pursuing him, happened to meet Sergius and Matienus, the military tribunes. The cup having been taken away from him at the order of the tribunes, abuse and clamor ensued, and at last a fight arose between the soldiers of Pleminius and those of the tribunes; the numbers engaged and the tumult increasing at the same time, as either party was joined by their friends who happened to come up at the time. When the soldiers of Pleminius, who had been worsted, had run to him in crowds, not without loud clamoring and indignant feelings, showing their

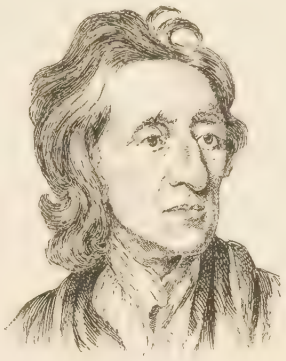
blood and wounds, and repeating the reproaches which had been heaped upon him during the dispute, Pleminius, fired with resentment, flung himself out of his house, ordered the tribunes to be summoned and stripped, and the rods to be brought out. During the time which was consumed in stripping them,—for they made resistance, and implored their men to aid them,—on a sudden the soldiers, flushed with their recent victory, ran together from every quarter, as if there had been a shout to arms against enemies; and when they saw the bodies of their tribunes now mangled with rods, then indeed, suddenly inflamed with much more ungovernable rage, without respect not only for the dignity of their commander but of humanity, they made an attack upon the lieutenant-general, having first mutilated the lictors in a shocking manner; they then cruelly lacerated the lieutenant-general himself, having cut him off from his party and hemmed him in, and after mutilating his nose and ears, left him almost lifeless.

Accounts of these occurrences arriving at Messana, Scipio a few days after, passing over to Locri in a ship with six banks of oars, took cognizance of the cause of Pleminius and the tribunes. Having acquitted Pleminius and left him in command of the same place, and pronounced the tribunes guilty and thrown them into chains, that they might be sent to Rome to the Senate, he returned to Messana, and thence to Syracuse. Pleminius, unable to restrain his resentment,—for he thought the injury he had sustained had been treated negligently and too lightly by Scipio, and that no one could form an estimate of the punishment which ought to be inflicted in such a case except the man who had in his own person felt its atrocity,—ordered the tribunes to be dragged before him, and after lacerating them with every punishment which the human body could endure, put them to death; and not satisfied with the punishment inflicted on them while alive, cast them out unburied. The like cruelty he exercised towards the Locrian nobles, who he heard had gone to Scipio to complain of the injuries he had done them. The horrid acts, prompted by lust and rapacity, which he had before perpetrated upon his allies, he now multiplied from resentment; thus bringing infamy and odium not only upon himself, but upon the general also.

JOHN LOCKE

(1632–1704)

JOHN LOCKE, one of the greatest philosophers of English race, was born at Wrington, Somersetshire, England, on August 29th, 1632. His father was a lawyer, and a captain in the Parliamentary army. John studied at Westminster School in London, and in 1651 became a member of Christ's College, Oxford, whence he was graduated in 1656. He remained at Oxford until 1664 as a lecturer. It was during a student metaphysical discussion in his rooms that the idea occurred to him that the only possible basis for sound judgment lay in an analysis of the ultimate possibilities of the human mind. This was the seed thought of the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which he worked over for more than twenty years and did not finish until 1687. It was these early Oxford years and his readings in Descartes which gave Locke his philosophical bent. In 1664 he entered the diplomatic service as secretary of legation at Berlin; afterwards he studied medicine at Berlin, but took no degree. This training, however, stood him in good stead when he entered the household of the Earl of Shaftesbury as physician and confidential agent, overseeing the education of the earl's son and grandson. This connection brought him into the society of Buckingham, Halifax, and other leaders; and when Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, Locke held office under him. Upon the former's downfall the philosopher was forced to leave the country, spending the years between 1675 and 1679 in France; mostly with Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his chief work was dedicated. For the same reason, during the years 1683–9 he resided in Holland. The revolution of 1688 brought him back to England; and he held the office of Commissioner of Appeals, declining other posts because of age and failing health. Locke devoted much time in his last years to the study of the Scriptures. He died, a professing Christian, October 28th, 1704.



JOHN LOCKE

He wrote a treatise on 'Civil Government,' and other books in which he plead for the rights of the folk against the captious power

of rulers. He wrote a 'Treatise on Education,' worth pondering yet. He also drew up, for a commission of which Shaftesbury was one, the most grotesque curiosity in modern political history,—the Constitution of Carolina. It was framed in the trough of the reaction which followed the downfall of Cromwell's military dictatorship, and whose leaders held popular liberties to be pregnant with revolutions, and was designed for a model State which should be free from such dangers by keeping the populace forever in subjection. The inhabittants were to be divided into four hereditary castes, the common people being serfs of the soil; and among other provisions, any one over seventeen not a member of some church body was made an outlaw,—which would have startled the Inquisition itself. The constitution was a dead letter from the start, as freemen did not emigrate to a savage country to turn into predial serfs,—though a House of Magnates was of course easily got together; but it gave the infant province thirty years of anarchy and overflowing jails before it was withdrawn, and deeply injured the future development of North Carolina in particular.

Locke's supreme work in philosophy was the 'Essay on the Human Understanding,' which was published in 1690, four subsequent editions appearing during his life. This work, which gives him a place in the development of English metaphysics, and made his ideas influential in European thought,—so that the eighteenth-century philosophers, French and English, based their arguments upon his sensualistic conclusions,—is the searching inductive investigation of the human intellect. He found the genesis of all thought in sensation; vigorously rejecting the notion of 'innate ideas,' so popular with all idealistic thinkers, before or since, whose theories are swayed by religious considerations. Using his famous figure, Locke likened the mind to a blank piece of paper, on which experience writes characters which stand for the material of all thinking done by man. Sensations are received, and then reflected on: from sensation objectively, and reflection subjectively, come all the data of knowledge. «I see no reason to believe that the soul thinks before the senses have furnished it with ideas to think on,» he declared. Locke, in a wonderful way, foreran the modern psychological school which is prominent to-day. From him Hume and Kant built up their systems. He is only now seen in his true greatness. What makes him especially interesting to the student of literature is the fact that his prose is among the best of his time; remarkable for its lucidity, easy elegance, dignity, and modernness. Considering their subjects, his writings are conspicuously untechnical: they can be read with pleasure still.

Locke's personal character was high and most amiable, and his materialistic teachings—as they may be popularly described—were in no wise indicative of looseness of life or lack of character. Nor was

his mind at all of that cast of pragmatic heaviness usually associated with our idea of a metaphysician — and rarely found in one: he was of excellent social talents, and his letters are full of a light and gay buoyancy which shows that he enjoyed writing them. A man of much social importance in his day, he is of permanent importance as an independent thinker, an original force in English philosophy, and a writer able to put before the world in an agreeable manner the results of a student's lifetime of intellectual labor.

PLEASURE AND PAIN

From the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding'

THE infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention,— to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts and several sensations a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies nor employ our minds: but let our thoughts — if I may so call it — run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearance there as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle, inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure; and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid

that as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, "that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us." This their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker; who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do and as advices to withdraw from them. But he, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath in many cases annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it,—if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes,—causes a very painful sensation: which is wisely and favorably so ordered by nature, that when any object does by the vehemency of its operation disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us that this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold as well as heat pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life and the exercise of the several functions of the body; and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or if you please a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him "with whom there is fullness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

INJUDICIOUS HASTE IN STUDY

From the 'Essay Concerning Human Understanding'

THE eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge; and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient view, to tell in general how the parts lie; and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river, woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it: but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labor and thought and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that traveled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety,— which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge,— but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a

due examination of particulars enough thereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed, but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON

(1821–1895)

BY ELIZABETH STODDARD

NO BETTER biography of Frederick Locker can be given than that by himself in 'My Confidences,' published since his death by his son-in-law, Augustine Birrell. When Mr. Locker begins them, he laments that he had not kept a journal, as it might have been of some interest; but it was now too late. He certainly describes the man he was,—a somewhat whimsical, modest person of culture.

Born of a distinguished naval family, twice married to women of rank and wealth, a man of society as well as of letters, he steered his bark in and out of the inlets of life, and skirted the borders of its placid lakes and verdant shores without attempting to sail in stormy seas. Thus he lived and died a prosperous, amiable gentleman.

«I am well content,» he writes, «to range with humble livers, provided I am allowed my share of humble memories.» With an agreeable inconsistency, he records the annals of the Locker family. His great-great-grandfathers were barristers, and clerks in city companies; one of them, John Locker, a member of the Society of Antiquaries, is referred to by Johnson in his 'Life of Addison,' as eminent for «curiosity and literature.» The grandfather of Frederick Locker, William Locker, after fifty years of active service in the navy, was retired. When he commanded the 'Lowestoffe,' a youth of eighteen, one Horatio Nelson, was his second lieutenant; Cuthbert, afterwards Lord Collingwood, serving under him in the same vessel. In 1792 William Locker hoisted his flag as commodore at the shore; his health failing, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he died in 1800, and was followed to the grave by his friend Lord Nelson.

Frederick Locker's father, Edward Hawke Locker, was the youngest son of William Locker. He left Eton to become a clerk in the Navy Office, and not long afterwards was appointed civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. He was also one of the founders and a promoter of the Royal Naval Gallery. According to Lockhart, among the distinguished friends of Edward Hawke Locker «Scott was an old

and dear friend.» In May 1814 Mr. Locker was charged with a mission to Elba, where Napoleon had just arrived from Fréjus after his abdication; an account of which the commissioner published in The Plain Englishman, a periodical which he conducted in association with Charles Knight:—

«Napoleon,» he wrote, «takes much snuff; he is short and fat; his head handsome, though too large for his body; his smile is pleasing, but his laugh is singularly discordant, almost a neigh; his hand is white and delicate, and his limbs have that roundness which does not become a man and a soldier; but like all men of eminent ability, his manner was plain and unaffected.»

Frederick Locker's mother was the daughter of the well-known vicar of Epsom, Jonathan Boucher, who passed much of his youth in America, and there formed a friendship with George Washington, a friendship broken by political differences. The letters of Washington to his grandfather, Mr. Frederick Locker lent to Thackeray when he was writing 'Henry Esmond.' Of his mother, the poet writes that she was «exceedingly handsome, but timid and anxious, pious, and deeply read in Graham's 'Domestic Medicine.'» For all this, she was as «merry as a grig—while plying us with tracts, and hanging texts over our bed-heads. For years the question worked on a perforated card in colored worsteds, 'Do you ever pray?' was present to me. Finally she came to the belief that every soul would be saved; even Lord Hertford, the typical wicked nobleman of her time.» Edward Hawke Locker, writes his son, was an able upright man, in a way strait-laced and circumspect; so prejudiced in regard to the early fashion of his period that he could not be persuaded to surrender his queue, till some other Locker came behind his chair at dinner and cut it off. He did things foreign to his character; and Mr. Birrell, in an editorial note, remarks that the traits described in the Johns and Williams were as noticeable in Frederick.

Frederick Locker was born in Greenwich Hospital in 1821. In his father's apartment the boy grew up among delightful surroundings, books and choice pictures. He never forgot the endearing sentiment of those early days. It was a Philistine age; but he speaks of the excellent taste in the paintings and furnishing of the apartments. «The picture by Hogarth of David Garrick and his wife was so life-like that we children were afraid of it, and persuaded their father to sell it to George IV.»

The tale of Frederick Locker's school days is dismal. He went through six schools in his seven years of pupildom. At the age of eight his father writes to Mrs. Locker, when the lad was at a school in Clapham, that «for all the teacher's pains, Fred remains as idle as ever.» The child's memory of that teacher was that «she had all

the qualities of a kitchen poker, except its occasional warmth.» After the desultory and unsatisfactory schooling,—especially at one school where the teacher, a clergyman, thrashed him with the buckle ends of his own braces,—his father began to despair of him. What was the use of his being good at fives and tolerably so at cricket, if he spelt abominably and could not construe a line of Latin? The parents abandoned their aspiration for church or bar, and with some difficulty obtained for the boy a place as clerk in a colonial broker's counting-house, where he was to learn the business without pay. He turned out as incapable and inefficient at commerce as at everything else; developing, however, a turn for quizzing his masters and superiors, while giving a good deal of his time to the cut of his trousers. He named his wit at this period, empty, «a sneeze of the mind.»

In spite of the duties given him at this place, he learned nothing. His much-tried father was advised to remove him. This was done; but when his prospects were at the darkest, he proved that «there is a budding morrow in midnight.» One memorable day, by the kindness of his father's friend Lord Haddington, he was transferred to the Admiralty as a junior in the private office. About this time the verse faculty sprouted. He remained in this place some years; but losing his health, was given leave of absence, and fled to the Continent, where he found his first happiness. At Paris he met Lady Charlotte Bruce, Lord Elgin's daughter, and was struck with her many charms. She returned to England; a correspondence took place; he followed her home, proposed to her, and was married in 1850. While she lived he moved in brilliant society,—at home, in Rome, and in Paris. The marriage was a happy one. The Queen had a warm regard for Charlotte, rejoiced in her humor, honored her by giving her her books, and commended her to those select courts which she decreed in the earlier days of her widowhood. «I have never,» says Locker, «felt much at my ease with royalty, and I never shall.» He speaks with enthusiasm of the prize-fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan; of the strange tremor which ran through him when the men stood up and shook hands; and of the marvelous qualities Sayers showed on that day,—of temper, judgment, and staying power.

The Admiralty was not a genial soil for poetry, yet he planted the laurel there. He contributed to Blackwood's, the Cornhill, and the Times, in prose and verse. In 1859 he published what he called certain sparrow-flights of song,—'London Lyrics,'—bearing in mind «the narrowness of the scope of his little pipe.» When Thackeray encouraged him, he speaks of the fine rapture, the flood of an author's ecstasy which never rises to high-water mark but once. This was when Thackeray had sent him the proof of his 'Verses on a Human

Skull,' to be published in the Cornhill. In 1874 he married as his second wife the only daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, whose name he adopted. In 1879 he published an olio of prose and verse, with the title of 'Patchwork,' revealing himself as the poet of society singing out the hearts of polite London folk to their faces. The work he is best known by is 'Lyra Elegantiarum'; an anthology of airy graceful verse, which has exhausted the field where he gathered his gleanings.

Up to the event of Mr. Locker's first marriage, the 'Confidences' observe a sequence more or less historical. The story then breaks off abruptly, and a series of essays follow, on the incidents of his life, portraits of authors, and criticisms on their books. In his closing paragraph in 'My Confidences' he asks his readers to think kindly of Pierrot. They will regard him also with gratitude and affection. The evening of his days was passed at Rowfant, where he died in May 1895.

The verse of Frederick Locker-Lampson is of the kind which the French call *vers de société*, and which may be seen in all its English varieties in his 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' He belongs to the seventeenth-century school of light and airy singers; of which Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Herrick, and Sedley were masters, and which in the days of Queen Anne was conducted by such modish, jaunty ushers as Pope and Prior. But he belongs to it in its nineteenth-century conditions, which, in common with Hood, Praed, and Thackeray, he has bettered and enlarged with his finer taste, purer sentiment, and more genuine human feeling. His 'London Lyrics' are the perfection of humorous-pathetic poetry.

Elizabeth B. Stoddard

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD

THE characters of great and small
Come ready-made, we can't bespeak one;
Their sides are many, too—and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life;
Some love their hobby till it flings them;
And many love a pretty wife
For love of the éclat she brings them!

We all have secrets: you have one
Which may not be your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiars who exhaust their days
And nights in probing where our smart is,
And who, excepting spiteful ways,
Are quiet, confidential "parties."

We hug the phantom we detest,
We rarely let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
Now are we not afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that joyous wight,—
As Dives rich, and bold as Hector,—
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
And hoarding is his thriving passion;
Some piteous souls anticipate
A waistcoat straiter than the fashion.
She, childless, pines,—that lonely wife,—
And hidden tears are bitter shedding;
And he may tremble all his life,
And die — but not of that he's dreading.

Ah me, the World! how fast it spins!
The beldams shriek, the caldron bubbles;
They dance, and stir it for our sins,
And we must drain it for our troubles.
We toil, we groan,—the cry for love
Mounts upward from this seething city;
And yet I know we have above
A Father, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when sorrow weeps,
When sunbeams play, when shadows darken,
One inmate of our dwelling keeps
A ghastly carnival — but hearken!
How dry the rattle of those bones!—
The sound was not to make you start meant—
Stand by! your humble servant owns
The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

MY NEIGHBOR ROSE

THOUGH slender walls our hearths divide,
No word has passed from either side.
Your days, red-lettered all, must glide
Unvexed by labor:
I've seen you weep, and could have wept;
I've heard you sing, and may have slept;
Sometimes I hear your chimneys swept,
My charming neighbor!

Your pets are mine. Pray what may ail
The pup, once eloquent of tail?
I wonder why your nightingale
Is mute at sunset!
Your puss, demure and pensive, seems
Too fat to mouse. She much esteems
Yon sunny wall—and sleeps and dreams
Of mice she once ate.

Our tastes agree. I doat upon
Frail jars, turquoise and celadon,
The 'Wedding March' of Mendelssohn,
And 'Penseroso.'
When sorely tempted to purloin
Your *pietà* of Marc Antoine,
Fair Virtue doth fair play enjoin,
Fair Virtuoso!

At times an Ariel, cruel-kind,
Will kiss my lips, and stir your blind,
And whisper low, "She hides behind:
Thou art not lonely."
The tricksy sprite did erst assist
At hushed Verona's moonlight tryst;
Sweet Capulet! thou wert not kissed
By light winds only.

I miss the simple days of yore,
When two long braids of hair you wore,
And *chat botté* was wondered o'er
In corner cosy.
But gaze not back for tales like those:
'Tis all in order, I suppose;
The Bud is now a blooming Rose,—
A rosy posy!

Indeed, farewell to bygone years:
How wonderful the change appears,—
For curates now and cavaliers
In turn perplex you;
The last are birds of feather gay,
Who swear the first are birds of prey:
I'd scare them all, had I my way,
But that might vex you.

At times I've envied, it is true,
That joyous hero, twenty-two,
Who sent bouquets and billets-doux,
And wore a sabre.
The rogue! how tenderly he wound
His arm round one who never frowned:
He loves you well. Now, is he bound
To love *my* neighbor?

The bells are ringing. As is meet,
White favors fascinate the street;
Sweet faces greet me, rueful-sweet,
'Twixt tears and laughter;
They crowd the door to see her go:
The bliss of one brings many woe,—
Oh! kiss the bride, and I will throw
The old shoe after.

What change in one short afternoon,—
My charming neighbor gone,—so soon!
Is yon pale orb her honey-moon
Slow rising hither?
O lady, wan and marvelous,
How often have we communed thus;
Sweet memories shall dwell with us,
And joy go with her!

THE ROSE AND THE RING

Christmas 1854, and Christmas 1863

(W. M. T.)

She smiles — but her heart is in sable,
And sad as her Christmas is chill:
She reads, and her book is the fable
He penned for her while she was ill.
It is nine years ago since he wrought it
Where reedy old Tiber is king;
And chapter by chapter he brought it —
And read her the Rose and the Ring.

And when it was printed, and gaining
Renown with all lovers of glee,
He sent her this copy containing
His comical little *croquis;*
A sketch of a rather droll couple —
She's pretty — he's quite t'other thing!
He begs (with a spine vastly supple)
She will study the Rose and the Ring.

It pleased the kind Wizard to send her
The last and the best of his toys:
His heart had a sentiment tender
For innocent women and boys;
And though he was great as a scorner,
The guileless were safe from his sting:
How sad is past mirth to the mourner! —
A tear on the Rose and the Ring!

She reads — I may vainly endeavor
Her mirth-chequered grief to pursue;
For she hears she has lost — and for ever —
A Heart that was known by so few:
But I wish on the shrine of his glory
One fair little blossom to fling;
And you see there's a nice little story
Attached to the Rose and the Ring!

THE WIDOW'S MITE

THE Widow had but only one,—
A puny and decrepit son;
Yet day and night,
Though fretful oft, and weak, and small,
A loving child, he was her all—
The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's might;—yes! so sustained,
She battled onward, nor complained
When friends were fewer;
And cheerful at her daily care,
A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then,—and now I see,
Though cheerful and resigned, still she
Has sorrowed much:
She has—He gave it tenderly—
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY MR. ROMNEY

THIS relative of mine—
Was she seventy-and-nine
When she died?
By the canvas may be seen
How she looked at seventeen,—
As a bride.

Beneath a summer tree
As she sits, her revery
Has a charm;
Her ringlets are in taste,—
What an arm! and what a waist
For an arm!

In bridal coronet,
Lace, ribbons, and *coquette*
Falbala;

Were Romney's limning true,
What a lucky dog were you,
Grandpapa!

Her lips are sweet as love,—
They are parting! Do they move?
Are they dumb?—
Her eyes are blue, and beam
Beseechingly, and seem
To say, "Come."

What funny fancy slips
From between these cherry lips?
Whisper me,
Sweet deity in paint,
What canon says I mayn't
Marry thee?

That good-for-nothing Time
Has a confidence sublime!
When I first
Saw this lady, in my youth,
Her winters had, forsooth,
Done their worst.

Her locks (as white as snow)
Once shamed the swarthy crow.
By-and-by,
That fowl's avenging sprite
Set his cloven foot for spite
In her eye.

Her rounded form was lean,
And her silk was bombazine:—
Well I wot,
With her needles would she sit,
And for hours would she knit,—
Would she not?

Ah, perishable clay!
Her charms had dropped away
One by one.
But if she heaved a sigh
With a burthen, it was, "Thy
Will be done."

In travail, as in tears,
With the fardel of her years
Overprest,—
In mercy was she borne
Where the weary ones and worn
Are at rest.

I'm fain to meet you there;—
If as witching as you were,
Grandmamma!
This nether world agrees
That the better it must please
Grandpapa.

ADVICE TO A POET

DEAR Poet, never rhyme at all:—
But if you must, don't tell your neighbors;
Or five in six, who cannot scrawl,
Will dub you donkey for your labors.
This epithet may seem unjust
To you — or any verse-begetter:
Oh, must we own — I fear we must! —
That nine in ten deserve no better.

Then let them bray with leathern lungs,
And match you with the beast that grazes;
Or wag their heads, and hold their tongues,
Or damn you with the faintest praises.
Be patient, — you will get your due
Of honors, or humiliations;
So look for sympathy — but do
Not look to find it from relations.

When strangers first approved my books,
My kindred marveled what the praise meant,
They now wear more respectful looks,
But can't get over their amazement.
Indeed, they've power to wound, beyond
That wielded by the fiercest hater;
For all the time they are so fond —
Which makes the aggravation greater.

Most warblers now but half express
The threadbare thoughts they feebly utter:

If they attempted naught — or less! —
They would not sink, and gasp, and flutter.
Fly low, my friend; then mount, and win
The niche for which the town's contesting:
And never mind your kith and kin —
But never give them cause for jesting.

A bard on entering the lists
Should form his plan; and having conned it,
Should know wherein his strength consists,
And never, never go beyond it.
Great Dryden all pretense discards;
Does Cowper ever strain his tether?
And Praed (Watteau of English Bards) —
How well he keeps his team together!

Hold Pegasus in hand — control
A vein for ornament ensnaring;
Simplicity is still the soul
Of all that Time deems worth the sparing.
Long lays are not a lively sport;
Reduce your own to half a quarter:
Unless your public thinks them short,
Posterity will cut them shorter.

I look on bards who whine for praise
With feelings of profoundest pity:
They hunger for the poet's bays,
And swear one's spiteful when one's witty.
The critic's lot is passing hard:
Between ourselves, I think reviewers,
When called to truss a crowing bard,
Should not be sparing of the skewers.

We all — the foolish and the wise —
Regard our verse with fascination,
Through asinine paternal eyes,
And hues of Fancy's own creation;
Then pray, sir, pray, excuse a queer
And sadly self-deluded rhymer,
Who thinks his beer (the smallest beer!)
Has all the gust of *alt hochheimer*.

Dear Bard, the Muse is such a minx,
So tricksy, it were wrong to let her

Rest satisfied with what she thinks
  Is perfect: try and teach her better.
And if you only use, perchance,
  One half the pains to learn that we, sir,
Still use to hide our ignorance—
  How very clever you will be, sir!

THE JESTER'S PLEA

[These verses were published in a volume by several hands, issued for the benefit of the starving Lancashire weavers during the American Civil War.]

The World! Was jester ever in
  A viler than the present?
Yet if it ugly be—as sin,
  It almost is—as pleasant!
It is a merry world (*pro tem.*);
  And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them—but some condemn
  The fun they do not care for.

It is an ugly world. Offend
  Good people—how they wrangle!
The manners that they never mend!
  The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
  And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God—
  And more of *Mrs. Grundy*.

The time for Pen and Sword was when
  "My ladye fayre" for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
  Grow tender at his ditty!
Some ladies now make pretty songs,
  And some make pretty nurses;
Some men are good for righting wrongs
  And some for writing verses.

I wish We better understood
  The tax that poets levy!
I know the Muse is very *good*—
  I think she's rather heavy.

She now compounds for winning ways
By morals of the sternest:
Methinks the lays of nowadays
Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom halts, I humbly try
To make the most of Folly;
If Pallas be unwilling, I
Prefer to flirt with Polly:
To quit the goddess for the maid
Seems low in lofty musers;
But Pallas is a haughty jade—
And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party, stirring passion;
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the hearts where pity glows,
Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed!

A righteous work!—My Masters, may
A Jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle;
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells their jingle.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

(1794–1854)

THE poet and essayist John Gibson Lockhart is a striking example of the class of men of no mean literary attainments whose names have been overshadowed by being connected with one greater than themselves. He is generally remembered as the biographer and son-in-law of Walter Scott. He is less often named as the admirable translator of the 'Spanish Ballads,' and still more seldom spoken of as the scholarly editor of the Quarterly Review. Yet he was one of the most brilliant and most versatile of the lesser men of English literature.

JOHN G. LOCKHART

Lockhart was born in the manse of Cambusnethan in Lanarkshire, where his father was then a minister of the gospel. Two years later the preacher was transferred to Glasgow, and here presently the boy entered the High School, and in time the Glasgow College. He was remarkably clever,—endowed with such unusual powers of concentration and memory that study seemed no effort; and he seemed to idle through his class hours, chiefly employed in drawing caricatures of the instructors. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, when just past fourteen; an unusually early age even for those days. He was well equipped in languages, ancient and modern, and had a store of curious information picked up in voracious reading; but he cared little for mathematics, excellence in which was greatly insisted upon. He continued caricaturing his tutors, and playing other harmless jokes upon them; for he had an irrepressibly frolicsome turn of mind, and was unconsciously developing his vein of satire and sarcasm. But he was proud and reserved, and of a constitutional shyness that remained with him all his life.

After graduation, he went to the Continent on money advanced by Blackwood for a prospective translation of Friedrich Schlegel's 'Lectures on the Study of History,' his first essay in authorship,—which however did not appear until some years later. He visited Goethe at Weimar, and went through France and the Netherlands studying art

and architecture. Returning to Edinburgh, he read law, and was called to the bar in 1816. But he soon joined the staff of Blackwood's Magazine, contributing literary papers and exercising his unrivaled powers of satire in political and critical essays. Here also he printed a number of the 'Spanish Ballads.' About this time he became acquainted with Walter Scott, who took a great fancy to the handsome, scholarly, witty young fellow, and accepted him as a son-in-law in 1820. In the cottage which he fitted up for the young couple on his own estate, they lived for some years in an ideal family relation.

Having made himself a famous name for caustic wit and luminous exposition, the brilliant critic of Blackwood was invited to take charge of the (Tory) London Quarterly, from which «Anti-Jacobin» Gifford was about to retire. He seems to have had, like Jeffrey, some doubts as to whether well-paid editorship was an office quite becoming a gentleman. But at Scott's advice he accepted the post, for which he was admirably fitted. A born critic, his wide scholarship, his sane, unbiased judgment, and his decided literary and political views, gave great weight to his opinions. Aside from his editorial duties he contributed many papers to the magazine. He is credited with having written in his twenty-eight years of editorship no fewer than one hundred carefully finished articles, besides scores of less elaborate papers. His was the celebrated review on Tennyson's volume of 1832, which began with a sarcastic pretense of retracting the Quarterly's adverse judgment of Keats (plainly intimating that the writer still thought the public admiration was the real mistake), and went on to say that here at least was a case where it would never be necessary to retract anything! The new mistake was fully as bad as the old; but it by no means follows that the reviewer was altogether wrong in either case. There were weak spots in the early work of both poets; and their most individual note — a luxurious lingering over sensuous imagery, and sometimes almost effeminate dalliance with verbal prettiness — was precisely what most revolted the balladist, whose preference was for rough and vigorous manliness of style.

Busy as he was, Lockhart managed to find time for contributions to Blackwood's and to Fraser's. In 1843 he was appointed to the auditorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, his only political preferment, which he resigned in 1853 to spend that winter in Rome. Like Sir Walter, however, he returned home to die. At Abbotsford, November 25th, 1854, he passed away, in the arms of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. Hope-Scott, to whose son descended the title and estate of his great-grandfather.

Lockhart was a brilliant talker and a delightful companion among a few friends. In larger assemblies his shyness made him appear

haughty and reserved. He had not the gift of attracting the goodwill of strangers, and this debarred him from success as a public speaker. His caustic pen, and his delicate position as responsible editor of a great magazine, made him many enemies, both among persons whose opinions he criticized and contributors whose articles he blue-penciled. He was a man of most affectionate nature, not expansive but deep, with almost a woman's love for children and compassion for suffering. His life, outwardly uneventful, was saddened by family bereavements: the death in 1831 of his eldest and favorite son,—the Hugh Littlejohn of the 'Tales of a Grandfather,' —the death of his beloved wife in 1837, and the waywardness of his second son, who also died before him.

Lockhart's writings have never been collected, nor have all his review articles been identified. In 1819 was published 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' purporting to be written by a Welsh dentist, one "Dr. Peter Morris, the Odontist," on a visit to Edinburgh,—a mocking satire on the society of the Scotch capital. It originated from an ostensible "review," by Lockhart in Blackwood's, of this (then nonexistent) book, with copious "extracts." There were so many calls for the book in consequence that Lockhart wrote it,—probably with some help from John Wilson,—incorporating the "extracts," and Blackwood published it as a "second edition." The first would surpass all bibliophilic treasures in existence. He tried his hand at novel-writing, producing within the next five years 'Valerius: A Roman Story,' of the time of the Emperor Trajan; 'Adam Blair,' a tale of great power, involving the moral downfall of a Scotch minister; 'Reginald Dalton,' a story of undergraduate life at Oxford; and 'Matthew Wald.' These stories, though scholarly and well written, lack vital interest. Lockhart had not the novelist's gift of projecting himself into his characters and making them alive to the reader, and he wisely desisted from further efforts. He was a perfect biographer, for the same reason that he was a foremost critic. In 1829 he opened Murray's 'Family Library' with a 'Life of Napoleon,' which however is little more than a clever abridgment of Scott's Life of the Emperor. His 'Life of Burns' is a most charming piece of work, which renders all other biographies of the Scotch singer superfluous. The 'Life of Theodore Hook,' within a smaller compass, is adequate to its purpose; but his most enduring work is the 'Life of Scott.' He was well fitted to undertake that task by his long and loving friendship, which yet did not cloud his judgment. He sets his hero before the reader as a living being, great-hearted, generous, full of life and energy. The self-effacement of the biographer is remarkable; he never dogmatizes, but gives an entirely objective picture. The task was a delicate one for a son-in-law to undertake, but it was executed

to perfection. Next to Boswell's 'Johnson' the book is the best biography in the language. By his translations of the 'Spanish Ballads,' Lockhart showed himself a vigorous poet with great command over English ballad metres. They are Englished with great force and spirit; and while closely following the Spanish, yet read like original poems.

THE LAST DAYS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

From the 'Life of Scott'

THE last jotting of Sir Walter's Diary — perhaps the last specimen of his handwriting — records his starting from Naples on the 16th of April. After the 11th of May the story can hardly be told too briefly.

The irritation of impatience, which had for a moment been suspended by the aspect and society of Rome, returned the moment he found himself on the road, and seemed to increase hourly. His companions could with difficulty prevail on him to see even the Falls of Terni, or the church of Santa Croce at Florence. On the 17th, a cold and dreary day, they passed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. The snow and the pines recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them. That night they reached Bologna, and he would see none of the interesting objects therein; and next day, hurrying in like manner through Ferrara, he proceeded as far as Monselice. On the 19th he arrived at Venice, and he remained there till the 23d; but showed no curiosity about anything except the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons,— down into which he would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. On the other historical features of that place — one so sure in other days to have inexhaustible attractions for him — he would not even look; and it was the same with all that he came within reach of — even with the fondly anticipated chapel at Innspruck — as they proceeded through the Tyrol, and so onwards, by Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here (June 5th) he entered a bookseller's shop; and the people seeing an English party, brought out among the first things a lithographed print of Abbotsford. He said, "I know that already, sir," and hastened back to the inn without being recognized. Though in some parts of the journey they had very severe weather, he repeatedly wished to travel all the night as well as all the day; and the

symptoms of an approaching fit were so obvious that he was more than once bled, ere they reached Mayence, by the hand of his affectionate domestic.

In this town they embarked on the 8th of June in the Rhine steamboat; and while they descended the famous river through its most picturesque region, he seemed to enjoy, though he said nothing, the perhaps unrivaled scenery it presented to him. His eyes were fixed on the successive crags and castles and ruined monasteries, each of which had been celebrated in some German ballad familiar to his ear, and all of them blended in the immortal panorama of 'Childe Harold.' But so soon as he resumed his carriage at Cologne, and nothing but flat shores, and here and there a grove of poplars and a village spire, were offered to the vision, the weight of misery sunk down again upon him. It was near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th, that he sustained another serious attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis. Nicolson's lancet restored, after the lapse of some minutes, the signs of animation; but this was the crowning blow. Next day he insisted on resuming his journey, and on the 11th was lifted from the carriage into a steamboat at Rotterdam.

He reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, the 13th of June. Owing to the unexpected rapidity of the journey, his eldest daughter had had no notice when to expect him; and fearful of finding her either out of town, or unprepared to receive him and his attendants under her roof, Charles Scott drove to the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, and established his quarters there before he set out in quest of his sister and myself. When we reached the hotel, he recognized us with every mark of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him further, and he was put to bed immediately. Dr. Ferguson saw him the same night, and next day Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland saw him also; and during the next three weeks the two former visited him daily, while Ferguson was scarcely absent from his pillow. The Major was soon on the spot. To his children, all assembled once more about him, he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupor upon the slightest effort.

Mrs. Thomas Scott came to town as soon as she heard of his arrival, and remained to help us. She was more than once

recognized and thanked. Mr. Cadell too arrived from Edinburgh to render any assistance in his power. I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice and made an attempt to put forth his hand; but it dropped powerless, and he said with a smile, "Excuse my hand." Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and after a moment got out something about Abbotsford and the woods, which he had happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said, "How does Kirklands get on?" Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called on the Teviot, and Sir Walter had left him busied with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own, meantime, in its vicinity. "Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man," said Sir Walter: "he is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that's saying a good deal for any man in these days." The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again. This state of things continued till the beginning of July.

During these melancholy weeks great interest and sympathy were manifested. Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several workingmen standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street; and one of them asked him, as if there was but one death-bed in London, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" The inquiries both at the hotel and at my house were incessant; and I think there was hardly a member of the royal family who did not send every day. The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about Sir Walter: and one of these, it appears, threw out a suggestion that his travels had exhausted his pecuniary resources; and that if he were capable of reflection at all, cares of that sort might probably harass his pillow. This paragraph came from a very ill-informed but I daresay a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the then Government; and in consequence I received a private communication to the effect that if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury. The then Paymaster of the Forces, Lord John Russell, had the delicacy to convey this message through a lady with whose friendship he knew us to be honored. We expressed our grateful sense of his politeness

and of the liberality of the Government, and I now beg leave to do so once more; but his Lordship was of course informed that Sir Walter Scott was not situated as the journalist had represented. . . .

On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself; and also by Dr. James Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Ferguson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steamboat, the master of which (Captain John Jamieson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection, a sort of cottage on the deck: and he seemed unconscious, after being laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew's Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th we again placed him in his carriage; and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two: "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in, lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said, "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair; they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands; and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson, having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them and returned to London. None of them could have any hope but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of; but there might be *euthanasia*.

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath-chair from Huntly-Burn; and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose beds then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By-and-by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us: said he was happy to be at home,—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library. "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house: give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better; after again enjoying the Bath-chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him; and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask?—there is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild

devotion, and said when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort: I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing; read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his own favorite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favorite passages in it,—the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital — excellent — very good — Crabbe has lost nothing"; and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better — but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!"—"Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines—

> "Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
> Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest;
> Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
> Not warned by misery nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter,—"I can't stand more of this: it will touch Terry to the very quick."

On the morning of Sunday the 15th he was again taken out into the little pleasaunce, and got as far as his favorite terrace walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On re-entering the house he desired me to read to him from the New Testament: and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty

even to the tale of 'Phœbe Dawson,' which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's death-bed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service; and when I was about to close the book, said, "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th, he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said, "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order; and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it; but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by-and-by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, — "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after

another week he was unable even for this. During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation; and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Crystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerk's Table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognized the Doctor, but on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once, "Isn't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary; and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily; but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed however to suffer no bodily pain; and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling with rare exceptions on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh; and "Burk Sir Walter" escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job), or some petition in the Litany, or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version) or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Roman ritual,—in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the 'Dies Iræ': and I think the very last stanza that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite:—

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him; and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson too was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud

opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, I was obliged to leave Sir Walter for a single day, and go into Edinburgh to transact business, on his account, with Mr. Henry Cockburn (now Lord Cockburn), then Solicitor-General for Scotland. . . .

Perceiving, towards the close of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself at all events never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder; and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan,—whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects. Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings, which may probably be engraved hereafter. He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashestiel, came down frequently for a day or two at a time, and did whatever sisterly affection could prompt, both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Barbara Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs. Scott of Harden did the like.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." — He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all." With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and indeed he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P. M. on the 21st of September Sir Walter breathed his last, in

the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day: so warm that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

ZARA'S EARRINGS

From the 'Spanish Ballads'

"MY EARRINGS! my earrings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to Muça I shall say, I cannot, cannot tell."—
'Twas thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez's daughter.—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water.
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell;
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My earrings! my earrings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those earrings pale:
When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well—
Oh, what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

"My earrings! my earrings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and silver, but of gold and glittering sheen;
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well:
Thus will he think—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll think when I to market went, I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

"He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame,
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.

My earrings! my earrings! oh, luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

"I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve;
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His earrings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG

From the 'Spanish Ballads'

MY ORNAMENTS are arms,
My pastime is in war;
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star.

My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken;
From hill to hill I wander still,
Kissing thy token.

I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea;
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee.

THOMAS LODGE

(1558(?)–1625)

SOME of the most exquisite strains in English poetry were sounded by the minor Elizabethan lyrists. Their song has a quality that keeps it in the world's remembrance; in its cadences is an unpremeditated music both rare and beautiful. Thomas Lodge is one of these singers: a man of varied literary and other activity, a few of whose lyrics are among the loveliest in that Golden Age of English poetry.

The year of Lodge's birth is not accurately known. His father was Sir Thomas Lodge, Lord Mayor of London; and the son was born about 1558, either in London or at the family's country seat in Essex. Thomas was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, and went up to Oxford about 1573; entering Trinity College as a servitor, and taking a B. A. presumably in 1577. Then he tried law study at Lincoln's Inn, and gave it up for literature. Lodge wrote promising verse at Oxford, and on returning to London mingled in a society that included well-known men of letters like Greene, Daniel, Drayton, Lyly, and Watson. Lodge's selection of literature cost him dear, for his family disinherited him. As a result he was apparently in considerable financial difficulty at different times during his career. He made several sea voyages, visiting the Canaries and South America: no doubt this experience furnished him with literary material. He tried the military profession too; traveled a good deal on the Continent; turned Romanist in middle life; and after writing verse until 1596, forsook the Muses for medicine, and got an M. D. at Oxford in 1602. He had a successful practice among fellow religionists, and did not cease entirely from the cultivation of letters; for several books of scholarly translation were published during the years he was addressed as Dr. Lodge. Indeed, he continued to publish up to 1620. His death fell in 1625 at London.

Lodge's first literary work of any consequence was an answer to an attack upon the drama by Gosson. Dramatic work seems always to have tempted Lodge, and he essayed play-writing several times; the drama written in conjunction with Greene, 'A Looking-Glass for London and England' (1594) winning vogue. But this was not his true field. His genuine literary triumphs were gained in the prose romance and in poetry. The finest production in the former kind is

'Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie' (1590), a slow-moving, richly decorated fantasy of much beauty; it is ornate and affected, in the Euphuistic manner made fashionable by Lyly, but is full of languid grace and charm, and contains moreover some of the author's most pleasing lyrics. Its atmosphere is the gentle chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney. Shakespeare drew his 'As You Like It' directly from this dainty prose pastoral; and one who reads the latter with the lovely comedy in mind will see that even in diction, Shakespeare owes not a little to Lodge. Later, Lodge plainly imitated Lyly in 'Euphues Shadow, The Battaile of the Sences' (1592). Lodge's chief volume of verse was 'Phyllis' (1593); which contained some forty sonnets and short pieces, together with a longer narrative poem. The same year a collection appeared called 'The Phœnix Nest,' which included a number of Lodge's lyrics not in 'Phyllis.' In 1595 was published 'A Fig for Momus,' made up of eclogues, satires, and miscellaneous pieces. Various contemporary collections of poetry, such as 'England's Parnassus' and 'England's Helicon,' reprinted his best poems; a proof that Lodge's work did not fall still-born in his own day. Yet he was only moderately esteemed by his contemporaries. Although he was, in an age of almost universal borrowing and imitation, one who owed much to the classical writers and to French and Italian models and to his fellow Englishmen, yet in his poetry both music and manner are all his own, and very true and sweet. He improved what he borrowed. He had a touch at once individual and lovely. The bulk of his literary work is of small account. A few little songs and madrigals — mere sugared trifles — outweigh everything else, and are his permanent legacy to after times.

BEAUTY

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame color is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines.

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus's smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbor nigh;
Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With Orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, Wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night;
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string,
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Whist, Wanton, still ye.

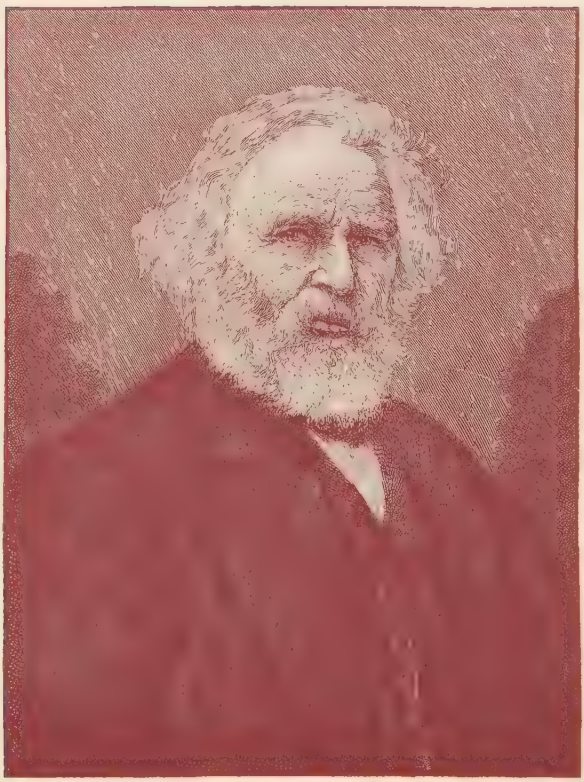
Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,

And bind you when you long to play,
For your offense;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
I'll make you fast it for your sin;
I'll count your power not worth a pin:
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee:
O Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

LOVE

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred Love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
And where I am, there will he be!



H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807–1882)

BY CHARLES FREDERICK JOHNSON

THE poet Longfellow was born February 27th, 1807, in the town of Portland, Maine; and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882. He came of the best New England ancestry, tracing his descent in one line back to John Alden and Priscilla Mullins of the original Plymouth Colony, whose marriage he celebrates in the 'Courtship of Miles Standish.' He graduated from Bowdoin in 1825, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even in his boyhood he evinced the refinement, the trustworthy, equable judgment, and the love for the quietly beautiful in literature, which were his most strongly marked characteristics through life. Such elements are sure to develop, and it was safe to send the young Longfellow at nineteen for a three-years' stay in Europe. His nature had no affinity for evil in any form; partly from the lack of emotional intensity, and partly from natural sympathy with all that was beautiful and of good report. He acquired during his tour of Europe a knowledge of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages, and a general literary acquaintance with the best writers in them. He had shown in college some aptitude for versification and for languages, and went abroad to fit himself for the position of professor of modern languages in Bowdoin. His industrious devotion to true culture throughout life is evidence of an overmastering bent. In 1829 he returned to America and took the professorship of modern languages at Bowdoin. In 1831 he married Mary Potter.

In 1835 he published 'Outre Mer,' a sketchy account of his years abroad, in a form evidently suggested by Irving's 'Sketch Book,' though by no means rivaling Irving's quaint and charming humor. From 1831 he contributed a number of articles on literary subjects to the North American Review; and in 1833 he published his first poetical work, 'Coplas' (couplets or verses) 'de Manrique,'—translations of Spanish verse. His gradually increasing reputation as a writer and enthusiastic instructor led to his appointment in 1835 as professor of modern languages at Harvard,—then as now on the lookout for young scholars likely to add to the reputation of the University. Before entering upon his new duties he went abroad to perfect his

knowledge of the Teutonic languages. He was accompanied by his young wife, who died at Rotterdam in 1835. In 1836 he settled at Cambridge, living in the well-known Craigie House, which had been occupied by Washington when the headquarters of the army were near Boston. In 1843 he made his third voyage to Europe; and in the same year he married Frances Appleton, and the Craigie House —thenceforward to be one of the literary landmarks of America— became his home. His environment was an ideal one; and though he was somewhat burdened with the drudgery of his professorship, he added almost yearly to his reputation as a poet.

He published 'Voices of the Night' in 1839; 'Ballads and Other Poems,' 1841; 'Poems on Slavery,' 1842; 'The Spanish Student,' 1843; 'Belfry of Bruges,' 1846; 'Evangeline,' 1847; 'Seaside and Fireside,' 1850; 'The Golden Legend,' 1851; and the prose works 'Hyperion' (1839) and 'Kavanagh' (1849), which last add very little if anything to his reputation. Finally, in 1854 he felt justified in resigning his position, that his literary activity might be uninterrupted. He was succeeded by Lowell, and it is doubtful if a like fitness of succession could be discovered in academic annals. He remained the first literary figure in America till his death in 1882, and his European reputation was but little inferior to that which he enjoyed in his own country. He received the degree of LL. D. from Harvard in 1859 and in 1868 from Cambridge, England, and the D. C. L. from Oxford in the same year.

The peaceful and prosperous tenor of his life was disturbed by one terrible misfortune. His wife met her death in 1861 from the accidental burning of her dress. Otherwise his career was of almost idyllic tranquillity. He had the happy capacity of being cheered by appreciative praise and unaffected by adverse criticism. He attracted numerous friends, among them Felton, Sumner, Agassiz, Lowell, Hawthorne. His nature was so well balanced that he is his own best biographer; and appears to better advantage in his letters and diary, published by his brother, than in any of the lives that have appeared.

If we judge from his diary, Longfellow was never subject to overmastering impulses, but always acted with foresight,—not from selfish calculation, but from a sane and temperate judgment. He was as trustworthy at nineteen as if years of experience had molded his character and settled his principles of conduct. In fact, he negatives the theory of original sin,—the flower of Puritanism disproves the cherished Puritan dogma. This quality of radical goodness of heart is reflected in his verse. The ardor of soul, the deep dejection and despair, the rebellion, of the revolutionary natures are entirely unknown to him. He is the poet of the well-disposed, the virtuous

and intelligent New-Englander; in whose land there is found only a mild and colorless beauty untormented by cyclones or active volcanoes, and nature is not altogether favorable, nor entirely hostile, to humanity. To Hawthorne, New England was full of a quaint mystery; in Longfellow's world there was no hell, and hardly room for a picturesque old-fashioned Devil. This is not so much due to superficial observation as to the fact that he simply avoided or ignored the places where «Satan shows his cloven foot and hides his titled name.» Even in Longfellow's antislavery poems there is no hint of consuming indignation. His mark is charm and grace rather than power. In his own words, he is not one of—

«the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time.»

He does not appeal to the great elemental passions, but rather to the pathetic sense of the transitoriness of familiar and every-day scenes, to the conviction that the calm joys of home are after all the surest foretaste of happiness allowed to man, and that the performance of duty is as noble in the humble sphere as in the elevated one: in a word, to a range of feelings that are based on reality, though they exist in the more superficial part of our natures. Therefore, Longfellow, though a man of general culture, does not write for the literary public. His relation is to the great body of readers, though his personal intimacies seem to have been almost exclusively with literary or academic people. Sympathy with the broadly human is one of the marks of the true poet. To put simple things into graceful and intelligible poetic form requires genius; for thousands try to do it every day, and fail for lack of the special gift. Longfellow succeeded; and those who say that his themes and method are alike commonplace forget that the touch which illuminates the commonplace is the most delicate in art.

In consequence of this characteristic of simplicity and graceful melody, many of Longfellow's lyrics have become general favorites. 'Resignation,' 'The Skeleton in Armor,' 'My Lost Youth,' 'The Old Clock on the Stairs,' 'The Arrow and the Song,' the 'Psalm of Life,' 'Excelsior,' 'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' 'The Arsenal at Springfield,' 'The Jewish Cemetery at Newport,' and many others, have a secure lodgment in the popular memory. They are known to more people than are familiar with an equal number of the lyrics of Wordsworth. Longfellow's clientèle is larger than that of any other modern poet except Burns. 'The Building of the Ship'—long enough to be called an ode—has had as much effect in developing a sense of nationality as anything ever written: not excepting the

Declaration of Independence or Webster's reply to Hayne. It has been recited so many times that it has become a national document. In form it is a frank imitation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' and in tone it possesses the dithyrambic quality of the true ode. If we possessed a national song, of the reach and stirring power of Longfellow's ode, we might be less patient with the clumsy disguises in which selfishness masquerades as Americanism. It is one of the highest functions of art to crystallize national sentiment by putting into striking and intelligible form what we all feel, and criticism of poems which do this is entirely out of place — except by a foreigner; and then it is impertinent.

Longfellow's longer poems may be conveniently divided into two classes, according to subject-matter. One would include his poems on mediæval themes or based on mediæval models, as 'Christus,' in dramatic form, in three parts,— 'The Divine Tragedy,' 'The Golden Legend,' and 'The New England Tragedies,' — presenting three phases of the development of the Christian religion; 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' 'The Spanish Student,' and 'Judas Maccabæus,' also dramatic in form, and his translation of Dante. The other division would contain 'Evangeline,' 'The Song of Hiawatha,' and 'The Courtship of Miles Standish.' To the writer it seems that his literary reputation rests most securely on these last, his popular reputation on these and the lyrics already mentioned. He casts the same gently romantic light over the Middle Ages that he does over everything he presents in poetical form; and Mr. Ruskin says that in the 'Golden Legend' he has "entered more closely into the character of the monk for good and evil than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they have given their lives' labor to the analysis." Longfellow's studies were largely mediæval; old cities and their quaint architecture and legends were to him of special interest, but he never "entered into the evil" of any state of society. It was not germane to him, and he lacked the insight into the horrors and abominations of the past which Mr. Ruskin's words would imply.

In passing, we may remark that Longfellow was by nature more akin to the spirit of Greek culture than to the spirit of the Christian centuries: he was healthily objective. But his studies were in the period in which the great conflict between the natural man and the conviction of sin filled society with grotesque contrasts. He uses little of the old classical imagery and the beautiful Greek mythology. Had he been professor of Greek instead of modern languages, his genius might have found a type of artistic feeling and expression more in accordance with its nature. For the dramatic form he lacks two requisites: he cannot throw himself into a character so as to reproduce in himself and express the dominant note of that character,

especially if it is an evil one. He cannot group the actions of a set of people into a unity. Consequently his dramas are the work of a conscientious student with a gift for graceful expression; the scholar in tragedy, not the born dramatist. The 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' too, charmingly graceful in expression,—especially in the verses which link the poems together,—seem to fail in the qualities given by the born story-teller. But some of the tales, notably the 'Bell of Atri' and the 'Birds of Killingworth,' are in Longfellow's best manner. The echoes from Chaucer's verse have never been reflected more perfectly, though they have struck on hundreds of poetic souls.

His translation of Dante may be regarded as simply the work of a competent and cultured scholar. He aims to reproduce the terseness of the original rather than its form. Perhaps this is all that a sustained translation of a great poem can do; for poetic worth lies in the relation between the group of words and the idea, and even individual poetic words—much more, groups of them—have no foreign equivalents. But Longfellow's version is one of the few great translations of literature.

His American poems, 'Evangeline' and the 'Song of Hiawatha,' vindicate his claim to the name of poet in the sense of a creator of original and characteristic works of art. Of both these the themes are American, and of such nature as to be well adapted to Longfellow's temperament. The story of Evangeline—the Acadian girl separated from her lover in the deportation of her people, and wandering in the search all her life till she finally found him an old man dying in a hospital in Philadelphia—had been suggested to Hawthorne as the material for a story. He showed his sense of his own powers and limitations in rejecting it; for it contains no elements of the psychologically sombre or tragic,—it is simply pathetic. To Longfellow it appealed at once for that very reason. It is on the everyday plane of emotion; everybody can understand it. Granting the extreme simplicity of the action, Longfellow has handled the incidents with great skill. The metre he adopted sets the story in a more idyllic medium than blank verse could have done, and gives it a higher artistic worth than Tennyson's 'Enoch Arden.' Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea' had shown him that the modern hexameter was well adapted to the modern pastoral; and Longfellow's skill in phrasing prevents the terminal cadence from becoming too monotonous. The poem embodies three contrasts which are so admirably handled that they reinforce each other: first, the contrast between the simplicity and peace of the rural community and the rigor and confusion of the embarkation; second, the contrast between the northern landscape of Nova Scotia and the southern landscape of Louisiana; third, the contrast which pervades the whole poem, between the

youthful lovers at the betrothal and the old man and woman at the death-bed. There is no modern poem which, with the entire absence of sentimentality or of any emotion foreign to the situation, presents a more perfect poetic unity. There is no more beautiful passage in poetry than the scene of the arrival of the girl and priest at the house of Gabriel's father, only to find that the son has just departed. The description of the mocking-bird's song — perfect to those who have heard the bird in its southern home — seems the prelude to a rapturous meeting of the lovers. Yet in it are heard —

«Single notes in sorrowful, low lamentation,»

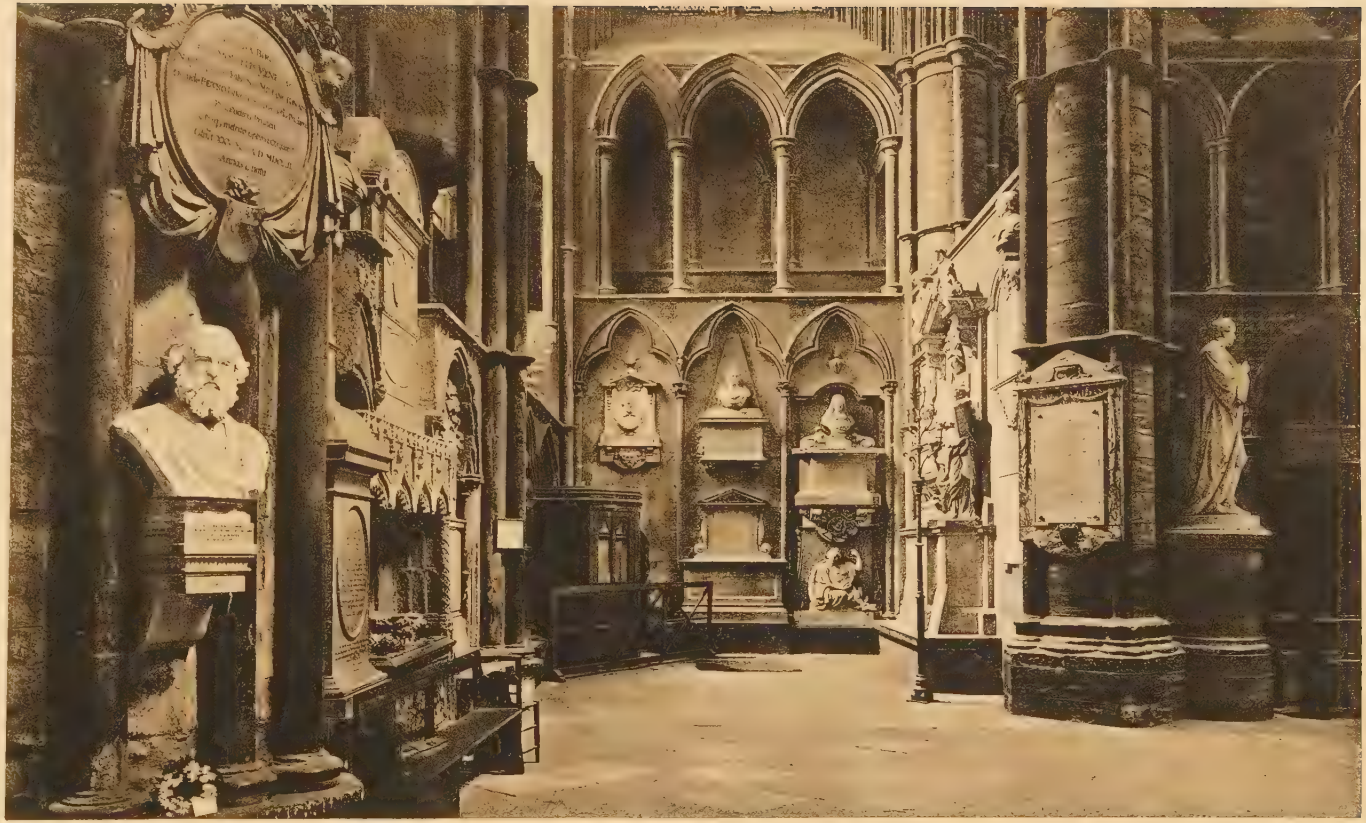
that seem to hint, as all beautiful things do, that happiness is unattainable.

In 'Hiawatha,' Longfellow undertook the extremely difficult task of recreating the sub-conscious life of a savage people as embodied in their myths. There are in us only a few deeply buried moods of feeling, inherited from our remote ancestors, that respond to the primitive interpretation of nature. «The world is too much with us.» Our senses are too dull to «hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.» But Longfellow went much further back into the primitive nature-worship, and recalled for us the cultus of infantile, half-articulate man. No one but a poet, and no poet but Longfellow, could have written the 'Song of Hiawatha.' The simplicity of the metre and the frequent repetitions are features entirely consistent with the conception. And furthermore the conception, though ideal, is consistent with the character of the Indian as we know it. The poem is no dream, nor phantasmagoria, nor thing of shreds and patches; it is a poetic unity. Of course this results partly from the fact that it is built up from real legends, but more from the fact that the legends are put in form by a real artist.

The use of the trochaic four-accent line has been severely criticized. It is true that this line is not natural to English. It forces the sundering of syllables that the language has joined together: the monosyllabic noun and the article, the sign of the infinitive and the monosyllabic verb for instance, which are in ordinary pronunciation agglutinated into natural iambi. Such lines as —

«Make a | bed for | me to | lie in;
I, the | friend of | Man, Mon | damin,
Come to | warn you | and in | struct you» —

in their scansion do violence to the natural union of syllables. Still it is possible to read verse with only the slightest sub-consciousness of the metre, and to emphasize the rhythm. But it must be remembered in the first place that a strange primitive metre was absolutely



necessary. The strength and solid English qualities of the unrhymed pentameter would be out of place in this barbaric chant. Secondly, the 'Song of Hiawatha' must be read with little reference to the metric scheme. It will then be found that the metric scheme is overlaid with a beautiful rhythmic scheme of clause and sentence, breaking up the monotony of the trochees. Longfellow's sweet and simple phrase-music is woven into many novel combinations which are his own, which no one can exactly copy. But the real beauty of this poem does not lie in its form; it lies in the fact that it is an interpretation of an unfamiliar type of life, and as such possesses an ideal beauty and truth.

The group of American writers of the first half of the nineteenth century, the best-known members of which are Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Hawthorne, will always be regarded as having laid the foundations of American literature. Each of these men possessed a distinct artistic individuality; but they form one of the most interesting groups in history. The elements which give them similarity and unite them in our general conception are their common consciousness of the worth and reality of the moral quality in life, and their belief in the beauty of righteousness. Theirs was a temper of mind equally removed from the disordered pessimism which sees in the moral order only a mechanical balance of the forces of selfishness, from a shallow sentimental optimism, and from a servile reverence for organized dogma. Serenity, kindliness, and earnestness are the notes of sanity. Undoubtedly an artistic temperament is sometimes dominated by moods far different from these; and undoubtedly too the artist whose life vision is clouded by doubt or by denial of ethical truth, has a strange and unwholesome attraction. Such a one appeals at least to our sympathy for mental distress. We rejoice that the foundations of our literature were laid by artists of the normal and healthy type, and believe that a civilization which produced a poet like Henry Wadsworth Longfellow must hold in its heart some of the love of beauty and order and righteousness which was the underlying principle of his verse.

[All the following selections from Longfellow's Poems are reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston, Massachusetts.]

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-belovèd Night!

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read in some old, marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,

There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,—
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,—
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the gerfalcon;
And with my skates fast bound
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,

While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall;
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory:

When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launched they to the blast;
Bent like a reed each mast:
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hailed us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Midships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;

Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water!

"As with his wings aslant
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which to this very hour
Stands looking seaward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother:
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,—
Oh, death was grateful!

"Thus seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
Thus the tale ended.

MAIDENHOOD

MAIDEN! with the meek brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—life hath snares;
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;
Age, that bough with snows incumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand:
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

Oh, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart;
For a smile of God thou art.

SERENADE

From 'The Spanish Student'

STARS of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

GENIUS

From 'The Spanish Student'

FROM the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And in the eyes of the astonished clown
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

IT WAS the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter!
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"—
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"—
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;

And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands:
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys,
And hears the parson pray and preach;
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE RAINY DAY

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining:
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,—
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

IN THE market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town.

As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood.
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high;
And the world beneath me sleeping seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only, seemed to walk the earth again:

All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid that adorned those days of old;
Stately dames like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies;
Ministers from twenty nations; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;

And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armèd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold;

Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! There is victory in the land!"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was aware,
Lo! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

THE BRIDGE

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church-tower.

I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And far in the hazy distance
Of that lovely night in June,
The blaze of the flaming furnace
Gleamed redder than the moon.

Among the long black rafters
The wavering shadows lay,
And the current that came from the ocean
Seemed to lift and bear them away;

As, sweeping and eddying through them,
Rose the belated tide,
And streaming into the moonlight
The seaweed floated wide.

And like those waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thoughts came o'er me
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, oh how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, oh how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-incumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro;
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,—

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven
And its wavering image here.

SEAWEED

When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with seaweed from the rocks:

From Bermuda's reef; from edges
Of sunken ledges,

In some far-off, bright Azore;
From Bahama, and the dashing,
Silver-flashing
Surges of San Salvador;

From the tumbling surf that buries
The Orkneyan skerries,
Answering the hoarse Hebrides;
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting
Spars, uplifting
On the desolate, rainy seas;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

So when storms of wild emotion
Strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song:

From the far-off isles enchanted,
Heaven has planted
With the golden fruit of Truth;
From the flashing surf, whose vision
Gleams Elysian
In the tropic clime of Youth;

From the strong Will, and the Endeavor
That forever
Wrestle with the tides of Fate;
From the wreck of Hopes far-scattered,
Tempest-shattered,
Floating waste and desolate;—

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless heart;
Till at length in books recorded,
They, like hoarded
Household words, no more depart.

THE DAY IS DONE

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist;

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music;
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

THE CROSS OF SNOW

IN THE long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face — the face of one long dead —
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

THE LAUNCHING

From 'The Building of the Ship'

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,

Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.
Therefore he spake, and thus said he:—
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust:
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
  What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
  In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
  Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

  Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
  Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
  Sailed the corsair Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
  And the east wind was his breath.

  His lordly ships of ice
    Glisten in the sun;
On each side, like pennons wide,
  Flashing crystal streamlets run.

  His sails of white sea mist
    Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
  Leaden shadows o'er the main.

  Eastward from Campobello
    Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
  Then, alas! the land wind failed.

  Alas! the land wind failed,
    And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
  Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds:
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, o'er the open main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there;
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:—
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

MY BOOKS

SADLY as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the shining shield
Suspended in the hall, and full in sight,
While secret longings for the lost delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of white,—
So I behold these books upon their shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other days;
Not wholly useless, though no longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the pleasant ways
In which I walked, now clouded and confused.

CHANGED

FROM the outskirts of the town
Where of old the milestone stood,
Now a stranger, looking down
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed?
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun;
But alas! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

'The Landlord's Tale' in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

From 'The Saga of King Olaf' in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.
"Look!" they said,
With nodding head,
"There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl;
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,—
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there;
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night;
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!"
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the skalds and saga-men:
Is it to be wondered at
That they quarreled now and then,
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand;
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

And he answered, "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every skald
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that:
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and main;
Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
Lay there in the alehouse slain.
"To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mold!"
Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then.
"O King Olaf! Little hope
Is there of these Iceland men!"
Meekly said,
With bending head,
Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

KAMBALU

'The Spanish Jew's Tale' in 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace window gazed,
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jeweled sheath,
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates unbarred
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alau;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:—
"The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West
Bow and obey thy least behest;
The plains are dark with the mulberry-trees,
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,
The miners are sifting the golden sand,
The divers plunging for pearls in the seas,
And peace and plenty are in the land.

"Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,
Rose in revolt against thy throne:
His treasures are at thy palace-door,
With the swords and the shawls and the jewels he wore;
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

"A mile outside of Baldacca's gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men,
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within:
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued.

"As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

"I said to the Kalif:—'Thou art old;
Thou hast no need of so much gold.
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it here
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords,
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!'

"Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone
In the honey-cells of his golden hive:
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan,
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

"When at last we unlocked the door,
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:
Still clutching his treasure he had died;
And as he lay there, he appeared
A statue of gold with a silver beard,
His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
That the great Captain Alau
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,
When he rode that day into Kambalu
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

THE NEW HOUSEHOLD

From 'The Hanging of the Crane'

O FORTUNATE, O happy day,
When a new household finds its place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space!

So said the guests in speech and song,
As in the chimney, burning bright,
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

And now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapors interfused with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall
Is spread the table round and small:
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not "mine" and "thine,"
But "ours," for ours is thine and mine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests: they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

CHAUCER

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The 'Canterbury Tales,' and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of plowed field or flowery mead.

MILTON

I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold
How the voluminous billows roll and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into one,
Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulations of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!
And ever and anon, high over all
Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

HAROUN AL RASCHID

One day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said:—

"Where are the kings, and where the rest
Of those who once the world possessed?

"They're gone with all their pomp and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt go.

"O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls fair,

"Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end!"

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head;
Tears fell upon the page he read.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er:
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!

But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And underneath the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!

THE POET AND HIS SONGS

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From the depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge;—

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says, "Write!"

FINALE TO 'CHRISTUS: A MYSTERY'

[*St. John, wandering over the face of the Earth, speaks:*—]

THE Ages come and go,
The Centuries pass as Years;
My hair is white as the snow,
My feet are weary and slow,
The earth is wet with my tears!
The kingdoms crumble and fall
Apart like a ruined wall,
Or a bank that is undermined
By a river's ceaseless flow,
And leave no trace behind!
The world itself is old;
The portals of Time unfold
On hinges of iron, that grate
And groan with the rust and the weight,
Like the hinges of a gate
That hath fallen to decay:
But the evil doth not cease,—
There is war instead of peace,
Instead of Love there is hate;
And still I must wander and wait,
Still I must watch and pray,
Not forgetting in whose sight
A thousand years in their flight
Are as a single day.

The life of man is a gleam
Of light, that comes and goes
Like the course of the Holy Stream—
The cityless river, that flows
From fountains no one knows,
Through the Lake of Galilee,
Through forests and level lands,
Over rocks and shallows, and sands
Of a wilderness wild and vast,
Till it findeth its rest at last
In the desolate Dead Sea!
But alas! alas! for me
Not yet this rest shall be!

What, then! doth Charity fail?
Is Faith of no avail?

Is Hope blown out like a light
By a gust of wind in the night?
The clashing of creeds, and the strife
Of the many beliefs, that in vain
Perplex man's heart and brain,
Are naught but the rustle of leaves,
When the breath of God upheaves
The boughs of the Tree of Life,
And they subside again!
And I remember still
The words, and from whom they came,—
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

And Him evermore I behold
Walking in Galilee,
Through the cornfield's waving gold,
In hamlet, in wood, and in wold,
By the shores of the Beautiful Sea.
He toucheth the sightless eyes;
Before Him the demons flee;
To the dead He sayeth, "Arise!"
To the living, "Follow me!"
And that voice still soundeth on
From the centuries that are gone,
To the centuries that shall be!

From all vain pomps and shows,
From the pride that overflows,
And the false conceits of men;
From all the narrow rules
And subtleties of Schools,
And the craft of tongue and pen;
Bewildered in its search,—
Bewildered with the cry,
Lo, here! lo, there! the Church!—
Poor, sad Humanity
Through all the dust and heat
Turns back with bleeding feet,
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still,—
"Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will!"

THE YOUNG HIAWATHA

From the 'Song of Hiawatha'

THEN the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid;
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deerskin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:—
"Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,
"Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,

Coughed and chattered from the oak tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
"Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

PRELUDE TO 'EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE'

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean,
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

PEACE IN ACADIA

From 'Evangeline'

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And perchance canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith:
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right hand a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and erelong a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré.
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the doorstep
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed,
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar!

POSTLUDE TO 'EVANGELINE'

STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic church-yard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

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LONGUS

(Fifth Century A. D. (?))

The author of 'Daphnis and Chloe' is absolutely unknown to us. Even his name is questioned, and there would seem to be no means of settling beyond dispute the age in which this earliest of pastoral idyls was written. It is a mere novelette, of perhaps thirty thousand words. The style is somewhat stilted and pedantic. The author shows no especial familiarity in detail with the remote corner of Lesbos in which his scene is laid. The rustics are decidedly conventional, and at times even courtly.

On the other hand, the writer has succeeded in giving a realistic and naïve picture of the two children, and of their growing affection for each other. The main purpose of the sketch is to trace the instinctive origin and growth of passionate love in innocent and immature beings, left without restraint in each other's companionship.

Naturally, there is much in the little tale which should be softened or omitted in any modern treatment. Still, the frank sincerity of the Greek story-teller is more agreeable than the rather mawkish propriety of 'Paul and Virginia,' its most popular echo. It must be confessed that the prose romance is among the least important or masterly creations of Hellenic genius. Nevertheless this, the most shapely, sane, and healthy among the few extant stories, could not be denied mention at least.

The Greek text, with Latin translation, will be found in the "Erotici Scriptores," a volume of the great classical library published by Didot. The most accessible translation is, as usual, in the Bohn Library, and seems sufficiently faithful. The opening pages, here cited, are perhaps as adequate an example of the author's style as could be selected.

THE TWO FOUNDLINGS

From 'Daphnis and Chloe'

In the island of Lesbos, whilst hunting in a wood sacred to the Nymphs, I beheld the most beauteous sight that I have seen in all my life: a painting which represented the incidents of a tale of love. The grove itself was charming: it contained no

lack of flowers, trees thick with foliage, and a cool spring which nourished alike trees and flowers. But the picture was more pleasing than aught else by reason both of its amorous character and its marvelous workmanship. So excellently was it wrought, indeed, that the many strangers who had heard speak of it came thither to render worship to the Nymphs and to view it. Women in the throes of childbirth were depicted in it, nurses wrapping infants in swathing-clothes, little babes exposed to the mercy of fortune, animals suckling them, shepherds carrying them away, young people exchanging vows of love, pirates at sea, a hostile force scouring the country; with many other incidents, all amorous, which I viewed with so much pleasure and found so beautiful that I felt desirous of recording them in writing. Accordingly I sought for some one who could fully explain them to me: and having been informed of everything, I composed these four books, which I dedicate as an offering to Cupid, to the Nymphs, and to Pan; hoping that the tale will prove acceptable to many classes of people,—inasmuch as it may serve to cure illness, console grief, refresh the memory of him who has already loved, and instruct him who as yet knows not what love is. Never was there and never will there be a man able to resist love, so long as beauty exists in the world and there are eyes to behold it.

The gods grant that whilst describing the emotions of others, I may remain undisturbed myself.

Mitylene is a beautiful and extensive city of Lesbos, intersected by various channels of the sea flowing through and around it, and adorned with bridges of polished white stone. You might imagine on beholding it that it was a collection of islets rather than a city. About twenty-four miles from Mitylene, a rich man had an estate, none finer than which could be found in all the surrounding country. The neighboring woods abounded with game, the fields yielded corn, the hillocks were covered with vines, there was pasture land for the herds; and the whole was bounded by the sea, which washed an extensive smooth and sandy shore.

On this estate, whilst a goatherd named Lamon was tending his herds in the fields, he found a little child whom one of his she-goats was suckling. There was here a dense thicket of brakes and brambles, covered with intermingling branches of ivy; whilst underneath, the soil was carpeted with soft fine grass, upon which

the infant was lying. To this spot the she-goat often betook herself, abandoning her own kid and remaining with the child, so that it was not known what had become of her. Lamon, who was grieved to see the kid neglected, watched the dam's movements; and one day when the sun was burning in his meridian heat, he followed her and saw her softly enter the thicket, stepping carefully over the child so that she might not injure it, whilst the babe took hold of her udder as if this had been its mother's breast. Greatly surprised, and advancing close to the spot, Lamon discovered that the infant was a male child with well-proportioned limbs and handsome countenance, and wearing richer attire than seemed suited to such an outcast; for its little mantle was of fine purple and fastened by a golden clasp, whilst near it lay a small knife with a handle of ivory.

At first Lamon resolved to leave the infant to its fate, and only to carry off the tokens which had been left with it; but he soon felt ashamed of showing himself less humane than his goat, and at the approach of night he took up the infant and the tokens, and with the she-goat following him, went home to Myrtale his wife.

Myrtale, who was astonished at the sight, asked if goats now gave birth to babes instead of kids; whereupon her husband recounted to her every particular of the discovery, saying how he had found the child lying on the grass and the goat suckling it, and how ashamed he had felt at the idea of leaving the babe to perish. His wife declared that it would have been wrong to do so, and they thereupon agreed to conceal the tokens and to adopt the child. They employed the goat as his nurse, affirmed on all sides that he was their own offspring, and in order that his name might accord with their rustic condition they called him Daphnis.

Two years had elapsed, when Dryas, a neighboring shepherd, met with a similar adventure whilst tending his flock. In this part of the country there was a grotto of the Nymphs, which was hollowed out of a large rock rounded at the summit. Inside there were statues of the Nymphs carved in stone, their feet bare, their arms also naked, their hair flowing loosely upon their shoulders, their waists girt, their faces smiling, and their attitudes similar to those of a troop of dancers. In the deepest part of the grotto a spring gurgled from the rock; and its waters, spreading into a copious stream, refreshed the soft and abundant

herbage of a delightful meadow that stretched before the entrance, where milk-pails, transverse flutes, flageolets, and pastoral pipes were suspended,—the votive offerings of many an old shepherd.

An ewe of Dryas's flock, which had lately lambed, frequently resorted to this grotto, raising apprehensions that she was lost. The shepherd, to prevent her straying in future, and to keep her with the flock as previously, twisted some green osiers so as to form a noose, and went to seize her in the grotto. But upon his arrival there, he beheld a sight far contrary to his expectation. He found his ewe presenting, with all the tenderness of a real mother, her udder to an infant; which, without uttering the faintest cry, eagerly turned its clean and glossy face from one teat to the other, the ewe licking it as soon as it had had its fill. This child was a girl; and in addition to the garments in which it was swathed, it had, by way of tokens to insure recognition, a head-dress wrought with gold, gilt sandals, and golden anklets.

Dryas imagined that this foundling was a gift from the gods: and, inclined to love and pity by the example of his ewe, he raised the infant in his arms, placed the tokens in his bag, and invoked the blessing of the Nymphs upon the charge which he had received from them; and when the time came for driving his cattle from their pasture, he returned to his cottage and related all the circumstances of his discovery to his wife, exhibiting the foundling, and entreating her to observe secrecy and to regard and rear the child as her own daughter.

Nape (for so his wife was called) at once adopted the infant, for which she soon felt a strong affection; being stimulated thereto, perhaps, by a desire to excel the ewe in tenderness. She declared herself a mother; and in order to obtain credit for her story, she gave the child the pastoral name of Chloe.

Daphnis and Chloe grew rapidly, and their comeliness far exceeded the common appearance of rustics. The former had completed his fifteenth year and Chloe her thirteenth, when on the same night a vision appeared to Lamon and Dryas in a dream. They each thought that they beheld the Nymphs of the grotto, where the fountain played and where Dryas had found the little girl, presenting Daphnis and Chloe to a young boy of very sprightly gait and beautiful mien, who had wings on his shoulders, and who carried a little bow and some arrows in his hand. The urchin lightly touched the young people with one of

his shafts, and commanded them to devote themselves to a pastoral life. To Daphnis he committed the care of the sheep.

When this vision appeared to the shepherd and the goatherd, they were grieved to think that their adopted children should, like themselves, be destined to tend animals. From the tokens found with the infants, they had augured for the latter a better fortune; and in this expectation they had brought them up in a more delicate manner, and had procured for them more instruction and accomplishments, than usually fall to the lot of shepherds' offspring.

It appeared to them, however, that with regard to children whom the gods had preserved, the will of the gods must be obeyed; and each having communicated his dream to the other, they repaired to the grotto, offered up a sacrifice to the companion of the Nymphs,—"the winged boy," with whose name they were unacquainted,—and then sent the youth and maiden forth into the fields, having however first instructed them in their pastoral duties. They taught them, for instance, whither they should guide their herds before the noonday heat, whither they should conduct them when it had abated, at what time it was meet to lead them to the stream, and at what hour they should drive them home to the fold. They showed them also in which instances the use of the crook was required, and in which the voice alone would suffice.

The young people received the charge of the sheep and goats with as much exultation as if they had acquired some powerful sovereignty, and felt more affection for their animals than shepherds usually feel; for Chloe reflected that she owed her preservation to a ewe, and Daphnis remembered that a she-goat had suckled him.

It was then the beginning of spring. In the wood and meadows and on the mountains the flowers were blooming amid the buzzing murmurs of the bees, the warbling of the birds, and the bleating of the lambs. The sheep were skipping on the slopes, the bees flew humming through the meadows, and the songs of the birds resounded among the bushes. All nature joined in rejoicing at the springtide; and Daphnis and Chloe, as they were young and susceptible, imitated whatever they saw or heard. Hearing the carols of the birds, they sang; at sight of the playful skipping of the lambs they danced; and in imitation of the bees they gathered flowers, some of which they placed in their

bosoms, whilst with others they wove chaplets which they carried as offerings to the Nymphs. They tended their flocks and herds together, and carried on all their vocations in common. Daphnis frequently collected such of the sheep as had strayed; and if a goat ventured too near a precipice, Chloe drove it back. Sometimes one took the entire management both of the goats and the sheep, whilst the other was engaged in some amusement.

Their sports were of a childish, pastoral character: Chloe would neglect her flocks to roam in search of day-lilies, the stalks of which she twisted into traps for locusts; while Daphnis often played from morn till eve upon a pipe which he had formed of slender reeds, perforating them between their joints and securing them together with soft wax. The young folks now often shared their milk and wine, and made a common meal of the food which they had brought from home as provision for the day; and the sheep might sooner have been seen to disperse and browse apart than Daphnis to separate himself from Chloe.

PIERRE LOTI

(1850–)

PIERRE LOTI is the pen-name chosen by Louis Marie Julien Viaud, the French novelist and poet who was born at Rochefort, France, on January 14th, 1850, of an old Protestant family. He studied in his native town; and it was while at school that he received from his comrades the nickname "Loti," which he adopted later as a literary pseudonym. He was extremely bashful and retiring as a boy; and his playmates in derision called him Loti, the name of a tiny East-Indian flower which hides its face in the grass. He must have left school very early; for he was only seventeen when he entered the French navy, having obtained an appointment as midshipman (*aspirant de marine*). For several years he saw a great deal of active service, particularly on the Pacific Ocean, where his vessel was stationed; and this unquestionably gave him that love for and that knowledge of those exotic countries which he has so admirably and faithfully described in his books. Ever since he joined the navy (1867) he had given much attention to literature, and his fellow officers often teased him on account of his retiring and studious disposition. He was regarded by them as a dreamer; but no one had ever any criticism to make concerning the manner in which he performed his duties.

PIERRE LOTI

It was not until 1876 that he published his first book, 'Aziyadé,' although it is possible that some of the many volumes he has published since then were written before that time. 'Rarahu' appeared in 1880, and was afterwards given the title 'The Marriage of Loti.' Had the French author been familiar with Herman Melville's 'Typee,' he would have hesitated to write his own book lest he be charged with imitation. In 1882 the war with Tonquin broke out, and Loti distinguished himself in several engagements with the enemy. About this time he committed an imprudence which, however pardonable in a writer, was inexcusable in an officer on active service. He sent to

the Paris Figaro an account of the cruelty of the French soldiers at the storming of Hué; and this so incensed the French government that he was at once placed upon the retired list. But by that time Loti was a public favorite, and there was a loud clamor for his reinstatement. The government, perhaps in an attempt to regain some of its lost popularity, gave way, and Loti was restored to his command the following year. Shortly afterwards (1886) he published 'An Iceland Fisherman'; a volume full of poetic feeling and dreamy impressionism, and which is considered by many critics his best work. It won for him the Vitet prize of the French Academy, and had the honor of being translated into the Roumanian language by the Queen of Roumania. In 1887 he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in this year he published one of the best known of his books, 'Madame Chrysanthème,'—less a novel than impressions of a sojourn in Japan.

Loti was now one of the most prominent authors of his day, and his election to the Academy was looked upon as a matter of course. In 1890 he published another remarkable book, entitled 'Au Maroc'; an account of the trip to Morocco by an embassy of which the author made part. In 'Le Roman d'un Enfant' (1890), which is autobiographical in character, he shows how he was won over by modern pessimism; how, chilled by the coldness of Protestantism, he was for a moment attracted by the glittering ritual of the Catholic Church, only in the end to lose his faith utterly. 'Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort' (1891), contains reminiscences of the divers incidents and periods during his career which have cast shadows on his life and thoughts. On May 21st, 1891, he was elected to the seat left vacant in the French Academy by the death of Octave Feuillet, receiving eighteen votes out of thirty-five cast. He was on board the man-of-war Formidable when he was told of his election to the most august literary body in the world. The occasion of his reception at the Academy, in view of the social prestige that he had gained, was the most brilliant in years.

His main works are as follows:—'Aziyadé' (1876); 'Rarahu' (1880), republished in 1882 under the title 'Le Mariage de Loti'; 'Le Roman d'un Spahi' (1881); 'Fleurs d'Ennui' (1882); 'Mon Frère Yves' (1883); 'Trois Dames de la Kasbah' (1884); 'Pêcheur d'Islande' (1886); 'Le Désert,' 'Madame Chrysanthème' (1887); 'Propos d'Exil' (1887); 'Japoneries d'Automme' (1889); 'Au Maroc' (1890); 'Le Roman d'un Enfant' (1890); 'Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort' (1891); 'Fantômes d'Orient' (1892); 'Le Galilée,' 'Jerusalem Matelot.'

Pierre Loti's success has been largely due to the peculiar sympathy and charm with which he has depicted the simple, open, and naïve life of the Orient and of the far East. The sensations, the

ideas, the types of civilization,—in brief, the whole life and manners of the people and countries,—successively set forth in 'An Iceland Fisherman,' 'To Morocco,' 'The Desert,' 'Phantoms of the Orient,' and 'Madame Chrysanthème,' contrasted so vividly with the formal, complex, and sophisticated civilization of France, England, and America, and this life was laid bare with such penetration and insight, and withal invested with such spirit and poetry and romance, that it is slight wonder it appealed strangely and strongly to the overwrought and overstrained nerves of our Western peoples.

Loti had apparently been one of those young spirits, so frequently to be met with nowadays, to whom the intense, highly developed, and artificial life of the time brought even with a first taste a pall of ennui. With a cry of anguish and discouragement he had fled to far distant lands. As a naval officer he was able to give rein to his antipathy, and the years that followed found him searching this corner and that of the earth in quest of the unconventional and the unique. It was awakening Japan which appeared to have given him his first literary impulse; and it was the curious and richly colored volume in which he describes his love affair with one of the daughters of that country, to whom he gave the fanciful title of Madame Chrysanthemum, which won for him his greatest acclaim in the field of letters. Other volumes of a similar character followed rapidly, and the young writer quickly found himself elevated in popular esteem to the first rank of French *littérateurs*. It was an open door and a step into the Academy.

It is to be noted in passing, that the Orient and the desert—their life, their customs, their literature, and their religions—have always exercised a strong attraction for the French mind: a fact exemplified in the long line of writers from the stately declamation of Volney's 'Ruins,' and the weird tales of arabesque and grotesque, down to the poet Leconte de Lisle, whose melancholy and majestic verse has so strongly influenced the poetry of the day.

Loti caught a phase of this life which had been touched upon by no other writer. The East, to Volney, was the inspiration of philosophical reflections upon the rise and fall of nations; to Gautier, a land wherein his imagination and love of the antique might run riot; to Leconte de Lisle, a sermon upon the evanescence of all earthly things. To Loti it was none of these. With the eye of the poet and with the pen of a realist he saw and painted the lands and people which he visited. And into these pictures he infused a sympathy and a human interest which lifted his pages from the dull and commonplace routine of ordinary sketches of travel, into an atmosphere whose warmth and glow afforded a new and rare sensation to the reading public. Above all, there is in Loti's work a delicacy, a subtlety of

understanding, a poetic instinct, and the play of a dainty and lively fancy, that lend to his descriptions a quality which is hardly elsewhere to be found.

He is an admirable artist, some of whose work is tainted by morbidness and sensuality, but who at his ethical and artistic best — in 'An Iceland Fisherman' and 'The Book of Pity and of Death,' for example — has great charm and power.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

From 'An Iceland Fisherman: A Story of Love on Land and Sea.' Translated from the French by Clara Cadiot. William S. Gottsberger, New York, 1888.

THE Icelanders were all returning now. Two ships came in the second day, four the next, and twelve during the following week. And all through the country, joy returned with them; and there was happiness for the wives and mothers, and junkets in the taverns where the beautiful barmaids of Paimpol served out drink to the fishers.

The Léopoldine was among the belated; there were yet another ten expected. They would not be long now; and allowing a week's delay so as not to be disappointed, Gaud waited in happy, passionate joy for Yann, keeping their home bright and tidy for his return. When everything was in good order there was nothing left for her to do; and besides, in her impatience, she could think of nothing else but her husband.

Three more ships appeared; then another five. There were only two lacking now.

"Come, come," they said to her cheerily, "this year the Léopoldine and the Marie-Jeanne will be the last, to pick up all the brooms fallen overboard from the other craft."

Gaud laughed also. She was more animated and beautiful than ever, in her great joy of expectancy.

But the days succeeded one another without result.

She still dressed up every day, and with a joyful look went down to the harbor to gossip with the other wives. She said that this delay was but natural: was it not the same event every year? These were such safe boats, and had such capital sailors.

But when at home alone, at night, a nervous anxious shiver of apprehension would run through her whole frame.

Was it right to be frightened already? Was there even a single reason to be so? But she began to tremble at the mere idea of grounds for being afraid.

The 10th of September came. How swiftly the days flew by!

One morning—a true autumn morning, with cold mist falling over the earth in the rising sun—she sat under the porch of the chapel of the shipwrecked mariners, where the widows go to pray; with eyes fixed and glassy, and throbbing temples tightened as by an iron band.

These sad morning mists had begun two days before; and on this particular day Gaud had awakened with a still more bitter uneasiness, caused by the forecast of advancing winter. Why did this day, this hour, this very moment, seem to her more painful than the preceding? Often ships are delayed a fortnight; even a month, for that matter.

But surely there was something different about this particular morning; for she had come to-day for the first time to sit in the porch of this chapel and read the names of the dead sailors, perished in their prime.

In Memory of
GAOS YVON
Lost at Sea
NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD

Like a great shudder, a gust of wind rose from the sea, and at the same time something fell like rain upon the roof above. It was only the dead leaves, though;—many were blown in at the porch; the old wind-tossed trees of the graveyard were losing their foliage in this rising gale, and winter was marching nearer.

Lost at Sea
NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD
In the storm of the 4th and 5th of August, 1880

She read mechanically under the arch of the doorway; her eyes sought to pierce the distance over the sea. That morning it was untraceable under the gray mist, and a dragging drapery of clouds overhung the horizon like a mourning veil.

Another gust of wind, and other leaves danced in whirls. A stronger gust still; as if the western storm which had strewn those dead over the sea wished to deface the very inscriptions which kept their names in memory with the living.

Gaud looked with involuntary persistency at an empty space upon the wall which seemed to yawn expectant. By a terrible impression, she was pursued by the thought of a fresh slab which might soon perhaps be placed there,— with another name which she did not even dare think of in such a spot.

She felt cold, and remained seated on the granite bench, her head reclining against the stone wall.

NEAR THE NORDEN-FJORD
In the storm of the 4th and 5th of August, 1880
At the age of 23 years
Requiescat in pace!

Then Iceland loomed up before her, with its little cemetery lighted up from below the sea-line by the midnight sun. Suddenly, in the same empty space on the wall, with horrifying clearness she saw the fresh slab she was thinking of; a clear white one, with a skull and crossbones, and in a flash of foresight a name,— the worshiped name of « Yann Gaos » ! Then she suddenly and fearfully drew herself up straight and stiff, with a hoarse wild cry in her throat like a mad creature.

Outside, the gray mist of the dawn fell over the land, and the dead leaves were again blown dancingly into the porch.

Steps on the footpath! Somebody was coming? She rose, and quickly smoothed down her cap and composed her face. Nearer drew the steps. She assumed the air of one who might be there by chance; for above all, she did not wish to appear yet like the widow of a shipwrecked mariner.

It happened to be Fante Floury, the wife of the second mate of the Léopoldine. She understood immediately what Gaud was doing there: it was useless to dissemble with her. At first each woman stood speechless before the other. They were angry and almost hated each other for having met holding a like sentiment of apprehension.

«All the men of Tréguier and Saint-Brieuc have been back for a week,» said Fante at last, in an unfeeling, muffled, half-irritated voice.

She carried a blessed taper in her hand, to offer up a prayer. Gaud did not wish yet to resort to that extreme resource of despairing wives. Yet silently she entered the chapel behind Fante, and they knelt down together side by side like two sisters.

To the "Star of the Sea" they offered ardent imploring prayers, with their whole soul in them. A sound of sobbing was alone heard, as their rapid tears swiftly fell upon the floor. They rose together, more confident and softened. Fante held up Gaud, who staggered; and taking her in her arms, kissed her.

Wiping their eyes and smoothing their disheveled hair, they brushed off the salt dust from the flag-stones which had soiled their gowns, and went away in opposite directions without another word.

This end of September was like another summer, only a little less lively. The weather was so beautiful that had it not been for the dead leaves which fell upon the roads, one might have thought that June had come back again. Husbands and sweethearts had all returned, and everywhere was the joy of a second springtime of love.

At last, one day, one of the missing ships was signaled. Which one was it?

The groups of speechless and anxious women had rapidly formed on the cliff. Gaud, pale and trembling, was there, by the side of her Yann's father.

"I'm almost sure," said the old fisher, "I'm almost sure it's them. A red rail and a topsail that clews up,—it's very like them, anyhow. What do you make it, Gaud?"

"No, it isn't," he went on, with sudden discouragement: "we've made a mistake again; the boom isn't the same, and ours has a jigger-sail. Well, well, it isn't our boat this time, it's only the Marie-Jeanne. Never mind, my lass, surely they'll not be long now."

But day followed day, and night succeeded night, with uninterrupted serenity.

Gaud continued to dress up every day; like a poor crazed woman, always in fear of being taken for the widow of a shipwrecked sailor, feeling exasperated when others looked furtively and compassionately at her, and glancing aside so that she might not meet those glances which froze her very blood.

She had fallen into the habit of going at the early morning right to the end of the headland, on the high cliffs of Pors-Even; passing behind Yann's old home, so as not to be seen by his mother or little sisters. She went to the extreme point of the Ploubazlanec land, which is outlined in the shape of a reindeer's horn upon the gray waters of the Channel, and sat there

all day long at the foot of the lonely cross which rises high above the immense waste of the ocean. There are many of these crosses hereabout; they are set up on the most advanced cliffs of the sea-bound land, as if to implore mercy, and to calm that restless mysterious power which draws men away, never to give them back, and in preference retains the bravest and noblest.

Around this cross stretches the evergreen waste, strewn with short rushes. At this great height the sea air was very pure; it scarcely retained the briny odor of the weeds, but was perfumed with all the exquisite ripeness of September flowers.

Far away, all the bays and inlets of the coast were firmly outlined, rising one above another; the land of Brittany terminated in jagged edges, which spread out far into the tranquil surface.

Near at hand the reefs were numerous; but out beyond, nothing broke its polished mirror, from which arose a soft caressing ripple, light and intensified from the depths of its many bays. Its horizon seemed so calm, and its depths so soft! The great blue sepulchre of many Gaoses hid its inscrutable mystery; whilst the breezes, faint as human breath, wafted to and fro the perfume of the stunted gorse, which had bloomed again in the latest autumn sun.

At regular hours the sea retreated, and great spaces were left uncovered everywhere, as if the Channel was slowly drying up; then with the same lazy slowness the waters rose again, and continued their everlasting coming and going without any heed of the dead.

At the foot of the cross Gaud remained, surrounded by these tranquil mysteries, gazing ever before her until the night fell and she could see no more. . . .

September had passed. The sorrowing wife took scarcely any nourishment, and could no longer sleep.

She remained at home now, crouching low with her hands between her knees, her head thrown back and resting against the wall behind. What was the good of getting up or going to bed now? When she was thoroughly exhausted she threw herself, dressed, upon her bed. Otherwise she remained in the same position, chilled and benumbed; in her quiescent state, only her teeth chattered with the cold; she had that continual impression of a band of iron round her brows; her cheeks looked wasted; her mouth was dry, with a feverish taste, and at times a painful

hoarse cry rose from her throat and was repeated in spasms, whilst her head beat backwards against the granite wall. Or else she called Yann by his name in a low, tender voice, as if he were quite close to her, whispering words of love to her.

Sometimes she occupied her brain with thoughts of quite insignificant things; for instance, she amused herself by watching the shadow of the china Virgin lengthen slowly over the high woodwork of the bed, as the sun went down. And then the agonized thoughts returned more horribly, and her wailing cry broke out again as she beat her head against the wall.

All the hours of the day passed; and all the hours of evening, and of night; and then the hours of the morning. When she reckoned the time he ought to have been back, she was seized with a still greater terror; she wished to forget all dates and the very names of the days.

Generally, there is some information concerning the wrecks off Iceland; those who return have seen the tragedy from afar, or else have found some wreckage or bodies, or have an indication to guess the rest. But of the Léopoldine nothing had been seen, and nothing was known. The Marie-Jeanne men — the last to have seen it on the 2d of August — said that she was to have gone on fishing farther towards the north; and beyond that the secret was unfathomable.

Waiting, always waiting, and knowing nothing! When would the time come when she need wait no longer? She did not even know that; and now she almost wished that it might be soon. Oh! if he were dead, let them at least have pity enough to tell her so!

Oh to see her darling, as he was at this very moment,— that is, what was left of him! If only the much-implored Virgin, or some other power, would do her the blessing to show her by second-sight her beloved! either living and working hard to return a rich man, or else as a corpse surrendered by the sea, so that she might at least know a certainty.

Sometimes she was seized with the thought of a ship appearing suddenly upon the horizon; the Léopoldine hastening home. Then she would suddenly make an instinctive movement to rise, and rush to look out at the ocean, to see whether it were true.

But she would fall back. Alas! where was this Léopoldine now? Where could she be? Out afar, at that awful distance of Iceland,— forsaken, crushed, and lost.

All ended by a never-fading vision appearing to her,—an empty, sea-tossed wreck, slowly and gently rocked by the silent gray and rose-streaked sea; almost with soft mockery, in the midst of the vast calm of deadened waters.

Two o'clock in the morning.

It was at night especially that she kept attentive to approaching footsteps; at the slightest rumor or unaccustomed noise her temples vibrated: by dint of being strained to outward things, they had become fearfully sensitive.

Two o'clock in the morning. On this night as on others, with her hands clasped and her eyes wide open in the dark, she listened to the wind sweeping in never-ending tumult over the heath.

Suddenly a man's footsteps hurried along the path! At this hour who would pass now? She drew herself up, stirred to the very soul, her heart ceasing to beat.

Some one stopped before the door, and came up the small stone steps.

He!—O God!—he! Some one had knocked,—it could be no other than he! She was up now, barefooted; she, so feeble for the last few days, had sprung up as nimbly as a kitten, with her arms outstretched to wind round her darling. Of course the Léopoldine had arrived at night, and anchored in Pors-Even Bay, and he had rushed home; she arranged all this in her mind with the swiftness of lightning. She tore the flesh off her fingers in her excitement to draw the bolt, which had stuck.

« Eh ? »

She slowly moved backward, as if crushed, her head falling on her bosom. Her beautiful insane dream was over. She could just grasp that it was not her husband, her Yann, and that nothing of him, substantial or spiritual, had passed through the air; she felt plunged again into her deep abyss, to the lowest depths of her terrible despair.

Poor Fantec—for it was he—stammered many excuses: his wife was very ill, and their child was choking in its cot, suddenly attacked with a malignant sore throat; so he had run over to beg for assistance on the road to fetch the doctor from Paimpol.

What did all this matter to her? She had gone mad in her own distress, and could give no thoughts to the troubles of others. Huddled on a bench, she remained before him with fixed glazed eyes, like a dead woman's; without listening to him, or

even answering at random or looking at him. What to her was the speech the man was making?

He understood it all, and guessed why the door had been opened so quickly to him; and feeling pity for the pain he had unwittingly caused, he stammered out an excuse.

"Just so: he never ought to have disturbed her—her in particular."

"I!" ejaculated Gaud quickly, "why should I not be disturbed particularly, Fantec?"

Life had suddenly come back to her; for she did not wish to appear in despair before others. Besides, she pitied him now; she dressed to accompany him, and found the strength to go and see to his little child.

At four o'clock in the morning, when she returned to throw herself on the bed, sleep subdued her, for she was tired out. But that moment of excessive joy had left an impression on her mind, which in spite of all was permanent; she awoke soon with a shudder, rising a little and partially recollecting—she knew not what. News had come to her about her Yann. In the midst of her confusion of ideas, she sought rapidly in her mind what it could be; but there was nothing save Fantec's interruption.

For the second time she fell back into her terrible abyss, nothing changed in her morbid, hopeless waiting.

Yet in that short, hopeful moment, she had felt him so near to her that it was as if his spirit had floated over the sea unto her,—what is called a foretoken (*pressigne*) in Breton land; and she listened still more attentively to the steps outside, trusting that some one might come to her to speak of him.

Just as the day broke, Yann's father entered. He took off his cap, and pushed back his splendid white locks, which were in curls like Yann's, and sat down by Gaud's bedside.

His heart ached heavily too; for Yann, his tall, handsome Yann, was his first-born, his favorite and his pride: but he did not despair yet. He comforted Gaud in his own blunt, affectionate way. To begin with, those who had last returned from Iceland spoke of the increasing dense fogs, which might well have delayed the vessel; and then too an idea struck him,—they might possibly have stopped at the distant Faroe Islands on their homeward course, whence letters were so long in traveling. This had happened to him once forty years ago, and his own poor dead and gone mother had had a mass said for his soul.

The Léopoldine was such a good boat,—next to new,—and her crew were such able-bodied seamen.

Granny Moan stood by them shaking her head: the distress of her granddaughter had almost given her back her own strength and reason. She tidied up the place, glancing from time to time at the faded portrait of Sylvestre, which hung upon the granite wall with its anchor emblems and mourning-wreath of black bead-work. Ever since the sea had robbed her of her own last offspring, she believed no longer in safe returns; she only prayed through fear, bearing Heaven a grudge in the bottom of her heart.

But Gaud listened eagerly to these consoling reasonings; her large sunken eyes looked with deep tenderness out upon this old sire, who so much resembled her beloved one: merely to have him near her was like a hostage against death having taken the younger Gaos; and she felt reassured, nearer to her Yann. Her tears fell softly and silently, and she repeated again her passionate prayers to the "Star of the Sea."

A delay out at those islands to repair damages was a very likely event. She rose and brushed her hair, and then dressed as if she might fairly expect him. All then was not lost, if a seaman, his own father, did not yet despair. And for a few days she resumed looking out for him again.

Autumn at last arrived,—a late autumn too,—its gloomy evenings making all things appear dark in the old cottage; and all the land looked sombre too.

The very daylight seemed a sort of twilight; immeasurable clouds, passing slowly overhead, darkened the whole country at broad noon. The wind blew constantly with the sound of a great cathedral organ at a distance, but playing profane, despairing dirges; at other times the noise came close to the door, like the howling of wild beasts.

She had grown pale,—aye, blanched,—and bent more than ever; as if old age had already touched her with its featherless wing. Often did she finger the wedding clothes of her Yann, folding them and unfolding them again and again like some maniac,—especially one of his blue woolen jerseys which still had preserved his shape: when she threw it gently on the table, it fell with the shoulders and chest well defined; so she placed it by itself in a shelf of their wardrobe, and left it there, so that it might forever rest unaltered.

Every night the cold mists sank upon the land, as she gazed over the depressing heath through her little window, and watched the thin puffs of white smoke arise from the chimneys of other cottages scattered here and there on all sides. There the husbands had returned, like wandering birds driven home by the frost. Before their blazing hearths the evenings passed, cozy and warm; for the springtime of love had begun again in this land of North Sea fishermen.

Still clinging to the thought of those islands where he might perhaps have lingered, she was buoyed up by a kind hope, and expected him home any day.

* * *

But he never returned. One August night, out off gloomy Iceland, mingled with the furious clamor of the sea, his wedding with the sea was performed. It had been his nurse; it had rocked him in his babyhood and had afterwards made him big and strong; then, in his superb manhood, it had taken him back again for itself alone. Profoundest mystery had surrounded this unhallowed union. While it went on, dark curtains hung pall-like over it as if to conceal the ceremony, and the ghoul howled in an awful, deafening voice to stifle his cries. He, thinking of Gaud, his sole, darling wife, had battled with giant strength against this deathly rival, until he at last surrendered, with a deep death-cry like the roar of a dying bull, through a mouth already filled with water; and his arms were stretched apart and stiffened forever.

All those he had invited in days of old were present at his wedding. All except Sylvestre, who had gone to sleep in the enchanted gardens far, far away, at the other side of the earth.

SAMUEL LOVER

(1797–1868)

THE lovable Irishman who wrote 'The Low-Backed Car,' 'The Irish Post-Boy,' and 'Widow Machree,' was, as Renan said, kissed by a fairy at his birth. He had that indomitable joyousness of spirit which neither stress of circumstances, nor personal sorrows, nor long-continued illness could abate. Besides this charming gayety, the generous fairy godmother bestowed on him the most various talents. He was a miniature-painter, a marine-painter, a clever etcher in the days when good etching was little practiced, a caricaturist, a composer, an accomplished singer, a novelist, and a dramatist. And with all this versatility, he possessed an immense capacity for hard work.

SAMUEL LOVER

He was born in 1797, in Dublin, where his father was a comfortable stock-broker. From his mother, whom he worshiped, he inherited his musical talents, his sensitive temperament, and his upright character. She died when he was twelve years old, but her influence never left him.

Stockbroker Lover wished to make a good business man of his clever son; who however, if he consented to add columns of figures and to correct stock lists by day, consoled himself with the practice of music and painting by night. The disgusted father sent him off to a London business house of the Gradgrind order, which had had much success in uprooting any vagrant flowers of fancy from the minds of its apprentices. But in this instance the experiment failed. At the age of seventeen, young Lover resolved to turn his back forever on day-book and ledger and set up as an artist, although he had yet to learn his craft.

He had saved a little money; he found music-copying and occasional sketching to do; and after three frugal years of close study, he exhibited some excellent miniatures and asked for patronage. Before the invention of the daguerreotype and the photograph, every «genteel» household had its collection of portraits on ivory; and the young painter made his way at once, on the score of being a capital good fellow. He could sing to his own accompaniment songs of

his own composing; he could draw caricatures of an entire dinner-company; he could recite in the richest brogue, Irish stories of his own writing: and every social assemblage welcomed him.

In 1832 he had the good fortune to paint an admirable miniature of Paganini, which the best critics pronounced a study worthy of Gerard Dow. The admiration it excited in London led in time to his removal thither. His gift for friendship soon attracted to his fireside clever personages like Talfourd, Campbell, Jerrold, Mahony, Barham, Mrs. Jamieson, Allan Cunningham, Lady Blessington, Sydney Smith, Maclise, and Wilkie. Moore was already an old friend. The beautiful Malibran and the clever Madame Vestris became his patrons, and his work was soon the fashion.

He had already published — illustrated by his own etchings — a successful series of Irish sketches, containing that delightful absurdity 'The Gridiron,' and 'Paddy the Piper.' After settling in London he brought out a second volume of the 'Legends and Tales,' and became a contributor to the new Bentley's Miscellany. His three-volume novel of 'Rory O'More' appeared in 1836. Of the title character Mahony wrote: "Hearty, honest, comic, sensible, tender, faithful, and courageous, Rory is the true ideal of the Irish peasant,—the humble hero who embodies so much of the best of the national character, and almost lifts simple emotion to the same height as ripened mind." This novel Lover dramatized with immense success; which encouraged him to write 'The White Horse of the Peppers,' three or four other plays, two or three operettas for Madame Vestris, and both the words and music of 'Il Paddy Whack in Italia,' a capital whimsicality. His portrait was included in Maclise's 'Gallery of Celebrities'; and Blackwood "discovered" him as "a new poet who is also musician, painter, and novelist, and therefore quadruply worth wondering at."

It was his clever countrywoman, Lady Morgan, who first prompted him to the writing of Irish songs. His 'Rory O'More' took the general fancy. To its strains the Queen at her coronation was escorted to Buckingham Palace. To its strains the peasant baby in its box cradle fell asleep. To its strains Phelim O'Shea footed the reel at Limerick Fair, and the ladies at Dublin Castle trod their quadrille.

'Molly Carew,' a better piece of work, would doubtless have attracted equal favor, had not the music been more difficult. 'Widow Machree,' written for the whimsical tale of 'Handy Andy,' is full of Irish character. 'What Will Ye Do, Love?' written also for 'Handy Andy,' fairly sings itself; and 'How to Ask and Have' is as pretty a piece of coquetry as any gray-eyed and barefooted beauty ever devised. 'The Road of Life,' which is the song of the Irish post-boy, was Lover's own favorite, because of its note of unobtrusive pathos. In another group are included the laughing 'Low-Backed Car,' 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' 'Mary of Tipperary,' 'Molly Bawn,' and 'The

Bowld Sojer Boy.' In all, Lover published two hundred and sixty-three songs, for more than two hundred of which he wrote or adapted the music.

'Handy Andy,' his best novel, was published in 1842. It is almost without a plot; but unrivaled as a sketch of the blundering, stupid, inconsequent peasant, whose heart is as kind as his head is dense.

In 1844 appeared Lover's most elaborate novel, 'Treasure Trove'; not so good a piece of work as its predecessors. His eyesight had begun to fail, and his purse was light. He therefore invented an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," in which he read his own stories and sang his own songs. Successful in England and Ireland, he decided in 1846 to try his fortune in the United States, where he traveled from Boston to New Orleans and back to Montreal, appearing before delighted audiences. On his return to England in 1848 he produced "American Evenings," whose Yankee songs and backwoods stories met with great favor.

During the last years of his life he wrote songs and magazine papers, and painted pictures; but attempted no continuous literary work. His health was delicate; and the need of constant labor, happily, was over. He removed to the soft climate of St. Helier's, on the Isle of Jersey; and there the kindly gentleman and accomplished artist faded gently out of life. He died in the midsummer of 1868, and was buried at Kensal Green Cemetery. He loved his race with an affection not the less fond that it was not uncritical; and it is his merit to have written the best Irish peasant sketches and the best Irish peasant songs in the language.

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day;
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay;
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there
That could compare
To the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll—
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car!

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of Death, in warlike cars!
But Peggy — peaceful goddess —
Has darts in her bright eye
That knock men down
In the market town,
As right and left they fly!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far;
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these;
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle dove,—
Well worth the cage,
I do engage,
Of the blooming god of Love.
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
While she sits in the low-backed car.

I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride;
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would be beside me,
With my arm around her waist,
As we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh, my heart would beat high,
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

WIDOW MACHREE

WIDOW machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! widow machree:
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown.
Och hone! widow machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, now the summer is come,—
Och hone! widow machree,—
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See, the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree.
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they *wish*,—
Och hone! widow machree!

Widow machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! widow machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit *you* sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! widow machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! widow machree!
With such sins on your head,
Sure your peace would be fled.
Could you sleep in your bed,
Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

Then take my advice, darling widow machree,
Och hone! widow machree;
And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,
Och hone! widow machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! widow machree!

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE

"OH, 'TIS time I should talk to your mother,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my mother says men are deceivers,
And never, I know, will consent;
She says girls in a hurry who marry
At leisure repent."

"Then suppose I would talk to your father,
Sweet Mary," says I.
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary,
Beginning to cry:
"For my father, he loves me so dearly,
He'll never consent I should go—
If you talk to my father," says Mary,
"He'll surely say 'No.'"

"Then how shall I get you, my jewel?
Sweet Mary," says I:
"If your father and mother's so cruel,
Most surely I'll die!"
"Oh, never say die, dear," says Mary;
"A way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary—
You'd better ask *me*."

THE GRIDIRON

Or, Paddy Mullowney's Travels in France

"By-the-by, Sir John," said the master, addressing a distinguished guest, "Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself), "you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plaze your Honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues my host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoins the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year 'ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic";—a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.—"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were choaked (divil choak them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it; and faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever: accordingly we prepared for the worst, and put out the

boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboord, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortial hurry we wor in — and faith, there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the Colleen Dhas went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

"Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed iligant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

"Well, away we wint for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean, — the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky: and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then — soon enough, throth — our provisions began to run low; the bishkits, and the wather, and the rum, — throth *that* was gone first of all, — God help uz: and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. 'Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint,' says I, 'I wish we could see land anywhere,' says I.

"'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sich a good wish; and throth it's myself wishes the same.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

"'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the captain, 'don't be talkin' bad of any one,' says he; 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint,' says he.

"'Thrue for you, captain darlint,' says I, — I called him darlint and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal, — 'thrue for you, captain jewel: God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite;' — and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and by gor, the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld.

Well, at the break o' day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrysthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thunder an turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

"'What for?' says he.

"'I think I see the land,' says I.

"So he ups with his bring-'m-near (that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and sure enough it was.

"'Hurrah!' says he, 'we're all right now: pull away, my boys,' says he.

"'Take care you're not mistaken,' says I; 'maybe it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint,' says I.

"'Oh no,' says he, 'it's the land in airnest.'

"'Oh then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain?' says I: 'maybe it id be in Roosia, or Proosia, or the Jarman Oceant?' says I.

"'Tut, you fool,' says he,—for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else,—'tut, you fool,' says he, 'that's *France*,' says he.

"'Tare an ouns,' says I, 'do you tell me so? and how do you know it's France it is, captain dear?' says I.

"'Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now,' says he.

"'Throth I was thinkin' so myself,' says I, 'by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same:' and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and with the help o' God, never will.

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light: and when I seen my life was safe I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, 'Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.'

"'Why, then,' says he, 'thunder and turf,' says he, 'what puts a gridiron into your head?'

"'Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger,' says I.

"'And sure, bad luck to you,' says he, 'you couldn't ate a gridiron,' says he, 'barrin you wor a pelican o' the wildherness,' says he.

"'Ate a gridiron!' says I; 'och, in throth I'm not sich a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But sure if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,' says I.

"'Arrah! but where's the beefsteak?' says he.

"'Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork?' says I.

"'Be gor, I never thought o' that,' says the captain. 'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

"'Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke,' says I.

"'Thrue for you, Paddy,' says he.

"'Well, then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearing the land all the time), 'and sure I can ax thim for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

"'Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnest now,' says he: 'you gommoch,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France, and sure they're all furriners there,' says the captain.

"'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

"'What do you mane?' says he.

"'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you: that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

"'Make me sinsible,' says he.

"'By dad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I;—and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Jarman Oceant.

"'Lave aff your humbuggin',' says he, 'I bid you; and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'Oh, your humble sarvant,' says he: 'why, by gor, you're a scholar, Paddy.'

"'Throth, you may say that,' says I.

"'Why, you're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says the captain, jeerin' like.

"'You're not the first that said that,' says I, 'whether you joke or no.'

"'Oh, but I'm in airnest,' says the captain; 'and do you tell me, Paddy,' says he, 'that you spake Frinch?'

"'*Parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'By gor, that bangs Banagher; and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o' you, Paddy,' says he: 'pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful before long.'

"So with that it was no sooner said nor done; they pulled away and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the

boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand,—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer,—and out I got: and it's stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther bein' cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowld and hunger; but I conthrived to scramble on, one way or t'other, towards a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"'By the powdhers o' war, I'm all right,' says I,—'there's a house there;' and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher ating their dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to thim, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely—and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopped ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me; and faith they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite: but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, 'I beg your pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating,' says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'I'd be entirely obleeged to ye.'

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that says I (knowin' what was in their minds), 'indeed, it's thrue for you,' says I, 'I'm tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin',' says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity,—with that says I, 'Oh! not at all,' says I, 'by no manes: we have plenty o' mate ourselves there below, and we'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be pleased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever: and faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I, to a fine ould man with a head of

hair as white as silver,—'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir: aren't you furriners?' says I. '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads: and faith, myself began to feel flusthered like, and onaisy; and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to 'munseer' me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me: and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthriss,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrop o' drink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte.*'

"Well, the words *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear: and so I thought I'd give another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, '*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and bad scram to you.'

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about long tongs.

"'Phoo! the divil sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I: 'I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I: '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer.'

"'Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'and howld your prate.'

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, 'Bad cess to the

likes o' that I ever seen,—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you: the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

"So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and says I, turnin' back, 'Well, I'll give you one chance more, you ould thief,—are you a Chrishthan at all at all? are you a furriner?' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you undherstand your own language?—*parly voo frongsay?*' says I.

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then thunder an turf,' says I, 'will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?'

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me: and so with that, 'the curse o' the hungry an you, you ould negarly villian,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,' says I; 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I: and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away—and in throth it's often sence that *I thought that it was remarkable.*"

J. R. LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819–1891)

BY HENRY JAMES

THE formula would not be hard to find which would best, at the outset, introduce to readers the author of the following extracts and specimens. With a certain close propriety that seems to give him, among Americans of his time, the supreme right, James Russell Lowell wears the title of a man of letters. He was a master of verse and a political disputant; he was to some extent a journalist, and in a high degree an orator; he administered learning in a great university; he was concerned, in his later years, with public affairs, and represented in two foreign countries the interests of the United States. Yet there is only one term to which, in an appreciation, we can without a sense of injustice give precedence over the others. He was the American of his time most saturated with literature and most directed to criticism; the American also whose character and endowment were such as to give this saturation and this direction — this intellectual experience, in short — most value. He added to the love of learning the love of expression; and his attachment to these things — to poetry, to history, to language, form, and style — was such as to make him, the greater part of his life, more than anything a man of study: but his temperament was proof against the dryness of the air of knowledge, and he remained to the end the least pale, the least passionless of scholars.

He was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, on February 22d, 1819, and died in the same house on August 12th, 1891. His inheritance of every kind contributed to the easy play of his gifts and the rich uniformity of his life. He was of the best and oldest New England — of partly clerical — stock; a stock robust and supple, and which has given to its name many a fruit-bearing branch. We read him but dimly in not reading into him, as it were, everything that was present, around him, in race and place; and perhaps also in not seeing him in relation to some of the things that were absent. He is one more instance of the way in which the poet's message is almost always, as to what it contains or omits, a testimony to personal circumstance, a communication of the savor of the mother soil. He figures to us thus — more handsomely than any competitor — as New

England conscious of its powers and its standards, New England accomplished and articulate. He grew up in clerical and collegiate air, at half an hour's walk from the cluster of homely halls that are lost to-day in the architectural parade of the modernized Harvard. He spent fifty years of his life in the shade, or the sunshine, of Alma Mater; a connection which was to give his spirit just enough of the unrest of responsibility, and his style just too much perhaps of the authority of the pedagogue. His early years unfolded with a security and a simplicity that the middle ones enriched without disturbing; and the long presence of which, with its implications of leisure, of quietude, of reflection and concentration, supplies in all his work an element of agreeable relish not lessened by the suggestion of a certain meagreness of personal experience. He took his degree in 1838; he married young, in 1844, then again in 1857; he inherited, on the death of his father in 1861, the commodious old house of Elmwood (in those days more embowered and more remote), in which his life was virtually to be spent. With a small family — a single daughter — but also a small patrimony, and a deep indifference — his abiding characteristic — to any question of profit or fortune, the material condition he had from an early time to meet was the rather blank face turned to the young American who in that age, and in the consecrated phrase, embraced literature as a profession. The embrace, on Lowell's part as on that of most such aspirants, was at first more tender than coercive; and he was no exception to the immemorial rule of propitiating the idol with verse. This verse took in 1841 the form of his first book; a collection of poems elsewhere printed and unprinted, but not afterwards republished.

His history from this time, at least for many years, would be difficult to write save as a record of stages, phases, dates too particular for a summary. The general complexion of the period is best presented in the simple statement that he was able to surrender on the spot to his talent and his taste. There is something that fairly charms, as we look at his life, in the almost complete elimination of interference or deviation: it makes a picture exempt from all shadow of the usual image of genius hindered or inclination blighted. Drama and disaster could spring as little from within as from without; and no one in the country probably led a life — certainly for so long a time — of intellectual amenity so great in proportion to its intensity. There was more intensity perhaps for such a spirit as Emerson's: but there was, if only by that fact, more of moral ravage and upheaval; there was less of applied knowledge and successful form, less of the peace of art. Emerson's utterance, his opinions, seem to-day to give us a series, equally full of beauty and void of order, of noble experiments and fragments. Washington Irving and Longfellow, on the

other hand, if they show us the amenity, show us also, in their greater abundance and diffusion, a looseness, an exposure; they sit as it were with open doors, more or less in the social draught. Hawthorne had further to wander and longer to wait; and if he too, in the workshop of art, kept tapping his silver hammer, it was never exactly the nail of thought that he strove to hit on the head. What is true of Hawthorne is truer still of Poe; who, if he had the peace of art, had little of any other. Lowell's evolution was all in what I have called his saturation, in the generous scale on which he was able to gather in and to store up impressions. The three terms of his life for most of the middle time were a quiet fireside, a quiet library, a singularly quiet community. The personal stillness of the world in which for the most part he lived, seems to abide in the delightful paper — originally included in 'Fireside Travels' — on 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago.' It gives the impression of conditions in which literature might well become an alternate world, and old books, old authors, old names, old stories, constitute in daily commerce the better half of one's company. Complications and distractions were not, even so far as they occurred, appreciably his own portion; except indeed for their being — some of them, in their degree — of the general essence of the life of letters. If books have their destinies, they have also their antecedents; and in the face of the difficulty of trying for perfection with a rough instrument, it cannot of course be said that even concentration shuts the door upon pain. If Lowell had all the joys of the scholar and the poet, he was also, and in just that degree, not a stranger to the pangs and the weariness that accompany the sense of exactitude, of proportion, and of beauty; that feeling for intrinsic success, which in the long run becomes a grievous burden for shoulders that have in the rash confidence of youth accepted it, — becomes indeed in the artist's breast the incurable, intolerable ache.

But such drama as could not mainly, after all, be played out within the walls of his library, came to him, on the whole, during half a century, only in two or three other forms. I mention first the subordinate, — which were all, as well, in the day's work: the long grind of teaching the promiscuous and preoccupied young, and those initiations of periodical editorship which, either as worries or as triumphs, may never perhaps be said to strike very deep. In 1855 he entered, at Harvard College, upon the chair just quitted by Longfellow: a comprehensive professorship in literature, that of France and that of Spain in particular. He conducted on its foundation, for four years, the Atlantic Monthly; and carried on from 1862, in conjunction with Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, the North American Review, in which his best critical essays appeared. There were published the

admirable article on Lessing, that on 'Rousseau and the Sentimentalists,' that on Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' the rich, replete paper on 'Witchcraft,' the beautiful studies (1872–1875) of Dante, Spenser, and Wordsworth; and the brilliant *jeux d'esprit*, as their overflow of critical wit warrants our calling them, on such subjects as (1866) sundry infirmities of the poetical temper of Swinburne, or such occasions as were offered (1865) by the collected writings of Thoreau, or (1867) by the 'Life and Letters' of James Gates Percival,—occasions mainly to run to earth a certain shade of the provincial spirit. Of his career from early manhood to the date of his going in 1877 as minister to Spain, the two volumes of his correspondence published in 1893 by Mr. Norton give a picture reducible to a presentment of study in happy conditions, and of opinions on "moral" questions; an image subsequently thrown somewhat into the shade, but still keeping distinctness and dignity for those who at the time had something of a near view of it. Lowell's great good fortune was to believe for so long that opinions and study sufficed him. There came in time a day when he lent himself to more satisfactions than he literally desired; but it is difficult to imagine a case in which the literary life should have been a preparation for the life of the world. There was so much in him of the man and the citizen, as well as of the poet and the professor, that with the full reach of curiosities and sympathies, his imagination found even in narrow walls, windows of long range. It was during these years, at any rate, that his poetical and critical spirit were formed; and I speak of him as our prime man of letters precisely on account of the unhurried and unhindered process of the formation. Literature was enough, without being too much, his trade: it made of his life a reservoir never condemned, by too much tapping, to show low water. We have had critics much more frequent, but none more abundant; we have had poets more abundant, but none more acquainted with poetry. This acquaintance with poetry bore fruits of a quality to which I shall presently allude; his critical activity, meantime, was the result of the impulse given by the responsibilities of instructorship to the innermost turn of his mind. His studies could deepen and widen at their ease. The university air soothed, but never smothered; Europe was near enough to touch, but not tormentingly to overlap; the intimate friends were more excellent than numerous, the college feasts just recurrent enough to keep wit in exercise, and the country walks not so blank as to be unsweetened by a close poetic notation of every aspect and secret of nature. He absorbed and lectured and wrote, talked and edited and published; and had, the while, struck early in the day the note from which, for a long time, his main public identity was to spring.

This note, the first of the 'Biglow Papers,' was sounded in the summer of 1846, the moment of the outbreak of the Mexican War. It presented not quite as yet so much an "American humorist" the more, as the very possibility or fact of the largest expressiveness in American humor. If he was the first of the dialectic and colloquial group in the order of time, so he was to remain, on this ground, the master and the real authority. The 'Biglow Papers' were an accident, begun without plan or forecast: but by the accident the author was, in a sense, determined and prompted; he himself caught from them and from their success a fuller idea of the "Yankee" character, lighted up by every advantage that wit and erudition could lend it. Lowell found himself, on the spot, committed to giving it such aid to literary existence as it could never have had without him. His conception of all the fine things of the mind — of intelligence, honesty, judgment, knowledge — was placed straight at the service of the kind of American spirit that he was conscious of in himself, and that he sought in his three or four typical figures to make ironic and racy.

The 'Biglow Papers' are in this relation an extraordinary performance and a rare work of art: in what case, on the part of an artist, has the national consciousness, passionately acute, arrived at a form more independent, more objective? If they were a disclosure of this particular artist's humor, and of the kind of passion that could most possess him, they represent as well the element that for years gave his life its main enlargement, and as may be said its main agitation, — the element that preserved him from dryness, from the danger of the dilettante. This safeguard was his care for public things and national questions; those to which, even in his class-rooms and his polishings of verse, all others were subordinate. He was politically an ardent liberal, and had from the first engaged with all the force of his imagination on the side that has figured at all historical moments as the cause of reform. Reform, in his younger time, meant above all resistance to the extension of slavery; then it came to mean — and by so doing, to give occasion during the Civil War to a fresh and still finer 'Biglow' series — resistance to the pretension of the Southern States to set up a rival republic. The two great impulses he received from without were given him by the outbreak of the war, and — after these full years and wild waves had gradually ebbed — by his being appointed minister to Spain. The latter event began a wholly new period, though serving as a channel for much, for even more perhaps, of the old current; meanwhile, at all events, no account of his most productive phases at least can afford not to touch on the large part, the supreme part, played in his life by the intensity, and perhaps I may go so far as to say the simplicity, of

his patriotism. Patriotism had been the keynote of an infinite quantity of more or less felicitous behavior; but perhaps it had never been so much as in Lowell the keynote of reflection and of the moral tone, of imagination and conversation. Action, in this case, could mainly be but to *feel* as American as possible,—with an inevitable overflow of course into whatever was the expression of the moment. It might often have seemed to those who often—or even to those who occasionally—saw him, that his case was almost unique, and that the national consciousness had never elsewhere been so cultivated save under the stress of national frustration or servitude. It was in fact, in a manner, as if he had been aware of certain forces that made for oppression; of some league of the nations and the arts, some consensus of tradition and patronage, to treat as still in tutelage or on its trial the particular connection of which he happened most to be proud.

The secret of the situation was that he could only, could actively, "cultivate" as a retort to cultivation. There were American phenomena that, as he gathered about the world, cultivation in general deemed vulgar; and on this all his genius rose within him to show what *his* cultivation could make of them. It enabled him to make so much that all the positive passion in his work is for the direct benefit of patriotism. That, beyond any other irritation of the lyric temperament, is what makes him ardent. In nothing, moreover, is he more interesting than in the very nature of his vision of this humorous "Yankeeism" of type. He meant something it was at that time comparatively easy, as well as perhaps a trifle more directly inspiring, to mean; for his life opened out backward into Puritan solidities and dignities. However this be, at any rate, his main care for the New England—or, as may almost be said, for the Cambridge—consciousness, as he embodied it, was that it could be fed from as many sources as any other in the world, and assimilate them with an ingenuity all its own: literature, life, poetry, art, wit, all the growing experience of human intercourse. His great honor is that in this direction he led it to high success; and if the 'Biglow Papers' express supremely his range of imagination about it, they render the American tone the service of placing it in the best literary company,—that of all his other affinities and echoes, his love of the older English and the older French, of all classics and romantics and originals, of Dante and Goethe, of Cervantes and the Elizabethans; his love, in particular, of the history of language and of the complex questions of poetic form. If they had no other distinction, they would have that of one of the acutest of all studies in linguistics. They are more literary, in short, than they at first appear; which is at once the strength and the weakness of his poetry in general,

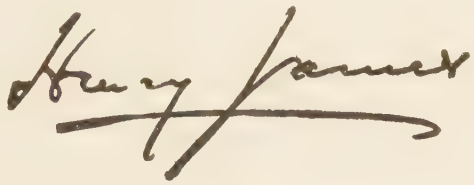
literary indeed as most of it is at sight. The chords of his lyre were of the precious metal, but not perhaps always of the last lyric tenuity. He struck them with a hand not idle enough for mere moods, and yet not impulsive enough for the great reverberations. He was sometimes too ingenious, as well as too reasonable and responsible; this leaves him, on occasion, too much in the grasp of a certain morally conservative humor,—a side on which he touches the authors of "society" verse,—or else mixes with his emotion an intellectual substance, a something alien, that tends to stiffen and retard it. Perhaps I only mean indeed that he had always something to say, and his sturdiness as well as his "cleverness" about the way it should be said. It is congruous, no doubt, with his poetic solidity that his highest point in verse is reached by his 'Harvard Commemoration Ode,' a poem for an occasion at once public and intimate; a sustained lament for young lives, in the most vividly sacrificed of which he could divide with the academic mother something of the sentiment of proud ownership. It is unfair to speak of lines so splendid as these as not warmed by the noble thought with which they are charged; —even if it be of the very nature of the English ode to show us always, at its best, something of the chill of the poetic Exercise.

I may refer, however, as little to the detail of his verse as to that of the robust body of his prose. The latter consists of richly accomplished literary criticism, and of a small group of public addresses; and would obviously be much more abundant were we in possession of all the wrought material of Harvard lectures and professorial talks. If we are not, it is because Lowell recognized no material as wrought till it had passed often through the mill. He embarked on no *magnum opus*, historical, biographical, critical; he contented himself with uttering thought that had great works in its blood. It was for the great works and the great figures he cared; he was a critic of a pattern mainly among ourselves superseded—superseded so completely that he seems already to have receded into time, and to belong to an age of vulgarity less blatant. If he was in educated appreciation the most distinct voice that the United States had produced, this is partly, no doubt, because the chatter of the day and the triumph of the trivial could even then still permit him to be audible, permit him to show his office as supported on knowledge and on a view of the subject. He represented so well the use of a view of the subject that he may be said to have represented best what at present strikes us as most urgent; the circumstance, namely, that so far from being a chamber surrendering itself from the threshold to the ignorant young of either sex, criticism is positively and miraculously *not* the simplest and most immediate, but the most postponed and complicated of the arts, the last qualified

for and arrived at, the one requiring behind it most maturity, most power to understand and compare.

One is disposed to say of him, in spite of his limited production, that he belonged to the massive race, and even has for the present the air of one of the last of it. The two volumes of his 'Letters' help, in default of a biography, the rest of his work in testifying to this; and would do so still more if the collection had comprised more letters of the time of his last period in Europe. His diplomatic years — he was appointed in 1880 minister to England — form a chapter by themselves; they gave a new turn to his career, and made a different thing of what was to remain of it. They checked, save here and there for an irrepressible poem, his literary production; but they opened a new field — in the mother-land of «occasional» oratory — for his beautiful command of the spoken word. He spoke often from this moment, and always with his admirable mixture of breadth and wit; with so happy a surrender indeed to this gift that his two finest addresses, that on 'Democracy' (Birmingham, 1884) and that on the Harvard Anniversary of 1886, connect themselves with the reconsecration, late in life, of his eloquence. It was a singular fortune, and possible for an American alone, that such a want of peculiarly professional, of technical training, should have been consistent with a degree of success that appeared to reduce training to unimportance. Nothing was more striking, in fact, than that what Lowell had most in England to show was simply all the air and all the effect of preparedness. If I have alluded to the best name we can give him and the best niche we can make for him, let this be partly because letters exactly met in him a more distinguished recognition than usually falls to their lot. It was they that had prepared him really; prepared him — such is the subtlety of their operation — even for the things from which they are most divorced. He reached thus the phase in which he took from them as much as he had given; represented them in a new, insidious way. It was of course in his various speeches that his preparedness came out most; most enjoyed the superlative chance of becoming, by the very fact of its exercise, one of the safeguards of an international relation that he would have blushed not to have done his utmost to keep inviolable. He had the immense advantage that the very voice in which he could speak — so much at once that of his masculine, pugnacious intellect, and that of the best side of the race — was a plea for everything the millions of English stock have in common. This voice, as I may call it, that sounds equally in every form of his utterance, was his great gift to his time. In poetry, in satire, in prose, and on his lips, it was from beginning to end the manliest, the most ringing, to be heard. He was essentially a fighter: he could

always begin the attack; could always, in criticism as in talk, sound the charge and open the fire. The old Puritan conscience was deep in him, with its strong and simple vision, even in æsthetic things, of evil and of good, of wrong and of right; and his magnificent wit was all at its special service. He armed it, for vindication and persuasion, with all the amenities, the "humanities" — with weapons as sharp and bright as it has ever carried.



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SI DESCENDERO IN INFERNUM, ADES

O WANDERING dim on the extremest edge
Of God's bright providence, whose spirits sigh
Drearily in you, like the winter sedge
That shivers o'er the dead pool stiff and dry,—
A thin, sad voice, when the bold wind roars by
From the clear North of Duty,—
Still by cracked arch and broken shaft I trace
That here was once a shrine and holy place
Of the supernal beauty,
A child's play-altar reared of stones and moss,
With wilted flowers for offering laid across,
Mute recognition of the all-ruling Grace.

How far are ye from the innocent, from those
Whose hearts are as a little lane serene,
Smooth-heaped from wall to wall with unbroke snows,
Or in the summer blithe with lamb-cropped green,
Save the one track, where naught more rude is seen
Than the plump wain at even
Bringing home four months' sunshine bound in sheaves!
How far are ye from those! yet who believes
That ye can shut out heaven?
Your souls partake its influence, not in vain
Nor all unconscious, as that silent lane
Its drift of noiseless apple blooms receives.

Looking within myself, I note how thin
A plank of station, chance, or prosperous fate,
Doth fence me from the clutching waves of sin;
In my own heart I find the worst man's mate,
And see not dimly the smooth-hingèd gate
That opes to those abysses
Where ye grope darkly,—ye who never knew
On your young hearts love's consecrating dew,
Or felt a mother's kisses,
Or home's restraining tendrils round you curled:
Ah, side by side with heart's-ease in this world
The fatal nightshade grows, and bitter rue!

One band ye cannot break,—the force that clips
And grasps your circles to the central light;
Yours is the prodigal comet's long ellipse,
Self-exiled to the farthest verge of night:
Yet strives with you no less that inward might
No sin hath e'er imbruted;
The god in you the creed-dimmed eye eludes;
The Law brooks not to have its solitudes
By bigot feet polluted:
Yet they who watch your God-compelled return
May see your happy perihelion burn
Where the calm sun his unfledged planets broods.

HEBE

I saw the twinkle of white feet,
I saw the flash of robes descending;
Before her ran an influence fleet,
That bowed my heart like barley bending.

As, in bare fields, the searching bees
Pilot to blooms beyond our finding,
It led me on, by sweet degrees
Joy's simple honey-cells unbinding.

Those Graces were, that seemed grim Fates;
With nearer love the sky leaned o'er me;
The long-sought Secret's golden gates
On musical hinges swung before me.

I saw the brimmed bowl in her grasp
Thrilling with godhood; like a lover

I sprang the proffered life to clasp;—
The beaker fell; the luck was over.

The earth has drunk the vintage up:
What boots it patch the goblet's splinters?
Can summer fill the icy cup,
Whose treacherous crystal is but winter's?

O spendthrift haste! Await the gods;
The nectar crowns the lips of patience;
Haste scatters on unthankful sods
The immortal gift in vain libations.

Coy Hebe flies from those that woo,
And shuns the hands would seize upon her:
Follow thy life, and she will sue
To pour for thee the cup of honor.

SHE CAME AND WENT

As a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;—
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;—
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went.

THE CHANGELING

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee;
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eye-lids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also:
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was;
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast:
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Prelude to Part First

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay;
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.
Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
Waits with its Benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us:
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God wills it;

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by:
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow?

Part First

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For to-morrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail:
Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,

And perchance there may come a vision true
Ere day create the world anew."
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim;
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees:
The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;
Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied;
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though around it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth; so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his maiden mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
For this man, so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,—
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:—
"Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door:
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives but a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,—
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms;
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

Prelude to Part Second

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare;
The little brook heard it, and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him winter-proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;

He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter;
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly;
Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide;
The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;
Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
Hunted to death in its galleries blind;
And swift little troops of silent sparks,
Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
Go threading the soot forest's tangled darks
Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp;
Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
And rattles and wrings
The icy strings,

Singing in dreary monotone
A Christmas carol of its own,
Whose burden still, as he might guess,
Was "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch
As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,
Through the window slits of the castle old,
Build out its piers of ruddy light
Against the drift of the cold.

Part Second

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate:
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail.
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross;
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas-time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago.
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,

As over the red-hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms:"
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,—
The leper, lank as the rain-blanched bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said, "I behold in thee
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!"

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust:
He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
That mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was softer than silence said:—
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail:
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed
In whatso we share with another's need.
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swound:—
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall,
Let it be the spider's banquet-hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

The castle gate stands open now,
And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm-tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall.
The summer's long siege at last is o'er:
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground;
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

FROM 'THE BIGLOW PAPERS'

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle-drums o' yourn,—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with moldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be,—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it ain't your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Sence we farmers hev to pay fer 't,
Ef you must wear humps like these,
S'posin' you should try salt hay fer 't,—
It would du ez slick ez grease.

'Twouldn't suit them Southun fellers:
They're a dreffle graspin' set;
We must ollers blow the bellers
W'en they want their irons het;
Maybe it's all right ez preachin',
But *my* narves it kind o' grates,
Wen I see the overreachin'
O' them nigger-drivin' States.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Hain't they cut a thunderin' swarth
(Helped by Yankee renegaders)
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—
Who'd expect to see a tater
All on eend at bein' biled?

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that:
God hez sed so plump an' fairly;
It's ez long ez it is broad;
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,—
God 'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go a-mowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So 's to lug new slave States in,
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Ain't it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to get the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
W'y, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,—
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make w'ite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart:
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame;
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Tain't by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by w'ite;
Slavery ain't o' nary color,
'Tain't the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll hev to wait;
W'en cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
W'ether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow:
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Ain't they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't, guess they'll sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves;
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble;
Help the many agin the few;
Help the men thet call your people
W'itewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

Massachusetts, God forgive her,
She's a-kneelin' with the rest,—
She, thet ough' to ha' clung ferever
In her grand old eagle-nest;
She thet ough' to stand so fearless
W'ile the wracks are round her hurled,
Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!

Hain't they sold your colored seamen?
Hain't they made your env'ys w'iz?
Wut'll make ye act like freemen?
Wut'll git your dander riz?
Come, I'll tell ye wut I'm thinkin'
Is our dooty in this fix,—
They'd ha' done 't ez quick ez winkin'
In the days o' seventy-six.

Clang the bells in every steeple;
Call all true men to disown
The tradoocers of our people,
The enslavers o' their own;
Let our dear old Bay State proudly
Put the trumpet to her mouth;
Let her ring this messidge loudly
In the ears of all the South:—

«I'll return ye good fer evil
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man;
Call me coward, call me traiter,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand a tyrant-hater,
An' the friend o' God an' Peace!»

Ef I'd *my* way, I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,
They take one way, we take t'other,—
Guess it wouldn't break my heart:
Man hed ough' to put asunder
Them thet God has noways jined;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

GUVENER B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him, o' course,—thet's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder, an' guns, an' all that:
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wun't vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself:
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally princerple more 'n an' old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't;
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry:*

An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum:
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an' of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team w'en it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right ef he hollers out Gee!

THE COURTIN'

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in:
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
  Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
  The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crooknecks hung,
  An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
  Fetched back f'om Concord — busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
  Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin';
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
  Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin'-o' kingdom-come to look
  On sech a blessed cretur;
A dog-rose blushin' to a brook
  Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A1;
  Clear grit an' human natur';
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
  Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
  Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,—
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells,—
  All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
  All crinkly like curled maple;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
  Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
  Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made 'Ole Hunderd' ring,
  She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
  When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru its crown a pair
  O' blue eyes sot upun it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
  She seemed to 've gut a new soul;

For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper:
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle;
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work.
Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal — no — I come dasignin'" —
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be persumin:
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other;
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' — Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snow-hid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy;
An' all I know is, they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

MR. HOSEA BIGLOW TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY .

DEAR SIR,—Your letter come to han'
Requestin' me to please be funny;
But I ain't made upon a plan
Thet knows wut's comin', gall or honey:
Ther's times the world doos look so queer,
Odd fancies come afore I call 'em;
An' then agin, for half a year,
No preacher 'thout a call 's more solemn.

You're 'n want o' sunthin' light an' cute,
Rattlin' an' shrewd an' kin' o' jingleish,
An' wish, pervidin' it 'ould suit,
I'd take an' citify my English.
I *ken* write long-tailed, ef I please,—
But when I'm jokin', no, I thankee:
Then, 'fore I know it, my idees
Run helter-skelter into Yankee.

Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';
The parson's books, life, death, an' time
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin':
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,
Thet love her 'z though she wuz a woman;
Why, th' ain't a bird upon the tree
But half forgives my bein' human.

An' yit I love th' unhighschooled way
Ol' farmers hed when I wuz younger:
Their talk wuz meatier, an' 'ould stay,
While book froth seems to whet your hunger;

For puttin' in a downright lick
'Twixt Humbug's eyes, ther's few can metch it;
An' then it helves my thoughts ez slick
Ez stret-grained hickory doos a hetchet.

But when I can't, I can't, thet's all;
For Natur' won't put up with gullin';
Idees you hev to shove an' haul
Like a druv pig, ain't wuth a mullein:
Live thoughts ain't sent for; thru all rifts
O' sense they pour an' resh ye onwards,
Like rivers when south-lyin' drifts
Feel thet th' old airth's a-wheelin' sunwards.

Time wuz, the rhymes come crowdin' thick
Ez office-seekers arter 'lection,
An' into ary place 'ould stick
Without no bother nor objection:
But since the war my thoughts hang back
Ez though I wanted to enlist 'em,
An' subs'tutes,—*they* don't never lack,
But then they'll slope afore you've mist 'em.

Nothin' don't seem like wut it wuz;
I can't see wut there is to hender,
An' yit my brains jes' go buzz, buzz,
Like bumblebees agin a winder:
'Fore these times come, in all airth's row,
Ther' wuz one quiet place, my head in,
Where I could hide an' think — but now
It's all one teeter, hopin', dreadin'.

Where's Peace? I start, some clear-blown night,
When gaunt stone walls grow numb an' number,
An', creakin' 'cross the snow-crus' white,
Walk the col' starlight into summer;
Up grows the moon, an' swell by swell
Thru the pale pasturs silvers dimmer
Than the last smile thet strives to tell
O' love gone heavenward in its shimmer.

I hev been gladder o' sech things
Than cocks o' spring or bees o' clover:
They filled my heart with livin' springs,
But now they seem to freeze 'em over;

Sights innercent ez babes on knee,
Peaceful ez eyes o' pastur'd cattle,
Jes' coz they be so, seem to me
To rile me more with thoughts o' battle.

In-doors an' out by spells I try:
Ma'am Natur' keeps her spin-wheel goin',
But leaves my natur' stiff and dry
Ez fiel's o' clover arter mowin';
An' her jes' keepin' on the same,
Calmer 'n a clock, an' never carin',
An' findin' nary thing to blame,
Is wus than ef she took to swearin'.

Snowflakes come whisperin' on the pane
The charm makes blazin' logs so pleasant;
But I can't hark to wut they're say'n',
With Grant or Sherman ollers present:
The chimbleys shudder in the gale,
Thet lulls, then suddin takes to flappin'
Like a shot hawk; but all's ez stale
To me ez so much sperit-rappin'.

Under the yaller-pines I house,
When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,
An' hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented;
While 'way o'erhead, ez sweet an' low
Ez distant bells thet ring for meetin',
The wedged wil' geese their bugles blow,
Further an' further south retreatin'.

Or up the slippery knob I strain
An' see a hundred hills like islan's
Lift their blue woods in broken chain
Out o' the sea o' snowy silence;
The farm smokes — sweetes' sight on airth —
Slow thru the winter air a-shrinkin',
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth
Of empty places set me thinkin'.

Beaver roars hoarse with meltin' snows,
An' rattles di'mon's from his granite:
Time wuz, he snatched away my prose,
An' into psalms or satires ran it;

But he, nor all the rest thet once
Started my blood to country-dances,
Can't set me goin' more'n a dunce
Thet hain't no use for dreams an' fancies.

Rat-tat-tat-tattle thru the street
I hear the drummers makin' riot,
An' I set thinkin' o' the feet
Thet follered once an' now are quiet;
White feet ez snowdrops innercent,
Thet never knowed the paths o' Satan,
Whose comin' step ther's ears thet won't,
No, not lifelong, leave off awaitin'.

Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
Didn't I love to see 'em growin',—
Three likely lads ez wal could be,
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
I set an' look into the blaze
Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin'
Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
An' half despise myself for rhymin'.

Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
To him who, deadly hurt, agen
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,
Tippin' with fire the bolt of men
Thet rived the Rebel line asunder?

'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,
All throbbin' full o' gifts an' graces,
Leavin' life's paupers dry ez dust
To try an' make b'lieve fill their places:
Nothin' but tells us wut we miss;
Ther's gaps our lives can't never fay in;
An' *thet* world seems so fur from this
Lef' for us loafers to grow gray in!

My eyes cloud up for rain; my mouth
Will take to twitchin' roun' the corners:
I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sot among the scorners;

I 'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez yourn, Jeff Davis!

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honor lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes that tell o' triumph tasted!
Come, with han' grippin' on the hilt,
An' step thet proves ye Victory's daughter!
Longin' for you, our sperits wilt
Like shipwrecked men's on raf's for water.

Come, while our country feels the lift
Of a gret instinct shoutin' "Forwards!"
An' knows thet freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
Come, sech ez mothers prayed for, when
They kissed their cross with lips thet quivered,
An' bring fair wages for brave men,
A nation saved, a race delivered!

THE WASHERS OF THE SHROUD

ALONG a river-side, I know not where,
I walked one night in mystery of dream;
A chill creeps curdling yet beneath my hair,
To think what chanced me by the pallid gleam
Of a moon-wraith that waned through haunted air.

Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow-mist
Their halos, wavering thistle-downs of light;
The loon, that seemed to mock some goblin tryst,
Laughed; and the echoes, huddling in affright,
Like Odin's hounds, fled baying down the night.

Then all was silent, till there smote my ear
A movement in the stream that checked my breath:
Was it the slow plash of a wading deer?
But something said, "This water is of Death!
The Sisters wash a shroud,—ill thing to hear!"

I, looking then, beheld the ancient Three
Known to the Greek's and to the Northman's creed,

That sit in shadow of the mystic Tree,
Still crooning, as they weave their endless brede,
One song: "Time was, Time is, and Time shall be."

No wrinkled crones were they, as I had deemed,
But fair as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,
To mourner, lover, poet, ever seemed;
Something too high for joy, too deep for sorrow,
Thrilled in their tones, and from their faces gleamed.

"Still men and nations reap as they have strawn,"—
So sang they, working at their task the while;
"The fatal raiment must be cleansed ere dawn:
For Austria? Italy? the Sea-Queen's isle?
O'er what quenched grandeur must our shroud be drawn?

"Or is it for a younger, fairer corse,
That gathered States like children round his knees,
That tamed the wave to be his posting-horse,
Feller of forests, linker of the seas,
Bridge-builder, hammerer, youngest son of Thor's?

"What make we, murmur'st thou? and what are we?
When empires must be wound, we bring the shroud,
The time-old web of the implacable Three:
Is it too coarse for him, the young and proud?
Earth's mightiest deigned to wear it,—why not he?"

"Is there no hope?" I moaned, "so strong, so fair!
Our Fowler whose proud bird would brook erewhile
No rival's swoop in all our western air!
Gather the ravens, then, in funeral file
For him, life's morn yet golden in his hair?

"Leave me not hopeless, ye unpitying dames!
I see, half seeing. Tell me, ye who scanned
The stars, Earth's elders, still must noblest aims
Be traced upon oblivious ocean sands?
Must Hesper join the wailing ghosts of names?"

"When grass blades stiffen with red battle dew,
Ye deem we choose the victor and the slain:
Say, choose we them that shall be leal and true
To the heart's longing, the high faith of brain?
Yet there the victory lies, if ye but knew.

"Three roots bear up Dominion: Knowledge, Will,—
These twain are strong, but stronger yet the third,—

Obedience,—'tis the great tap-root that still,
Knit round the rock of Duty, is not stirred,
Though Heaven-loosed tempests spend their utmost skill.

"Is the doom sealed for Hesper? 'Tis not we
Denounce it, but the Law before all time:
The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, paltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril: which shall Hesper be?

"Hath he let vultures climb his eagle's seat
To make Jove's bolts purveyors of their maw?
Hath he the Many's plaudits found more sweet
Than Wisdom? held Opinion's wind for Law?
Then let him hearken for the doomster's feet!

"Rough are the steps, slow-hewn in flintiest rock,
States climb to power by; slippery those with gold
Down which they stumble to eternal mock:
No chafferer's hand shall long the sceptre hold,
Who, given a Fate to shape, would sell the block.

"We sing old Sagas, songs of weal and woe,
Mystic because too cheaply understood;
Dark sayings are not ours; men hear and know,
See Evil weak, see strength alone in Good,
Yet hope to stem God's fire with walls of tow.

"Time Was unlocks the riddle of Time Is,
That offers choice of glory or of gloom;
The solver makes Time Shall Be surely his.
But hasten, Sisters! for even now the tomb
Grates its slow hinge and calls from the abyss."

"But not for him," I cried,—"not yet for him
Whose large horizon, westering, star by star
Wins from the void to where on Ocean's rim
The sunset shuts the world with golden bar,—
Not yet his thews shall fail, his eye grow dim!

"His shall be larger manhood, saved for those
That walk unblenching through the trial fires;
Not suffering, but faint heart, is worst of woes,
And he no base-born son of craven sires,
Whose eye need blench confronted with his foes.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;

Peace, too, brings tears; and 'mid the battle din,
The wiser ear some text of God divines,—
For the sheathed blade may rust with darker sin.

"God, give us peace! not such as lulls to sleep,
But sword on thigh, and brow with purpose knit!
And let our Ship of State to harbor sweep,
Her ports all up, her battle lanterns lit,
And her leashed thunders gathering for their leap!"

So cried I with clenched hands and passionate pain,
Thinking of dear ones by Potomac's side;
Again the loon laughed mocking, and again
The echoes bayed far down the night and died,
While waking I recalled my wandering brain.

MEMORIÆ POSITUM

I

BENEATH the trees,
My lifelong friends in this dear spot,
Sad now for eyes that see them not,
I hear the autumnal breeze
Wake the dry leaves to sigh for gladness gone,
Whispering vague omens of oblivion;
Hear, restless as the seas,
Time's grim feet rustling through the withered grace
Of many a spreading realm and strong-stemmed race,
Even as my own through these.

Why make we moan
For loss that doth enrich us yet
With upward yearnings of regret?
Bleaker than unmossed stone
Our lives were but for this immortal gain
Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain!
As thrills of long-hushed tone
Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
With keen vibrations from the touch divine
Of noble natures gone.

'Twere indiscreet
To vex the shy and sacred grief
With harsh obtrusions of relief;
Yet Verse, with noiseless feet,

Go whisper: « *This* death hath far choicer ends
Than slowly to impearl in hearts of friends;
These obsequies 'tis meet
Not to seclude in closets of the heart,
But, church-like, with wide doorways, to impart
Even to the heedless street.»

II

Brave, good, and true,
I see him stand before me now,
And read again on that young brow,
Where every hope was new,
How sweet were life! Yet, by the mouth firm-set,
And look made up for Duty's utmost debt,
I could divine he knew
That death within the sulphurous hostile lines,
In the mere wreck of nobly pitched designs,
Plucks heart's-ease, and not rue.

Happy their end
Who vanish down life's evening stream
Placid as swans that drift in dream
Round the next river-bend!
Happy long life, with honor at the close,
Friends' painless tears, the softened thought of foes!
And yet, like him, to spend
All at a gush, keeping our first faith sure
From mid-life's doubt and eld's contentment poor,—
What more could Fortune send?

Right in the van,
On the red rampart's slippery swell,
With heart that beat a charge, he fell
Foeward, as fits a man;
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet;
His life her crescent's span
Orbs full with share in their undarkening days
Who ever climbed the battailous steeps of praise
Since valor's praise began.

III

His life's expense
Hath won him coeternal youth
With the immaculate prime of Truth;
While we, who make pretense

At living on, and wake and eat and sleep,
And life's stale trick by repetition keep,—
Our fickle permanence
(A poor leaf-shadow on a brook, whose play
Of busy idlesse ceases with our day)
Is the mere cheat of sense.

We bide our chance,
Unhappy, and make terms with Fate
A little more to let us wait;
He leads for aye the advance,
Hope's forlorn-hopes that plant the desperate good
For nobler earths and days of manlier mood;
Our wall of circumstance
Cleared at a bound, he flashes o'er the fight,
A saintly shape of fame, to cheer the right
And steel each wavering glance.

I write of one,
While with dim eyes I think of three;
Who weeps not others fair and brave as he?
Ah, when the fight is won,
Dear Land, whom triflers now make bold to scorn
(Thee! from whose forehead earth awaits her morn),
How nobler shall the sun
Flame in thy sky, how braver breathe thy air,
That thou bred'st children who for thee could dare
And die as thine have done!

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UNCLE ZEB

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A STRING of five loons was flying back and forth in long, irregular zigzags, uttering at intervals their wild, tremulous cry, which always seems far away, like the last faint pulse of echo dying among the hills, and which is one of those few sounds that instead of disturbing solitude, only deepen and confirm it. On our inland ponds they are usually seen in pairs, and I asked if it were common to meet five together. My question was answered by a queer-looking old man, chiefly remarkable for a pair

of enormous cowhide boots, over which large blue trousers of frocking strove in vain to crowd themselves.

"Wahl, 'tain't ushil," said he, "and it's called a sign o' rain comin', that is."

"Do you think it will rain?"

With the caution of a veteran *auspex*, he evaded a direct reply. "Wahl, they *du* say it's a sign o' rain comin'," said he.

I discovered afterward that my interlocutor was Uncle Zeb. Formerly, every New England town had its representative uncle. He was not a pawnbroker, but some elderly man, who, for want of more defined family ties, had gradually assumed this avuncular relation to the community; inhabiting the borderland between respectability and the almshouse, with no regular calling, but ready for odd jobs at haying, wood-sawing, whitewashing, associated with the demise of pigs and the ailments of cattle, and possessing as much patriotism as might be implied in a devoted attachment to "New England" — with a good deal of sugar and very little water in it. Uncle Zeb was a good specimen of this palæozoic class; extinct among us for the most part, or surviving, like the Dodo, in the Botany Bays of society. He was ready to contribute (somewhat muddily) to all general conversation; but his chief topics were his boots and the 'Roostick war. Upon the lowlands and levels of ordinary palaver he would make rapid and unlooked-for incursions; but provision failing, he would retreat to these two fastnesses, whence it was impossible to dislodge him, and to which he knew innumerable passes and short cuts quite beyond the conjecture of common woodcraft. His mind opened naturally to these two subjects, like a book to some favorite passage. As the ear accustoms itself to any sound recurring regularly, such as the ticking of a clock, and without a conscious effort of attention takes no impression from it whatever, so does the mind find a natural safeguard against this pendulum species of discourse, and performs its duties in the parliament by an unconscious reflex action, like the beating of the heart or the movement of the lungs. If talk seemed to be flagging, our Uncle would put the heel of one boot upon the toe of the other, to bring it within point-blank range, and say, "Wahl, I stump the Devil himself to make that 'ere boot hurt *my* foot," — leaving us in doubt whether it were the virtue of the foot or its case which set at naught the wiles of the adversary; or looking up suddenly, he would exclaim, "Wahl, we eat *some* beans to the

'Roostic war, I tell *you!*" When his poor old clay was wet with gin, his thoughts and words acquired a rank flavor from it, as from too strong a fertilizer. At such times too his fancy commonly reverted to a prehistoric period of his life, when he singly had settled all the surrounding country, subdued the Injuns and other wild animals, and named all the towns.

We talked of the winter camps and the life there. "The best thing is," said our Uncle, "to hear a log squeal thru the snow. Git a good, col', frosty mornin', in Febuary say, an' take an' hitch the critters onto a log that'll scale seven thousan', an' it'll squeal as pooty as an'thin' *you* ever hearn, I tell *you.*"

A pause.

"Lessee,—seen Cal Hutchins lately?"

"No."

"Seems to me's though I hedn't seen Cal sence the 'Roostick war. Wahl," etc., etc.

Another pause.

"To look at them boots you'd think they was too large; but kind o' git your foot into 'em, and they're as easy 's a glove." (I observed that he never seemed really to get his foot in,—there was always a qualifying *kind o'*.) "Wahl, my foot can play in 'em like a young hedgehog." . . .

"There's nothin' so sweet an' hulsome as your *real* spring water," said Uncle Zeb, "git it pure. But it's dreffle hard to git it that ain't got sunthin' the matter of it. Snow-water 'll burn a man's inside out,—I larned that to the 'Roostick war,—and the snow lays terrible long on some o' thes'ere hills. Me an' Eb Stiles was up old Ktahdn oncet jest about this time o' year, an' we come acrost a kind o' holler like, as full o' snow as your stockin' 's full o' your foot. *I* see it fust, an' took an' rammed a settin'-pole—wahl, it was all o' twenty foot—into 't, an' couldn't fin' no bottom. I dunno as there's snow-water enough in this to do no hurt. I don't somehow seem to think that *real* spring-water 's so plenty as it used to be." And Uncle Zeb, with perhaps a little over-refinement of scrupulosity, applied his lips to the Ethiop ones of a bottle of raw gin, with a kiss that drew out its very soul,—a *basia* that Secundus might have sung. He must have been a wonderful judge of water; for he analyzed this and detected its latent snow simply by his eye, and without the clumsy process of tasting. I could not help thinking that he had made the desert his dwelling-place chiefly in order to enjoy the ministrations of this one fair spirit unmolested.

We pushed on. Little islands loomed trembling between sky and water, like hanging gardens. Gradually the filmy trees defined themselves, the aerial enchantment lost its potency, and we came up with common prose islands that had so late been magical and poetic. The old story of the attained and unattained. About noon we reached the head of the lake, and took possession of a deserted *wongen*, in which to cook and eat our dinner. No Jew, I am sure, can have a more thorough dislike of salt pork than I have in a normal state; yet I had already eaten it raw with hard bread, for lunch, and relished it keenly. We soon had our tea-kettle over the fire, and before long the cover was chattering with the escaping steam, which had thus vainly begged of all men to be saddled and bridled, till James Watt one day happened to overhear it. One of our guides shot three Canada grouse; and these were turned slowly between the fire and a bit of salt pork, which dropped fatness upon them as it fried. Although *my* fingers were certainly not made before knives and forks, yet they served as a convenient substitute for those more ancient inventions. We sat round, Turk fashion, and ate thankfully, while a party of aborigines of the Mosquito tribe, who had camped in the *wongen* before we arrived, dined upon us. I do not know what the British Protectorate of the Mosquitoes amounts to; but as I squatted there at the mercy of these bloodthirsty savages, I no longer wondered that the classic Everett had been stung into a willingness for war on the question.

"This 'ere 'd be about a complete place for a camp, ef there was on'y a spring o' sweet water handy. Frizzled pork goes wal, don't it? Yes, an' sets wal, too," said Uncle Zeb, and he again tilted his bottle, which rose nearer and nearer to an angle of forty-five at every gurgle. He then broached a curious dietetic theory:—"The reason we take salt pork along is cos it packs handy: you git the greatest amount o' board in the smallest compass,—let alone that it's more nourishin' than an'thin' else. It kind o' don't disgest so quick, but stays by ye, a-nourishin' ye all the while. A feller can live wal on frizzled pork an' good spring water, git it *good*. To the 'Roostick war we didn't ask for nothin' better,—on'y beans." (*Tilt*, *tilt*, *gurgle*, *gurgle*.) Then, with an apparent feeling of inconsistency, "But then, come to git used to a particular *kind* o' spring water, an' it makes a feller hard to suit. Most all sorts o' water taste kind o' *in*sipid away from home. Now, I've gut a spring to my place that's as sweet—wahl, it's as sweet as maple sap. A feller acts about

water jest as he doos about a pair o' boots. It's all on it in gittin' wonted. Now, *them* boots," etc., etc. (*Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, smack!*)

All this while he was packing away the remains of the pork and hard bread in two large firkins. This accomplished, we re-embarked, our Uncle on his way to the birch essaying a kind of song in four or five parts, of which the words were hilarious and the tune profoundly melancholy; and which was finished, and the rest of his voice apparently jerked out of him in one sharp falsetto note, by his tripping over the root of a tree. We paddled a short distance up a brook which came into the lake smoothly through a little meadow not far off. We soon reached the North-west Carry, and our guide, pointing through the woods, said: "That's the Cannydy road. You can travel that clearn to Kebeck, a hunderd an' twenty mile,"—a privilege of which I respectfully declined to avail myself. The offer, however, remains open to the public. The Carry is called two miles; but this is the estimate of somebody who had nothing to lug. I had a head-ache and all my baggage, which, with a traveler's instinct, I had brought with me. (P. S.—I did not even take the keys out of my pocket, and both my bags were wet through before I came back.) *My* estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three quarters,—the fraction being the part left to be traveled after one of my companions most kindly insisted on relieving me of my heaviest bag. I know very well that the ancient Roman soldiers used to carry sixty pounds' weight, and all that; but I am not, and never shall be, an ancient Roman soldier,—no, not even in the miraculous Thundering Legion. Uncle Zeb slung the two provender firkins across his shoulder, and trudged along, grumbling that "he never see sech a contrairy pair as them." He had begun upon a second bottle of his "particular kind o' spring water"; and at every rest, the gurgle of this peripatetic fountain might be heard, followed by a smack, a fragment of mosaic song, or a confused clatter with the cowhide boots, being an arbitrary symbol intended to represent the festive dance. Christian's pack gave him not half so much trouble as the firkins gave Uncle Zeb. It grew harder and harder to sling them, and with every fresh gulp of the Batavian elixir they got heavier. Or rather, the truth was that his hat grew heavier, in which he was carrying on an extensive manufacture of bricks without straw. At

last affairs reached a crisis; and a particularly favorable pitch offering, with a puddle at the foot of it, even *the* boots afforded no sufficient ballast, and away went our Uncle, the satellite firkins accompanying faithfully his headlong flight. Did ever exiled monarch or disgraced minister find the cause of his fall in himself? Is there not always a strawberry at the bottom of our cup of life, on which we can lay all the blame of our deviations from the straight path? Till now Uncle Zeb had contrived to give a gloss of volition to smaller stumblings and gyrations, by exaggerating them into an appearance of playful burlesque. But the present case was beyond any such subterfuges. He held a bed of justice where he sat, and then arose slowly, with a stern determination of vengeance stiffening every muscle of his face. But what would he select as the culprit? «It's that cussed firkin,» he mumbled to himself. «I never knowed a firkin cair on so,—no, not in the 'Roostehicick war. There, go long, will ye? and don't come back till you've larned how to walk with a genelman!» And seizing the unhappy scapegoat by the bail, he hurled it into the forest. It is a curious circumstance, that it was not the firkin containing the bottle which was thus condemned to exile.

FROM THE ADDRESS ON 'DEMOCRACY'

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I SHOULD not think of coming before you to defend or to criticize any form of government. All have their virtues, all their defects, and all have illustrated one period or another in the history of the race with signal services to humanity and culture. There is not one that could stand a cynical cross-examination by an experienced criminal lawyer, except that of a perfectly wise and perfectly good despot, such as the world has never seen except in that white-haired king of Browning's, who

> «—lived long ago
> In the morning of the world,
> When earth was nearer heaven than now.»

The English race, if they did not invent government by discussion, have at least carried it nearest to perfection in practice. It

seems a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet if one should ask it why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to fumble in its pocket a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply. As matters stand, too, it is beginning to be doubtful whether Parliament and Congress sit at Westminster and Washington, or in the editors' rooms of the leading journals; so thoroughly is everything debated before the authorized and responsible debaters get on their legs. And what shall we say of government by a majority of voices? To a person who in the last century would have called himself an Impartial Observer, a numerical preponderance seems, on the whole, as clumsy a way of arriving at truth as could well be devised; but experience has apparently shown it to be a convenient arrangement for determining what may be expedient or advisable or practicable at any given moment. Truth, after all, wears a different face to everybody, and it would be too tedious to wait till all were agreed. She is said to lie at the bottom of a well; for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better looking than he had imagined.

The arguments against universal suffrage are equally unanswerable. "What," we exclaim, "shall Tom, Dick, and Harry have as much weight in the scale as I?" Of course, nothing could be more absurd. And yet universal suffrage has not been the instrument of greater unwisdom than contrivances of a more select description. Assemblies could be mentioned composed entirely of Masters of Arts and Doctors in Divinity which have sometimes shown traces of human passion or prejudice in their votes. Have the Serene Highnesses and Enlightened Classes carried on the business of Mankind so well, then, that there is no use in trying a less costly method? The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, "Is it wise to give every man the ballot?" but rather the practical one, "Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?" It may be conjectured that it

is cheaper in the long run to lift men up than to hold them down, and that the ballot in their hands is less dangerous to society than a sense of wrong in their heads. At any rate, this is the dilemma to which the drift of opinion has been for some time sweeping us; and in politics, a dilemma is a more unmanageable thing to hold by the horns than a wolf by the ears. It is said that the right of suffrage is not valued when it is indiscriminately bestowed; and there may be some truth in this, for I have observed that what men prize most is a privilege, even if it be that of chief mourner at a funeral. But is there not danger that it will be valued at more than its worth if denied, and that some illegitimate way will be sought to make up for the want of it? Men who have a voice in public affairs are at once affiliated with one or other of the great parties between which society is divided; merge their individual hopes and opinions in its safer, because more generalized, hopes and opinions, are disciplined by its tactics, and acquire to a certain degree the orderly qualities of an army. They no longer belong to a class, but to a body corporate. Of one thing, at least, we may be certain: that under whatever method of helping things to go wrong man's wit can contrive, those who have the divine right to govern will be found to govern in the end, and that the highest privilege to which the majority of mankind can aspire is that of being governed by those wiser than they. Universal suffrage has in the United States sometimes been made the instrument of inconsiderate changes, under the notion of reform; and this from a misconception of the true meaning of popular government. One of these has been the substitution in many of the States of popular election for official selection in the choice of judges. The same system applied to military officers was the source of much evil during our civil war, and I believe had to be abandoned. But it has been also true that on all great questions of national policy, a reserve of prudence and discretion has been brought out at the critical moment to turn the scale in favor of a wiser decision. An appeal to the reason of the people has never been known to fail in the long run. It is perhaps true that by effacing the principle of passive obedience, democracy ill understood has slackened the spring of that ductility to discipline which is essential to "the unity and married calm of States." But I feel assured that experience and necessity will cure this evil, as they have shown their power to cure others. And under what frame of

policy have evils ever been remedied till they became intolerable, and shook men out of their indolent indifference through their fears?

We are told that the inevitable result of democracy is to sap the foundations of personal independence, to weaken the principle of authority, to lessen the respect due to eminence, whether in station, virtue, or genius. If these things were so, society could not hold together. Perhaps the best forcing-house of robust individuality would be where public opinion is inclined to be most overbearing, as he must be of heroic temper who should walk along Piccadilly at the height of the season in a soft hat. As for authority, it is one of the symptoms of the time that the religious reverence for it is declining everywhere; but this is due partly to the fact that statecraft is no longer looked upon as a mystery but as a business, and partly to the decay of superstition,—by which I mean the habit of respecting what we are told to respect rather than what is respectable in itself. There is more rough-and-tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits; and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is perhaps neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes, and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it; and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshiper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion. But is it democracies alone that fall into these errors? I, who have seen it proposed to erect a statue to Hudson the railway king, and have heard Louis Napoleon hailed as the savior of society by men who certainly had no democratic associations or leanings, am not ready to think so. But democracies have likewise their finer instincts. I have also seen the wisest statesman and most pregnant speaker of our generation, a man of humble birth and ungainly manners, of little culture beyond what his own genius supplied, become more absolute in power than any monarch of modern times,—through the reverence of his countrymen for his honesty, his wisdom, his sincerity, his faith in God and man, and the nobly humane simplicity of his character. And I remember another whom popular respect enveloped as with a halo,—the least vulgar of men, the most austerely genial, and the most

independent of opinion. Wherever he went he never met a stranger, but everywhere neighbors and friends proud of him as their ornament and decoration. Institutions which could bear and breed such men as Lincoln and Emerson had surely some energy for good. No, amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so to justify them in respecting others.

FROM ESSAY 'ON A CERTAIN CONDESCENSION IN FOREIGNERS'

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THE fine old Tory aversion of former times was not hard to bear. There was something even refreshing in it, as in a northeaster to a hardy temperament. When a British parson, traveling in Newfoundland while the slash of our separation was still raw, after prophesying a glorious future for an island that continued to dry its fish under the ægis of Saint George, glances disdainfully over his spectacles in parting at the U. S. A., and forebodes for them a "speedy relapse into barbarism," now that they have madly cut themselves off from the humanizing influences of Britain, I smile with barbarian self-conceit. But this kind of thing became by degrees an unpleasant anachronism. For meanwhile the young giant was growing, was beginning indeed to feel tight in his clothes, was obliged to let in a gore here and there in Texas, in California, in New Mexico, in Alaska, and had the scissors and needle and thread ready for Canada when the time came. His shadow loomed like a Brocken-spectre over against Europe; the shadow of what they were coming to,—that was the unpleasant part of it. Even in such misty image as they had of him, it was painfully evident that his clothes were not of any cut hitherto fashionable, nor conceivable

by a Bond Street tailor; — and this in an age, too, when everything depends upon clothes, when if we do not keep up appearances, the seeming-solid frame of this universe, nay, your very God, would slump into himself, like a mockery king of snow, being nothing after all but a prevailing mode, a make-believe of believing. From this moment the young giant assumed the respectable aspect of a phenomenon; to be got rid of if possible, but at any rate as legitimate a subject of human study as the glacial period or the Silurian what-d'ye-call-ems. If the man of the primeval drift-heaps be so absorbingly interesting, why not the man of the drift that is just beginning, of the drift into whose irresistible current we are just being sucked whether we will or no? If I were in their place, I confess I should not be frightened. Man has survived so much, and contrived to be comfortable on this planet after surviving so much! I am something of a Protestant in matters of government also, and am willing to get rid of vestments and ceremonies and to come down to bare benches, if only faith in God take the place of a general agreement to profess confidence in ritual and sham. Every mortal man of us holds stock in the only public debt that is absolutely sure of payment — and that is the debt of the Maker of this universe to the universe he has made. I have no notion of selling out my shares in a panic.

It was something to have advanced even to the dignity of a phenomenon, and yet I do not know that the relation of the individual American to the individual European was bettered by it; and that, after all, must adjust itself comfortably before there can be a right understanding between the two. We had been a desert, we became a museum. People came hither for scientific and not social ends. The very cockney could not complete his education without taking a vacant stare at us in passing. But the sociologists (I think they call themselves so) were the hardest to bear. There was no escape. I have even known a professor of this fearful science to come disguised in petticoats. We were cross-examined as a chemist cross-examines a new substance. Human? Yes, all the elements are present, though abnormally combined. Civilized? Hm! that needs a stricter assay. No entomologist could take a more friendly interest in a strange bug. After a few such experiences, I for one have felt as if I were merely one of those horrid things preserved in spirits (and very bad spirits, too) in a cabinet. I was not the fellow-being

of these explorers: I was a curiosity; I was a *specimen*. Hath not an American organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, even as a European hath? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? I will not keep on with Shylock to his next question but one.

Till after our Civil War it never seemed to enter the head of any foreigner, especially of any Englishman, that an American had what could be called a country, except as a place to eat, sleep, and trade in. Then it seemed to strike them suddenly. "By Jove, you know, fellahs don't fight like that for a shop-till!" No, I rather think not. To Americans, America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God. Is it not as well to have sprung from such as these, as from some burly beggar who came over with Wilhelmus Conquestor, unless indeed a line grow better as it runs farther away from stalwart ancestors? And for our history, it is dry enough, no doubt, in the books; but for all that, is of a kind that tells in the blood. I have admitted that Carlyle's sneer had a show of truth in it. But what does he himself, like a true Scot, admire in the Hohenzollerns? First of all, that they were *canny*, a thrifty, forehanded race. Next, that they made a good fight from generation to generation with the chaos around them. That is precisely the battle which the English race on this continent has been pushing doughtily forward for two centuries and a half. Doughtily and silently, for you cannot hear in Europe "that crash, the death-song of the perfect tree," that has been going on here from sturdy father to sturdy son, and making this continent habitable for the weaker Old World breed that has swarmed to it during the last half-century. If ever men did a good stroke of work on this planet, it was the forefathers of those whom you are wondering whether it would not be prudent to acknowledge as far-off cousins. Alas, man of genius, to whom we owe so much, could you see nothing more than the burning of a foul chimney in that clash of Michael and Satan which flamed up under your very eyes?

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

(1834–)

Sir John Lubbock is best known as a popularizer of science. He was born in London April 20th, 1834, and was for a time a student at Eton; but entered his father's bank at the early age of fourteen, and therefore had opportunity for very limited schooling. During all his busy life he has been much interested in botany, zoölogy, and allied branches of natural history; and he has done much to develop public interest in these branches of science, by publishing the results of personal investigation, and by throwing into popular form the results of the work of others. He has also taken an active interest in a wide range of public affairs, has been a member of Parliament and of various educational boards, and has been president of the Royal Society and of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and a member of many other learned bodies.

Sir John Lubbock

Among his many volumes are 'Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages'; 'The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man'; 'The Origin and Metamorphosis of Insects'; 'Ants, Bees, and Wasps'; 'On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects'; 'On British Wild-Flowers Considered in Relation to Insects'; 'Flowers, Fruits, and Leaves'; 'The Pleasures of Life'; 'The Beauties of Nature'; and 'The Use of Life.'

In the more strictly literary field he has been rather a guide to the work of others than an independent creator. In commenting upon 'The Pleasures of Life' a recent writer says: "This is a work-aday world; and blessed be the man with the time and happy taste to gather and put before us the choice bits which reveal us to ourselves." That man is certainly Sir John Lubbock. His reading has been extensive, and he has a "flair" which leads him directly to the appropriate quotation. In the field of natural science he has succeeded in meeting exactly the requirements of the multitude.

THE HABITS OF ANTS

From 'The Beauties of Nature.' Copyrighted 1892, by Macmillan & Co.

THE communities of ants are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 500,000 individuals; and it is a lesson to us, that no one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same community. On the other hand, it must be admitted that they are in hostility not only with most other insects, including ants of different species, but even with those of the same species if belonging to different communities. I have over and over again introduced ants from one of my nests into another nest of the same species; and they were invariably attacked, seized by a leg or an antenna, and dragged out.

It is evident, therefore, that the ants of each community all recognize one another, which is very remarkable. But more than this, I several times divided a nest into two halves, and found that even after a separation of a year and nine months they recognized one another, and were perfectly friendly; while they at once attacked ants from a different nest, although of the same species.

It has been suggested that the ants of each nest have some sign or password by which they recognize one another. To test this I made some insensible. First I tried chloroform; but this was fatal to them, and . . . I did not consider the test satisfactory. I decided therefore to intoxicate them. This was less easy than I had expected. None of my ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk. However, I got over the difficulty by putting them into whisky for a few moments. I took fifty specimens,—twenty-five from one nest and twenty-five from another,—made them dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. The table was surrounded as usual with a moat of water to prevent them from straying. The ants which were feeding soon noticed those which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much at a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are. After a while, however, to cut my story short, they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the edge of the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where by degrees they slept off the effects of the spirit. Thus it is evident

that they know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password.

This little experiment also shows that they help comrades in distress. If a wolf or a rook be ill or injured, we are told that it is driven away or even killed by its comrades. Not so with ants. For instance, in one of my nests an unfortunate ant, in emerging from the chrysalis skin, injured her legs so much that she lay on her back quite helpless. For three months, however, she was carefully fed and tended by the other ants. In another case an ant in the same manner had injured her antennæ. I watched her also carefully to see what would happen. For some days she did not leave the nest. At last one day she ventured outside, and after a while met a stranger ant of the same species, but belonging to another nest, by whom she was at once attacked. I tried to separate them; but whether by her enemy, or perhaps by my well-meant but clumsy kindness, she was evidently much hurt, and lay helplessly on her side. Several other ants passed her without taking any notice; but soon one came up, examined her carefully with her antennæ, and carried her off tenderly to the nest. No one, I think, who saw it could have denied to that ant one attribute of humanity, the quality of kindness.

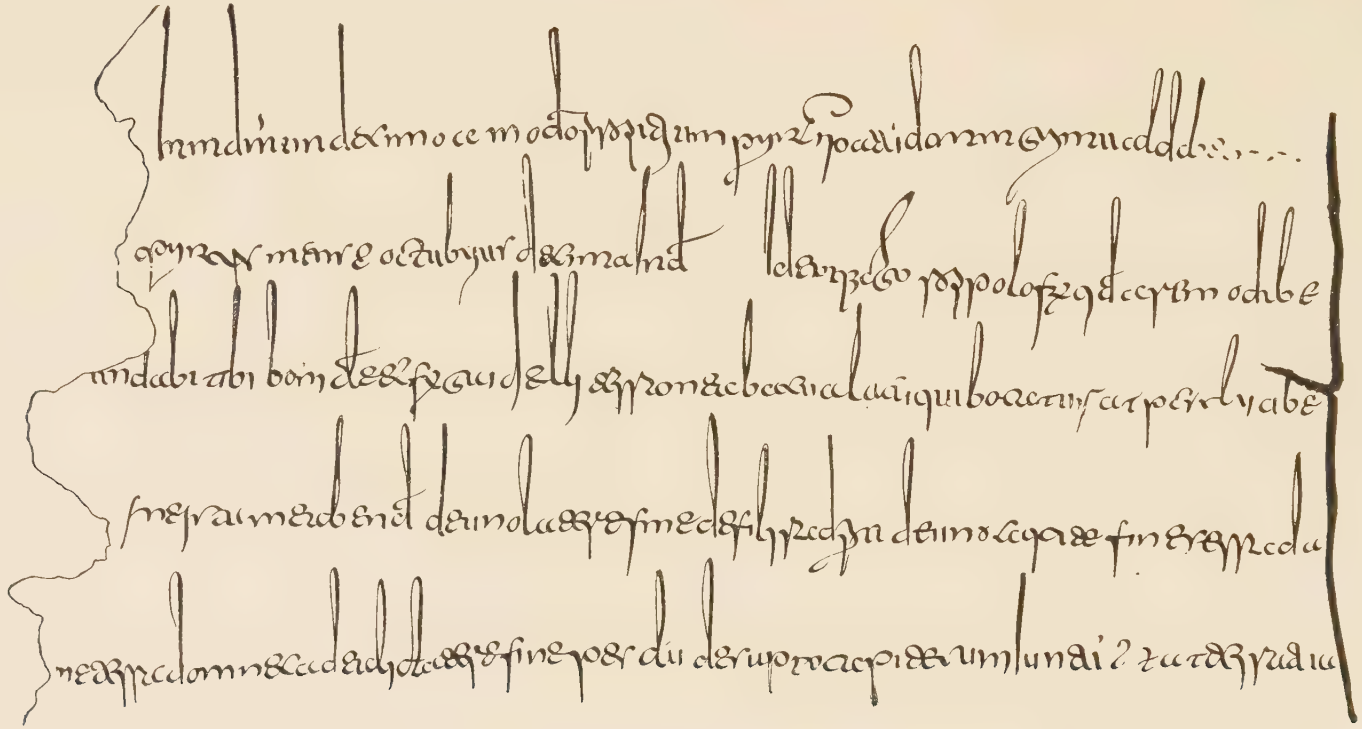
The existence of such communities as those of ants or bees implies, no doubt, some power of communication; but the amount is still a matter of doubt. It is well known that if one bee or ant discovers a store of food, others soon find their way to it. This, however, does not prove much. It makes all the difference whether they are brought or sent. If they merely accompany on her return a companion who has brought a store of food, it does not imply much. To test this, therefore, I made several experiments. For instance, one cold day my ants were almost all in their nests. One only was out hunting, and about six feet from home. I took a dead bluebottle fly, pinned it on to a piece of cork, and put it down just in front of her. She at once tried to carry off the fly, but to her surprise found it immovable. She tugged and tugged, first one way and then another, for about twenty minutes, and then went straight off to the nest. During that time not a single ant had come out; in fact, she was the only ant of that nest out at the time. She went straight in; but in a few seconds — less than half a minute — came out again with no less than twelve friends, who trooped off with her, and eventually tore up the dead fly, carrying it off in triumph.

Now the first ant took nothing home with her; she must therefore somehow have made her friends understand that she had found some food, and wanted them to come and help her to secure it. In all such cases, however, so far as my experience goes, the ants brought their friends; and some of my experiments indicated that they are unable to send them.

Certain species of ants, again, make slaves of others, as Huber first observed. If a colony of the slave-making ants is changing the nest,—a matter which is left to the discretion of the slaves,—the latter carry their mistresses to their new home. Again, if I uncovered one of my nests of the fuscous ant (Formica fusca), they all began running about in search of some place of refuge. If now I covered over one small part of the nest, after a while some ant discovered it. In such a case, however, the brave little insect never remained there; she came out in search of her friends, and the first one she met she took up in her jaws, threw over her shoulder (their way of carrying friends), and took into the covered part; then both came out again, found two more friends and brought them in, the same manœuvre being repeated until the whole community was in a place of safety. This, I think, says much for their public spirit; but seems to prove that —in F. fusca at least—the powers of communication are but limited.

One kind of slave-making ant has become so completely dependent on their slaves, that even if provided with food they will die of hunger, unless there is a slave to put it into their mouth. I found, however, that they would thrive very well if supplied with a slave for an hour or so once a week to clean and feed them.

But in many cases the community does not consist of ants only. They have domestic animals; and indeed it is not going too far to say that they have domesticated more animals than we have. Of these the most important are aphides. Some species keep aphides on trees and bushes, others collect root-feeding aphides into their nests. They serve as cows to the ants, which feed on the honey-dew secreted by the aphides. Not only, moreover, do the ants protect the aphides themselves, but collect their eggs in autumn and tend them carefully through the winter, ready for the next spring. Many other insects are also domesticated by ants; and some of them, from living constantly underground, have completely lost their eyes and become quite blind.



But I must not let myself be carried away by this fascinating subject, which I have treated more at length in another work. I will only say that though their intelligence is no doubt limited, still I do not think that any one who has studied the life history of ants can draw any fundamental line of separation between instinct and reason.

When we see a community of ants working together in perfect harmony, it is impossible not to ask ourselves how far they are mere exquisite automatons, how far they are conscious beings. When we watch an ant-hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants, excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals,—each one fulfilling its duties industriously, and without confusion,—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and all our recent observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

SAVAGES COMPARED WITH CHILDREN

From 'Pre-Historic Times'

Savages may be likened to children; and the comparison is not only correct, but also highly instructive. Many naturalists consider that the early condition of the individual indicates that of the race,—that the best test of the affinities of a species are the stages through which it passes. So also it is in the case of man: the life of each individual is an epitome of the history of the race, and the gradual development of the child illustrates that of the species. Hence the importance of the similarity between savages and children. Savages, like children, have no steadiness of purpose. Speaking of the Dogrib Indians, we found, says Richardson, "by experience, that however high the reward they expected to receive on reaching their destination, they could not be depended on to carry letters. A slight difficulty, the prospect of a banquet on venison, or a sudden impulse to visit some friend, were sufficient to turn them aside for an indefinite length of time." Even among the comparatively civilized South Sea Islanders this childishness was very apparent. "Their tears indeed, like those of children, were always ready to express any passion that was strongly excited, and like those of children they

also appear to be forgotten as soon as shed." D'Urville also mentions that Tai-wanga, a New Zealand chief, cried like a child because the sailors spoilt his favorite cloak by powdering it with flour. "It is not," says Cook, "indeed strange that the sorrows of these artless people should be transient, any more than that their passions should be suddenly and strongly expressed; what they feel they have never been taught either to disguise or suppress; and having no habits of thinking which perpetually recall the past and anticipate the future, they are affected by all the changes of the passing hour, and reflect the color of the time, however frequently it may vary." . . .

We know the difficulty which children find in pronouncing certain sounds: *r* and *l*, for instance, they constantly confound. This is the case also among the Sandwich-Islanders and in the Ladrones, according to Freycinet; in Vanikoro; among the Dammaras; and in the Tonga Islands. Mr. Darwin observed that the Fuegians had great difficulty in comprehending an alternative; and every one must have noticed the tendency among savages to form words by reduplication. This also is characteristic of childhood among civilized races.

Again, some of the most brutal acts which have been recorded against them are to be regarded less as instances of deliberate cruelty than of a childish thoughtlessness and impulsiveness. A striking instance of this is recorded by Byron in his narrative of the 'Loss of the Wager.' A cacique of the Chonos, who was nominally a Christian, had been out with his wife to fish for sea-eggs, and having had little success, returned in a bad humor. "A little boy of theirs, about three years old, whom they appeared to be doatingly fond of, watching for his father and mother's return, ran into the surf to meet them: the father handed a basket of eggs to the child, which being too heavy for him to carry, he let it fall; upon which the father jumped out of the canoe, and catching the boy up in his arms, dashed him with the utmost violence against the stones. The poor little creature lay motionless and bleeding, and in that condition was taken up by the mother, but died soon after."

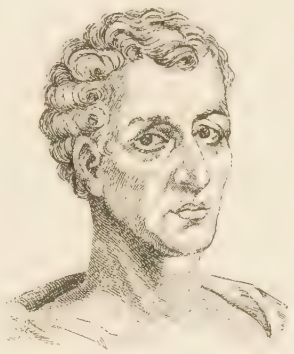
In fact, we may fairly sum up this part of the question in a few words by saying, as the most general conclusion which can be arrived at, that savages have the character of children with the passions and strength of men.

LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA

(120?–200? A. D.)

BY EMILY JAMES SMITH

DURING the middle and end of the second Christian century, a revival of Greek letters gave us the remarkable movement known as the New Sophistic. For the most part futile in aim and pedantic in method, the sophistic offers such a spectacle of solemn and fatuous frivolity that the lover of Hellenism knows not where to look. But by sheer force of monopoly in education and literature, the school counted as its disciples whatever men of talent the century produced; and among them a man of letters of almost the highest rank. Having as their aim nothing less than a forcible recovery of the productive Greek genius, the sophists followed a vigorous propædeutic in the works of the great masters. A critical knowledge of the vocabulary of Plato, of the Attic orators, and of the Old Comedy, was the foundation of every sophist's skill. This erudition, in itself respectable and helpful, was however put to foolish use. The difference between using the language of Demosthenes and being one's self an orator was overlooked. Famous sentences of great writers were worked over, rearranged, and presented as a fresh creation,—as Virgilian tags to-day coldly furnish forth the English schoolboy's verses. It was probably the influence of Rome that determined the revival as oratorical in form; the empire furnished it with endowed chairs of rhetoric, with a royal audience, and with political importance: yet it was held a solecism by the sophists to introduce a Roman name or an allusion to Rome into a Greek composition.



LUCIAN OF SAMOSATA

Worldly ambition, then, and literary tastes pulled in the same direction; and for a clever lad, growing up in a far Syrian village, conscious of great gifts, and of a tumultuous egoism, there was no alternative. Breaking away from the handicraft to which he was apprenticed, Lucian betook himself, still a boy of fifteen, to the study of Greek and to the profession of rhetoric. Asia Minor was full of

sophists. It is not likely that Lucian was able to afford a course under any of the great masters, and he nowhere speaks of any such thing. But the air was so full of their theories, and their public performances were so frequent, that an apt student could easily learn what their art was like. At any rate, we know that Lucian's ambition was successful: that he acquired what culture the sophistic had to offer, won a share of its prizes,—and then broke with it, laughing at its methods and pretensions with the detachment of a critic of to-day. The modern reader of Lucian is impressed by no quality more strongly than by his spontaneity; an adequate estimate of his talent must be based on the reflection that this spontaneity is inclosed in stereotyped forms and expressed in an acquired language. His fair structure is raised on made ground. He owed the tools he worked with, as well as the designs he followed, to the sophistic; and the weapons that he turned on his preceptress were from her own anvil. A man cannot, by criticizing his early education, rid himself of the effects of it; and in spite of Lucian's conscious originality, scorn of pedantry, and apparent disregard of convention, we must realize that he is after all but the most favorable example of what the sophistic training could do.

Possessed of a sense of humor that permitted even his irritable vanity no illusions, and of a deep conviction of the unimportance of serious matters, Lucian would have been delighted to hear that the theologians and moralists of a new era were destined to take him seriously. It is undeniable that he spoke slightingly of the Christians on the one hand, and on the other took liberties with Olympus; but it can hardly be proved that he was interested either in hastening the end of the old order or in deferring the installation of the new. In the extraordinary spiritual conditions of the second century of our era, Lucian's attitude finds a background so striking as to produce a feeling that in some way, contrary to the general laws of things, he stood alone, unrelated to the spirit of his age, and without sympathy as without peers. Religion was under the protection of the empire and of Stoicism; strange new doctrines were freely taught and followed with fanaticism; the soul was not only held immortal, but was believed to revisit the earth after its liberation from the body; new oracles made themselves heard; philosophy leaned to mysticism. And in this heyday of error a great writer appeared, distinguished next to his literary gifts by a coolness of judgment in such matters, and a taste for the truth, that would have been remarkable in any age.

The 'Dialogues of the Gods,' probably the most famous of Lucian's works, from which the first two selections in this collection are made, were written to be delivered by him in person before a popular audience. When an author under these circumstances devoted his

talents to parodying the popular religion, what idea are we to form as to his own attitude, that of his hearers, and the effect he hoped to produce? It seems idle to imagine either that Lucian's audience was a band of atheists, drawn together primarily by the spirit of philosophic controversy; or that Lucian himself, without being sure of the temper of his hearers, was willing to risk unpopularity, if need be, in the interests of truth as he conceived it. The second alternative was Friedländer's view, and is indeed generally held. But we may be sure, from Lucian's own account of the genesis of the new form of comic dialogue, that his interest in its workings was chiefly literary; it was the literary possibilities of Olympus that inspired the 'Dialogues of the Gods.' There is no trace in them of the bitterness of polemic, or the forcing of the note that we should expect to find if he relied on his irreverence as his chief charm. And next to satisfying his own high standard of literary excellence, his chief preoccupation was to recommend himself to the public. When his attacks on contemporary philosophy passed the limit of what the public wanted in that line; when his praise of a great person, or the variance between his theory and practice in the matter of taking salaries, were the subject of unflattering comment,—he was at pains to meet objections and explain them away. Half a dozen passages betray his sensitive vanity and his desire that men should speak well of him. With these evidences of his temperament and his methods, it is impossible to believe in him as an apostle.

The revival of orthodoxy which marked the religious thought of the second century was a voluntary reaction against the skepticism of the preceding age; men agreed to believe in the gods because they could not bear to do without them. The literature of the day shows a conscious surrender of the rights of the intellect, a willingness to blink the truth if error satisfied the heart; a desire to marshal the hopes and fears connected with the supernatural among the motives toward right conduct, and a bewilderment in scientific matters that left room for the existence in heaven and earth of many things inexplicable by any philosophy. The difference between an artificial religious attitude like this, and the uncritical faith of men who believe in the gods on grounds that they have never thought of questioning, must be taken into account before we can estimate the effect of Lucian's parodies. Though Aristides might write a hymn to Zeus, and Dion celebrate him in all his functions, still each man had his own complex of ideas represented by the name; and it is hardly possible that to thoughtful minds it still called up with moving force the Homeric husband of Hera. The laborious task was not to throw off the phraseology and demeanor of orthodoxy, but to preserve them; and Lucian declined to make the effort.

His parody, then, of the Homeric gods, though it undoubtedly produced in many of his hearers a pleasurable thrill of misgiving, a sense of almost perilous audacity in the light use of words once sacred, derived its effect primarily from its literary quality. We may safely say that the substitution of every-day prose for the epic style in the mouths of the gods was more striking to the audience than the ethical and theological inferences to be drawn from the dialogues. That is to say, the inferences must have been tolerably familiar to men's minds before such an entertainment could be risked by a popular performer. In these dialogues Lucian keeps to the authorities. He takes each situation as he finds it, and holds tradition sacred, showing a literary preoccupation obviously incompatible with a serious tendency. Most of them show little of the malice of caricature; the scene between Aphrodite and Selene, included here, with its charming pictures of the sleeping Endymion, would not have shocked the Theocritean worshipers of Adonis. Those in which the comic element is stronger, still stand on their own merits as character studies; and the fact that the persons concerned were once held to be divine seems to have been less before the author's mind than the fact that Homer once treated of them in the grand manner, clothing even undignified situations in a majesty which it was Lucian's delight to tear away.

Most handbooks of the history of ancient philosophy include Lucian's name, though with some vagueness in the statement of their grounds for so doing. It is true that he had a great deal to say about philosophers, and something about philosophy; but this was the result of two accidental circumstances. One of these was the fact of Plato's style, which had an irresistible claim on him as a man of letters; the other was the prevalence of philosophers as a picturesque element in that contemporary society which he was interested in describing. The Platonic system as a lesson in expression, and contemporary systems as social phenomena, occupied him greatly; with the fortunate result that we know how each affected a man of the world. In close relation to the literary hold of Plato himself on Lucian, we must take into account the attraction that existed for his taste in the decency of the contemporary Platonic discipline and the exclusiveness of the Platonic temper. The Platonist in Lucian's Symposium is the type of propriety in appearance and conduct, and exhibits a strained and scornful courtesy. Plato himself remains aloof, even beyond the grave, and is found neither in Hades nor in the Isles of the Blest, preferring to dwell in his own Polity. But this exclusiveness was too congenial to Lucian to be dwelt on with any vigor of sarcasm, and indeed he reflects part of it in his remarks on the shoemaker in philosophy. For physical theory and metaphysics he never had a serious word, rejecting them with an easy

assumption of superiority on the ground that their advocates differed among themselves and used terms unintelligible to a layman; and it was not only the contemporary presentation to which he objected, but that of the originators as well, Plato among the rest.

Besides these two feelings for Platonism,—indifference to its metaphysics and enthusiasm for its form,—Lucian had a deep distrust of it in a practical matter that interested him greatly; viz., the question of the marvelous and its credibility. The Platonic doctrine of the future state of the soul had expanded into a variety of fantastic beliefs, developed by the Stoics for ethical purposes into a doctrinal basis for ghost stories. In one aspect the "dæmon" was an underling and emissary of the supreme godhead, immortal but subject to sensation, working with men in all ways, and appearing to them in visible shape as this god or that. In another aspect it was man's own soul, divine in essence though conditioned by the limitations of bodily life, which when freed from its earthly hamper came freely among men out of pity for their impotent condition, which it once shared. These two conceptions of the dæmon converged in the general notion of innumerable supernatural agencies, corporeal and therefore of like passions with men, who spoke through the oracles, possessed epileptics, haunted houses, and conveniently accounted for the inexplicable in general.

The manifestations of this belief and the unscrupulous use made of it by impostors constituted a burning question with Lucian; and in his travels through the world, this phase of folly moved him to more than disinterested literary treatment. We have seen how little *odium theologicum* he brought to bear on Olympus, even contriving to give his readers a fresh impression of the ineffable beauty of goddesses and the petulant grace of nymphs. And even when his quick and impatient mind was playing with the philosophers,—whether selling them at auction in pure frolic, or as a man of the world telling a friend with innuendo how they dine, or ranging himself with the great dead and haranguing his contemporaries with a rhetoric at which he smiled himself,—it is plain that in his eyes the literary opportunities they gave him excused their existence. After all, he did not excite himself about them. But one set of persons and ideas so stirred him as to break through his serenity, and bring him down from his seat as a spectator to try a fall himself. In the 'Philopseudes,'—the third of the selections here given,—a Stoic, a Platonist, a Peripatetic, and a Pythagorean, meeting at the bedside of a sick friend, exchange tales of the marvelous, and try to persuade Tychiades, the champion of common-sense, that dæmons exist, and phantasms, and that the souls of the dead walk the earth, appearing to whom they will. Of the sects represented, it was the Platonists and Pythagoreans who were chiefly responsible for the degradation of the

dæmon theory; and Lucian's feeling toward them is expressed in the dialogue with successful malice. Apart from this consideration, the most significant passage for Lucian's philosophy expresses his approval of Democritus's steadfast conviction that souls do not exist after they leave the body. His agreement with Democritus and the Epicureans in this matter, more fully expressed in his remarkable pamphlet on Alexander the charlatan of Abonotichas, seems to be the nearest approach he made towards seriously adopting the tenets of a sect.

The selections given here, and this commentary on them, cover the chief ground of debate in regard to Lucian. Neither a theologian nor a philosopher, he contrived by means of his literary gift so to clothe ideas in themselves unimportant as to give them a goodly chance of immortality. The Christian scholiasts of the Byzantine age read him with anathemas; the scholars of the Renaissance recovered him with delight; Erasmus and Sir Thomas More used him as a literary model; Raphael and Dürer illustrated him. In recent days Mr. Pater has given him a fresh vogue with the general reader; and scholars are busy with his text, his style, and his antiquities. Interest in him is not likely to fail: he lived in a period of vital historic issues. By birth a Syrian, politically a Roman, intellectually the last of the Hellenes, he stands as an epitome of the most momentous of international episodes.

Emily James Smith

Bibliographical Note.—There is no complete modern English translation of the works of Lucian. The following translations of selected works have appeared within the last ten years:—'Lucian's Dialogues': Howard Williams, M. A., London, 1888. 'Selections from Lucian': Emily James Smith, New York, 1892. Contents: The Dream, Zeus in Tragedy, The Ass, The Cock, Toxaris, The Halcyon, A True History, The Sale of Lives. 'Six Dialogues of Lucian's': Sidney T. Irwin, M. A., London, 1894. Partial translations of 'Hermotimus' and 'The Halcyon' occur in Walter Pater's 'Marius the Epicurean,' pages 245–248 and 291–310. An English commentary on Lucian's life and works is to be found in the volume entitled 'Lucian' of the 'Ancient Classics for English Readers' Series, by the Rev. W. L. Collins. 'Selections from Lucian,' in the original Greek, have been edited with English notes by Evelyn Abbott, London, 1872. Several other editions of one or more works of Lucian are included in the 'Pitt Press' and 'Clarendon Press' series. E. J. S.

APHRODITE AND SELENE

APHRODITE — What is this story about you, Selene? They say that whenever you come to Curia you stop your car to gaze down upon Endymion, sleeping under the open sky as becomes a huntsman. And sometimes, they say, you leave your course altogether and descend to him.

Selene — Ask that son of yours, Aphrodite. He is to blame for all this.

Aphrodite — Ah, he respects no one. What things he has done to me, his mother! now dragging me to Ida for Anchises's sake, now to Libanus to meet that Assyrian boy. And the Assyrian he brought into Persephone's good graces too, and so robbed me of half my lover. I have often threatened to break his arrows and quiver and tie his wings unless he abandoned these games. And I have taken him across my knee before this and smacked him with my sandal. But somehow or other, though he is frightened at the moment and prays for mercy, he presently forgets all about it. But tell me, is Endymion handsome?

Selene — To my mind he is very handsome indeed, Aphrodite; especially when he lies wrapped in his blanket asleep on the rocks, his left hand loosely closed upon his darts, his right arm bent above his head and making a charming frame for his face, his whole body relaxed in sleep and stirred by his sweet breathing. Then I came down noiselessly, on tiptoe, lest he wake annoyed. Still, you know all this: why should I tell you any more? But I am sick with love.

Translated by Emily James Smith.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Persons: Zeus, Hermes, Paris, Hera, Athena, Aphrodite

ZEUS — Hermes, take this apple and go to Phrygia, to Priam's son, the cowherd, — he is pasturing his drove on Ida, — and say to him that since he is handsome himself, and a connoisseur in matters of love, he has been appointed by Zeus to judge which is the fairest of the three goddesses. The apple is to be the victor's prize. [*To the goddesses.*] It is time now that you ladies were off to the judge. I have delegated the office of

umpire because I am equally attached to you all, and if it were possible I should gladly see you all win. Moreover, the man who gives the prize of beauty to one must in the nature of things be detested by the others. These reasons disqualify me as umpire; but the young man in Phrygia to whom you are going is of a royal house,—being in fact a cousin of Ganymede, whom you know,—and he has the simple manner of the mountains.

Aphrodite—For my part, Zeus, you might make Momus himself the umpire and I should still go confidently to trial; for what could he find to criticize in me? And the others must needs put up with the man.

Hera—We are not afraid either, Aphrodite, even if your Ares were to settle the question. We are satisfied with this man, whoever he is,—this Paris.

Zeus [*to Athena*]—Well, daughter, are you of the same mind? What do you say? You turn away blushing? It is natural for you virgins to be coy in such matters. But you might at least nod. [*Athena nods.*] Off with you, then; and the defeated, mind you, are not to be angry with the judge nor to do any harm to the young man. It is impossible for all to be equal in beauty. [*They start.*]

Hermes—Let us make straight for Phrygia. I will go first, and do you follow smartly. And don't be uneasy. I know Paris; he is a handsome young fellow, a lover by temperament, and a most competent judge in such cases as this. His decision will certainly be correct.

Aphrodite—That is good news, and all in my favor. [*To Hermes, apart.*] Is this person a bachelor, or has he a wife?

Hermes—Not exactly a bachelor.

Aphrodite—What do you mean?

Hermes—Apparently a woman of Ida is his mate: a good enough creature, but crude and extremely rustic. He does not seem to care much about her. But why do you ask?

Aphrodite—Oh, I just asked.

Athena [*to Hermes*]—This is a breach of trust, sirrah. You are having a private understanding with Aphrodite.

Hermes—It's nothing terrible, and has nothing to do with you. She was asking me whether Paris is a bachelor.

Athena—Why is that any business of hers?

Hermes—I don't know; she says she asked casually, without any object.

Athena — Well, *is* he a bachelor?

Hermes — Apparently not.

Athena — Has he any leaning towards war? Is he an ambitious person, or a cowherd merely?

Hermes — I can't say certainly; but it is safe to guess that a man of his age will hanker after fighting and long to distinguish himself in the field.

Aphrodite — See now, I don't find any fault with you for talking apart with her. Fault-finding is not natural to Aphrodite.

Hermes — She was asking me almost exactly what you did, so don't take it amiss or think you are badly treated. I answered her just as simply as I did you.

— But while we are talking we have come a long way. We have left the stars behind and almost reached Phrygia. I see Ida and the whole range of Gargarus clearly; and unless I am mistaken, I can even make out Paris, your judge.

Hera — Where is he? I don't see him.

Hermes — Look off to the left, — not at the summit of the mountain, but along the flank where the cave is. There you see the herd.

Hera — But not the herdsman.

Hermes — What? Look along my finger, so. Don't you see the cows coming from among the rocks, and a man with a crook running down the bluff to hem them in and keep them from scattering further?

Hera — I see now, if that is he.

Hermes — That's he. When we are close at hand we will take to the ground, if you please, and come up to him walking, so as not to frighten him by dropping in from the unseen.

Hera — Very good, we will do so. [*They alight.*] Now that we are on earth, Aphrodite, you had better go ahead and lead the way. You are probably familiar with the spot. The story goes that you have visited Anchises here more than once.

Aphrodite — Those jokes don't bother me very much, Hera.

Hermes — I will lead the way myself. Here is the umpire close by: let us address him. [*To Paris.*] Good morning, cowherd!

Paris — Good morning, my lad. Who are you? And who are these women whom you are escorting? — not mountain-bred: they are too pretty.

Hermes—And not women. Paris, you see before you Hera and Athena and Aphrodite; and I am Hermes, bearing a message from Zeus. Why do you tremble and lose color? Don't be frightened; it's nothing bad. He bids you judge which of them is fairest; "for," says Zeus, "you are fair yourself and wise in lover's lore, so I turn over the case to you. You will know what the prize is when you read the legend on the apple." [*Hands him the apple.*]

Paris—Let me see what it all means. 'FOR THE FAIREST, the apple says. How in the world, Lord Hermes, can I, a mortal man and a rustic, be judge of this marvelous spectacle, which is beyond a cowherd's powers? Judgment in such matters belongs rather to the dainty folk in towns. As for me, I have the art to judge between goat and goat, as between heifer and heifer, in point of beauty. But these ladies are beautiful alike. I do not know how a man could drag his sight from one to rest it on another. Wherever my eye falls first, there it clings and approves what it finds. I am fairly bathed in their beauty. It surrounds me altogether. I wish I were all eyes, like Argus. I think I should judge wisely if I gave the apple to all. And here is something to consider too: one of them is sister and wife of Zeus, while the others are his daughters. Doesn't this make the decision hard?

Hermes—I can't say. I only know that you can't shirk what Zeus commands.

Paris—Make them promise one thing, Hermes: that the losers will not be angry with me, but only consider my sight defective.

Hermes—They say they will do so; but it is time you made your decision.

Paris—I will try; for what else can I do? Good heavens, what a sight! What beauty! What delight! How fair the maiden goddess is! and how queenly, glorious, and worthy of her station is the wife of Zeus! And how sweet is Aphrodite's glance, with her soft, winning smile!—Bah! I can hold no more pleasure. If you please, I should like to study each separately; as it is, I look two ways at once.

Aphrodite—Yes, let us do it that way.

Paris—Go off, then, two of you. Hera, do you stay.

Hera—I will; and when you have considered me carefully you had better consider something else,—whether you like the

results of a verdict in my favor. For if you decide, Paris, that I am the fairest, you shall be lord of all Asia.

Paris — My justice is not for sale. Go now, I am satisfied. Come next, Athena.

Athena — Here I am, Paris; and if you decide that I am fairest, you shall never be beaten in battle. I will make you a victorious warrior.

Paris — I have no use for war and battle, Athena. Peace reigns, as you see, in Phrygia and Lydia, and my father's realm is undisturbed. But cheer up: you shall not suffer for it, even if my justice is not for sale. I have finished with you; it is Aphrodite's turn.

Aphrodite — At your service, Paris, and I shall bear careful inspection. And if you like, my dear lad, listen to me too. I have had an eye on you for some time; and seeing you so young and handsome — does Phrygia hold such another? — I congratulate you on your looks, but I blame you for not leaving these rocks and living in the city. Why do you waste your beauty in the desert? What good do you get of the mountains? How are your cattle the better because you are handsome? You ought to have had a wife before this; not a wild country girl like the women of Ida, but a queen from Argos or Corinth, or a Spartan woman like Helen, for instance. She is young and lovely, in no way inferior to me, and what is most important, made for love. If that woman should but see you, I know she would surrender herself, and leave everything to follow you and be your wife; but of course you have heard about her yourself.

Paris — Not a word. But I should love to listen if you will tell me the whole story.

Aphrodite — She is the daughter of that fair Leda whom Zeus loved.

Paris — And what does she look like?

Aphrodite — She is blonde, soft, and delicate, yet strong with athletic sports. She is so sought after that men fought for her sake when Theseus stole her, yet a little girl. And when she was grown up, all the noblest of the Greeks came courting her; and Menelaus was chosen, of the family of Pelops. But if you like, I will make her your wife.

Paris — What do you mean? She is married already.

Aphrodite — You *are* a young provincial, to be sure. But I know how to manage an affair like that.

Paris — How? I should like to know myself.

Aphrodite — You will set out on your travels, ostensibly to see Greece; and when you come to Lacedæmon, Helen will see you. The rest shall be my affair, to arrange that she shall fall in love with you and follow you.

Paris — Ah, that is what seems impossible to me,—that a woman should be willing to leave her husband and sail away with a stranger to a strange land.

Aphrodite — Don't worry about that. I have two fair children, Longing and Love, whom I shall give you as guides on your journey. And Love shall enter into the woman and compel her to love, while Longing shall invest you with charm in her eyes. I will be there myself, and I will ask the Graces to come too, so that we may make a joint attack upon her.

Paris — How all this is to come about remains to be seen; but I am already in love with Helen. Somehow or other I see her with my mind's eye, and my voyage to Greece and my visit to Sparta and my return with her. It oppresses me that I am not carrying it out this minute.

Aphrodite — Don't fall in love, Paris, until you have given me the matchmaker's fee in the shape of a verdict. It would be nice if we could have a joint festival in honor of your marriage and my victory. It all rests with you. You can buy love, beauty, a wife, with that apple.

Paris — I am afraid you will forget me after the award is made.

Aphrodite — Do you want my oath?

Paris — By no means; only your promise.

Aphrodite — I promise that I will give you Helen to be your wife, that she shall follow you to Troy, and that I will attend in person and help you in every way.

Paris — And you will bring Love and Longing and the Graces?

Aphrodite — Trust me, and I will have Desire and Hymen there into the bargain.

Paris — On these conditions I award the apple to you. Take it!

Translated by Emily James Smith.

THE AMATEUR OF LYING

Persons: Tychiades, Philocles

TYCHIADES — I have just come from a visit to Eucrates — everybody knows Eucrates — and at his house I heard a lot of incredible fables. Indeed, I came away in the middle because I could not stand the extravagance of what I heard. I fled from the tale of portents and wonders as though the Furies were at my heels.

Philocles — What were they, in Heaven's name? I should like to know what form of folly Eucrates devises behind that impressive beard of his.

Tychiades — I found at his house a goodly company, including Cleodomus the Peripatetic, and Deinomachus the Stoic, and Ion; — you know Ion, who thinks himself an authority on the writings of Plato, believing himself the only man who has exactly understood the master's meaning so as to interpret him to the world. You see what sort of men were there, of wisdom and virtue all compact. Antigonus the doctor was there too; called in professionally, I suppose. Eucrates seemed to be eased already; his difficulty was a chronic one, and the humors had subsided to his feet. He motioned me to sit down beside him on the couch, sinking his voice to invalid's pitch when he saw me, though I had heard him shouting as I came in. So I sat down beside him, taking great care not to touch his feet, and explaining, as one does, that I hadn't heard of his illness before, and came on a run as soon as the news reached me.

They happened to be still carrying on a discussion of his ailment which had already occupied them some time; and each man was suggesting a method of treatment.

"Now, if you kill a field-mouse in the way I described," said Cleodomus, "and pick up one of its teeth from the ground with your left hand, and wrap it in the skin of a lion newly flayed, and then tie it round your legs, the pain will cease at once."

"Why, do you think," I asked, "that any charm can work the cure, or that what you clap on outside affects a disease lodged within?"

"Don't mind him," said Ion. "I will tell you a queer story. When I was a boy about fourteen years old, a messenger came to tell my father that Midas, one of his vine-dressers, — a robust, active fellow, — had been bitten by a snake about noonday, and

was then lying with a mortifying leg. As he was tying up the tendrils and fastening them to the poles, the creature had crept up and bitten his great toe, disappearing at once into its hole, while Midas bawled in mortal agony. Such was the message, and we saw Midas himself borne on a cot by his fellow slaves; swollen, livid, clammy, and evidently with but a short time to live. Seeing my father's distress, a friend who stood by said to him, 'Cheer up: I will bring you a man—a Chaldæan from Babylon, they say—who will cure the fellow.' And to make a long story short, the Babylonian came and put Midas on his feet, driving the poison out of his body by an incantation and the application to his foot of a chip from a maiden's tombstone. And perhaps this is not very remarkable; though Midas picked up his own bed and went back to the farm, showing the force that was in the charm and the stone. But the Babylonian did some other things that were really remarkable. Early in the morning he went to the farm, pronounced seven sacred names from an ancient book, walked round the place three times purifying it with torch and sulphur, and drove out every creeping thing within the borders. They came out in numbers as though drawn to the charm: snakes, asps, adders, horned snakes and darting snakes, toads and newts. But one old serpent was left behind; detained by age, I suppose. The magician declared he had not got them all, and chose one of the snakes, the youngest, to send as an ambassador to the old one, who very shortly made his appearance also. When they were all assembled, the Babylonian blew upon them, and they were forthwith burnt up by his breath, to our astonishment."

"Tell me, Ion," said I, "did the young snake—the ambassador—give his hand to the old one, or had the old one a crutch to lean on?"

"You are flippant," said Cleodomus.

While we were talking thus, Eucrates's two sons came in from the gymnasium,—one of them already a young man, the other about fifteen; and after greeting us they sat down on the couch by their father. A chair was brought for me, and Eucrates addressed me as though reminded of something by the sight of the lads. "Tychiades," said he, "may I have no comfort in these," and he laid a hand on the head of each, "if I am not telling you the truth. You all know my attachment to my wife, the mother of these boys. I showed it by my care of her, not

only while she lived, but after her death by burning with her all the ornaments and clothing that she had pleasure in. On the seventh day after she died, I was lying here on the couch as I am at this moment, and trying to beguile my grief by quietly reading Plato's book on the soul. In the midst of my reading there enters to me Demineate herself and takes a seat near me, where Eucratides is now." He pointed to his younger son, who forthwith shivered with childish terror. He had already grown quite pale at the narrative.

"When I saw her," Eucrates went on, "I threw my arms about her and burst into tears and cries. She however would not suffer it; but chid me because when I burned all her other things for her good pleasure, I failed to burn one of her sandals, her golden sandals. It had fallen under the chest, she said, and so not finding it we had burnt its fellow alone. While we were still talking together, a little devil of a Melitæan dog that was under the couch fell to barking, and at the sound she disappeared. The sandal, however, was found under the chest and burned later."

On the top of this recital there entered Arignotus the Pythagorean, long of hair and reverend of face. You know the man, famous for his wisdom and surnamed "the holy." Well, when I saw him I breathed again, thinking that here was an axe at the root of error. Cleodomus rose to give him a seat. He first asked about the invalid's condition; but when he heard from Eucrates that he was eased already, he asked, "What are you philosophizing about? I listened as I was coming in, and it seemed to me that the talk had taken a very delightful turn."

"We were only trying," said Eucrates, pointing to me, "to convince this adamantine mind that there are such things as dæmons, and that ghosts and souls of the dead wander on earth and appear to whom they will."

I grew red at this, and hung my head in respect for Arignotus.

"Perhaps," said he, "Tychiades holds that only the souls of those that have died by violence walk,—if a man be hanged or beheaded or impaled or something of that sort,—but that after a natural death the soul does not return. If that is his view, it can by no means be rejected."

"No, by heaven," said Deinomachus; "but he does not believe that such things exist at all, or have a substance that can be seen."

«What do you mean?» asked Arignotus, looking at me grimly. «Do you think none of these things occur, although every one, I may say, has seen them?»

«You have made my defense,» I said, «if the ground of my disbelief is that I alone of all men do not even see these things. If I had seen them, of course I should believe them as you do.»

«Well,» he said, «if you ever go to Corinth, ask where Eubatides's house is; and when it is pointed out to you beside the Craneum, go in and tell Tibias the porter that you want to see the spot from which Arignotus the Pythagorean dug up the dæmon and drove him out, making the house habitable forever after.»

«What was that?» asked Eucrates.

«The house had been vacant a long time,» said he, «because people were afraid of it. If any one tried to live in it, he straightway fled in a panic, chased out by some terrible and distressing apparition. So it was falling to ruin, and the roof had sunk, and there was absolutely no one who dared enter it. When I heard of this I took my books,—I have a large collection of Egyptian works on these subjects,—and went to the house in the early evening; although the man with whom I was staying, when he learned where I was going, tried to restrain me almost by force from what he regarded as certain destruction. I took a lamp and went in alone. In the largest room I set down my light, seated myself on the floor, and quietly read my book. Up comes the dæmon, thinking he had an ordinary man to deal with, and hoping to frighten me as he had done the others, in the guise of a squalid fellow, long-haired and blacker than night. Approaching, he tried to get the better of me by onsets from every quarter,—now in the shape of a dog, now of a bull or a lion. But I, having at hand the most blood-curdling conjuration, and delivering it in the Egyptian tongue, drove him into the corner of a dark room. Noting the spot at which he sank into the ground, I desisted for the night. But at daybreak, when every one had given me up, and expected to find me a corpse like the others, I emerged, to the surprise of all, and proceeded to Eubatides, informing him that for the future his house would be innocent and free from horrors. Conducting him and a crowd who followed out of curiosity, I brought them to the spot where the dæmon had disappeared, and bade them dig with mattock and

spade. When they had done so, we found at the depth of about six feet a moldering corpse, only held together by the frame of bones. We dug it up and buried it, and from that day forth the house was no longer disturbed by apparitions."

When this tale was told by Arignotus, a person of exceptional learning and universally respected, there was not a man present who did not upbraid me as a fool for disbelieving these things even when they came from Arignotus. But I said, nothing daunted either by his long hair or his reputation, "What is this? You — truth's only hope — are you one of the same sort, with a head full of smoke and spectres?"

"Why, man," said Arignotus, "if you won't believe me or Deinomachus or Cleodomus or Eucrates himself, come, tell us what opposing authority you have which you think more trustworthy?"

"Why, good heavens," I replied, "it is the mighty man of Abdera, Democritus. I will show you how confident he was that this sort of thing cannot have a concrete existence. When he was living in a tomb outside the city gates, where he had locked himself up and spent day and night in writing, some of the boys in joke wanted to frighten him, and dressed up in black shrouds like corpses with death's-head masks. In this guise they surrounded him and danced about him, leaping and shuffling with their feet. But far from being frightened by their make-believe, he did not even glance at them, but went on with his writing, saying, 'Stop your nonsense.' That shows how sure he was that souls cease to exist when they pass from the body."

"You only prove," said Eucrates, "that Democritus was a fool too, if that was his opinion. I will tell you another story, not on hearsay but an experience of my own. When I was a young man my father sent me to Egypt, — to have me educated, as he said; and while I was there I conceived the wish to sail up to Coptus, and thence to visit the statue of Memnon and hear the famous notes it utters at the rising of the sun. On the voyage back it chanced that a man from Memphis was among the passengers, — one of the sacred scribes, a man of wonderful wisdom and conversant with all the learning of the Egyptians. It was said that he had lived twenty-three years underground in the precincts, learning magic under the tutorship of Isis."

"You mean Pancrates, my teacher!" cried Arignotus. "A holy man with a shaven head and clad in linen; he was of a

thoughtful turn, spoke Greek imperfectly, was tall and slight, had a snub nose and projecting lips, and his legs were a trifle thin."

"The very man," said Eucrates. "At first I did not know who he was; but whenever we put in anywhere I used to see him doing various wonderful things,—among others, riding a crocodile and swimming with the creatures, who cowered before him and fawningly wagged their tails. Then I perceived that he was a holy person; and little by little, through kindly feeling, I became before I knew it his intimate friend and the partner of his secrets. And finally he persuaded me to go off alone with him, leaving all my servants at Memphis; 'for,' said he, 'we shall have no lack of attendants.' Our mode of life after that was this: whenever we entered a lodging the man would take the bolt from the door, or the broom, or even the pestle, dress it in clothes, and then by pronouncing some charm set it walking, so that to every one else it seemed to be a man. It would go and fetch water, buy food and cook it, and in all respects act as a clever servant. And when he had enough of its service, he would say another charm and make the broom a broom again, or the pestle a pestle. This charm I could not learn from him, anxious as I was to know it; he kept it jealously, though he was most communicative in every other respect. One day I overheard it without his knowledge, standing almost in the dark. It was of three syllables. He then went off to the market after giving his orders to the pestle. The next day, while he had business in the market, I took the pestle, dressed it up, uttered the three syllables just as he did, and bade it bring water. When it had filled the jar and brought it to me, I said, 'That will do: don't fetch any more water; be a pestle again.' But it would not obey me; it kept on bringing water until the whole house was flooded. I was at my wits' end, for fear Pancrates should come back and be angry,—just what happened,—so I seized an axe and chopped the pestle in two. No use! Each piece took a jar and fell to drawing water, so that I had two of them at it instead of one. At this point, too, Pancrates arrived. When he realized what was going on, he reduced the water-carriers to wood again, and himself deserted me on the sly, disappearing heaven knows whither."*

* Barham has used this story in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,'—'The Lay of St. Dunstan.'

"At any rate," said Deinomachus, "you know so much,—how to make a man out of a pestle."

"Will you never stop spinning your marvelous yarns?" I said. "You are old enough to know better. But at least respect these boys, and postpone your terrific stories to some other time. Before you know it they will be full of nervous terrors. You ought to consider them, and not accustom them to hear things that will haunt them all their lives, and make them afraid of a noise because they are full of superstition."

"I am glad you used that word," said Eucrates. "It reminds me to ask you what you think about another class of phenomena, —I mean oracles and prophecies. Probably you have no faith in them either?"

"I am off," said I. "You are not satisfied with the field of human experience, but must needs call in the gods themselves to take a hand in your myth-making."

And so saying I took my leave; but they, I daresay, freed of my presence, drew in their chairs to the banquet and supped full with lies.

Translated by Emily James Smith.

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS

(98?–55? B. C.)

BY PAUL SHOREY

TITUS LUCRETIUS CARUS, the most vigorous and original, though not the most beautiful and artistic of Latin poets, was a contemporary of the youth and middle age of Cæsar and Cicero. Of his brief life virtually nothing is known. He belonged to a noble family, but seems to have held aloof from the political conflicts which during that Inferno of a half-century made a steaming slaughter-house of Rome. Yet he writes of the great world, and of the vanity of its ambitions, its loves, and its insensate luxury, with a poignant intensity which suggests experience or intimate observation. The legend that his premature death was caused by the administration of a maddening love-philtre by a jealous wife, is familiar to English readers in Tennyson's exquisite and scholarly poem. His life work, the 'De Rerum Natura' (On the Nature of Things), is a didactic exposition, in six books and some 7415 hexameter lines, of the doctrines of Epicurus,—at that time the most widely diffused among the Roman nobility, of the systems which their ingenious Greek lecturers and literary companions were importing into Italy.

LUCRETIUS

That philosophy, a product of the frivolous and disillusionized Athens of the third century B. C., taught in physics that all phenomena are explicable, without the intervention of gods, by the fortuitous concurrence of material atoms and the «various entanglements, weights, blows, clashings, motions, by which things severally go on»; and in morals that man's true happiness consists in freedom from superstitious terror, in renunciation of the sterile agitations of ambition and the pursuit of wealth, and in tranquil enjoyment of the simpler and soberer forms of pleasure. Not a very noble or elevating doctrine for a poet, it would seem; yet perhaps hardly more repugnant to the Muse than the Puritan theology of 'Paradise Lost,' or the scholasticism, fantastic allegory, and petty municipal politics of the

'Divine Comedy.' Genius and passion will pour the molten ore of life into any mold; and the genius of Lucretius passionately embraced the cold mechanism and the unheroic quietism of the Epicurean philosophy, as a protest against the degrading superstitions of Rome and as a refuge from her tumultuous politics.

The first book opens with a magnificent invocation of Venus, and a dedication of the work to the poet's patron, or rather friend, the great Roman noble Memmius. This is followed by a thrilling picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia,—a typical crime of superstition,—and a brief résumé of the chief topics to be treated, into which is deftly intercalated an enthusiastic panegyric upon Ennius, the father of Roman song. Then comes an exposition of the fundamental principles of the atomic philosophy, accompanied by a refutation of those who deny a vacuum or the indivisibility of the atoms; as well as of those who assume other elements,—earth, water, air, fire. Two eloquent digressions chant the praise of the Sicilian pre-Socratic poet-philosopher Empedocles and the delights of poesy. The last two hundred lines demonstrate, by arguments which Bruno, Locke, Voltaire, Pasteur, and Renan have copied, the infinity of the universe in space and time, and the infinity of matter.

The exordium of the second book contrasts the Epicurean tranquillity of students in their pensive citadels with the vain agitations of men. Then follows a more technical exposition of the nature and movements of the atoms. The sensible qualities of things are due only to the shapes and combinations of these colorless material particles. They do not reside in the things nor in the atoms themselves. Life and sensation also are transient phenomena,—bubbles on the ocean of being, froth on the surface,—and not ultimate realities. And being atomic, all things are dissoluble. The earth itself grows old, and no longer bears the teeming harvests of her lusty youth.

The third book opens with the praise of Epicurus and a description of the peace of mind which philosophy brings. To attain this peace we must eradicate the fear of death and hell. In seven hundred lines of close reasoning, some twenty-seven formal arguments are adduced to prove the mortality of the soul and its entire dependence on bodily conditions. This long arid tract is followed by two hundred and sixty lines of the most glorious poetry in the Latin language: an impassioned expostulation with the puny souls who rebel against nature's beneficent law of change, who are fain to tarry past their hour at the banquet of existence, and idly repine that they, whose very life is a sleep and a folding of the hands for slumber, must lie down to their everlasting rest with Homer and Scipio, Democritus and Epicurus, and all the wise and brave who have gone before.

The fourth book is mainly occupied by an account of the processes of perception, which are explained by the hypothesis that delicate films and emanations, thrown off from bodies, penetrate the channels of sensation. A digression vigorously argues against the skeptical doctrine of the untrustworthiness of the senses. In optical and other illusions, it is not the senses but the hasty inferences of the mind that are at fault.

The poet's polemic against the argument from design in the structure of the body is famous. As Prior in his 'Alma' puts it:—

> «Note here Lucretius dares to teach,
> As all our youth may learn from Creech,
> That eyes were made but could not view,
> Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue;
> But heedless Nature did produce
> The members first and then the use.»

The book closes with a realistic treatment of sleep, dreams, and the sexual life.

The fifth book deals with astronomy, the history of the globe, and the origins of life and civilization. The poet undertakes to prove that the triple frame of the world had a beginning and will some day be dissolved,—a doctrine that strongly impressed the imaginations of his successors.

> «Then shall Lucretius's lofty numbers die,
> When earth and sea in fire and flames shall fry,»

says Ovid—in Ben Jonson's free imitation.

There is no impiety in this teaching, says Lucretius; for the world is not a perfect divine creation, as the Stoic optimists affirm, but it is a flawed and faulty product of accidental adaptations. The puerile astronomical hypotheses that follow are in startling contrast with the brilliant, vividly imaginative, and essentially correct sketch of prehistoric anthropology and the evolution of civilization that occupies the last six hundred lines.

The sixth book is a sort of appendix, devoted to the explanation of alarming or mysterious phenomena which might prove a last refuge of superstition. The most noted passage is the description of the plague at Athens, after Thucydides (1137–1286).

Lucretius by the very didactic severity of his theme is shut out from the wide-spread popularity of the great dramatists and epic poets. But in every age a select company of readers is found to respond to at least one of the three mighty chords with which his lyre is strung; and to cherish him either as the poet of the emancipating power of human science, as the poet of nature, or as the

sublime and melancholy satirist of naked and essential man. He is the poet of the pride of science, as it appeals to youthful souls in their first intoxication with the idea of infinite impersonal nature liberated from her anthropomorphic lords, and in their first passionate revolt against the infamies of popular superstition and the smug decencies of its official interpreters. This influence no erudite exposure of his errors in detail can destroy, no progress of modern knowledge supersede. It is true that he has no conception of strict scientific method, or of the progressive conquest of nature by man. He affirms that the real and apparent magnitudes of the sun are nearly the same. He denies the possibility of the antipodes, suggests that the stars may move in quest of fresh pastures in the flowerless fields of heaven, believes in the spontaneous generation of worms from manure, and has a theory to account for the fact that the lion cannot abide the crowing of the cock. But he maintains in sonorous and vigorously argumentative verse the infinity of the universe in space and time, the indestructibility of matter, the plurality of worlds, the reign of law, the possibility of a mechanical explanation of all phenomena, and the ceaseless operation of the silent invisible processes whereby the transformations of nature are wrought. He has the fundamental conception of evolution as the "rational sequence of the unintended," and he approaches very closely the formula of the "survival of the fittest." He has the rudiments of the most modern psychological notions as to the threshold of sensation and the measurement of local discrimination. He illustrates the origin of language from the barking of dogs almost in the words of Darwin, and describes the stages of the prehistoric life of man in phrases which Tylor quotes with approval. Above all, he attacks with eloquent scorn the "carpenter theory of creation," and the insipidities of optimistic teleologies and theodicies; and he magnificently celebrates as the chief heroes of humanity the scientific thinkers who have revealed the eternal laws of nature, and have liberated the human spirit from the bondage of superstition and the chimæras of metaphysics. These things, if they do not justify Huxley's statement that "Lucretius has drunk deeper of the scientific spirit than any other poet of ancient or modern times except Goethe," do at least explain why he has always been honored as the poetic incarnation of that spirit by the church militant of science.

But he is more than the rhetorician of science. He has all Dryden's skill in marshaling arguments in verse; and he manifests in addition a peculiar blending of the poetical and scientific imagination, which causes the vivid felicity of his illustrations of the unfamiliar by the familiar, the unseen by the seen, to be felt by the reader as proofs rather than as mere decorative imagery. And whether in argument or description, his language throughout conveys a more

vivid reflection of the ceaseless life and movement of nature than anything in the beautiful symbolism of Greek mythology or in the more precise formulas of modern science. Like Shelley, he renews the work of the mythopœic imagination in the very act of repudiating its creations. In the magnificent opening hymn to Venus, without lapsing for a line from his large, stately Roman manner, he blends the Greek poets' allegorizing conception of love as an all-pervading cosmic power with an incomparably warm sensuous picture of the breathing human passion of the amorous deity. His repudiation of the superstitious worship of the great mother of the gods, in the second book, combines all the pomp of Milton's enumerations of the false deities of the heathen with a deeper Wordsworthian vein of reflection on the

> —«springs
> Of that licentious craving in the mind
> To act the God among external things.»

The ten lines in which he recalls and rejects the myth of Phaethon outweigh all the labored ingenuities of the three hundred and twenty-five lines which Ovid has devoted to the theme. When, digressing from the phenomena of echo, he explains away the Italian peasant's naïve faith in the fauns and goat-footed satyrs with which his fancy peoples the «shepherd's lonely walks and solitude divine,» the exquisite verses are touched by a wistful sympathy which we associate rather with modern and romantic than with classical poetry. And few passages in profane literature will so nearly sustain the comparison with the words of the Lord answering Job out of the whirlwind as the lines where, in the name of the grandeur of the infinite world, Lucretius scornfully challenges the petty faith in an anthropomorphic God—

> «Who rolls the heavens, and lifts and lays the deep,
> Yet loves and hates with mortal hates and loves.»

This quickening spirit of imagination constrains him, despite his theories, to animate Nature too in all her parts and processes. He makes us aware of life, motion, growth everywhere. In the atoms that weave their everlasting dance like motes in the summer sun; in the shining Ether that clips the world in his greedy embrace; in the war of the elements,—the winds eagerly striving to dry up all the waters, while the waters are confident that they will sooner drown the world; in the brook plashing down the mountain-side and summoning from afar by its clear murmurings the thirsty tribes of brutes, or delivering the filtered tribute of the woodland to the ocean, there to be sucked up by the sun and so precipitated again by Father Ether into the lap of Mother Earth, who thence bears on her bounteous breast the smiling harvests and the frisking flocks; in the life of man climbing

ever to maturity, only to decline from life's topmost stair as the vital forces fail under the ceaseless rain of hostile atoms impingent from without. By virtue of this imaginative vision, and this sense of Nature's omnipresent life, she becomes for him a personal, guiding, artistic power,—Nature that sits at the helm, Nature manifold in works, a being far more nearly akin to the immanent Platonic world-soul than to the mathematical sum of colorless Democritean atoms which his theory would make her. "As a poet," said Goethe, "I am a Pantheist;" and despite his nominal allegiance to atomism, the poetry of Lucretius is in spirit pantheistic. It is the "lower pantheism" half spiritualized by an intense feeling for the vital unity of nature, rather than the "higher pantheism" which sees in nature only the symbol and garment of God. But in imaginative effect it is the poetic pantheism of Bruno, Shelley, Swinburne,—nay, of Wordsworth himself in 'Tintern Abbey.' And to this is due much of his attraction for many of the finest minds of the Renaissance and of our own time.

But Lucretius is the poet of nature in a still more special sense. Lowell truly observes that "there is obscurely in him an almost Wordsworthian" quality. Like Wordsworth, he complains of the "film of familiarity" in consequence of which we have eyes and see not; and he marvels that we can be so deadened by custom to the beauty of the starry heavens, that from satiety of the sight no man deigns to look up to the lucid quarters of the sky. And he himself notes not only the grander phenomena of nature, but her subtler aspects and minor solicitations of our senses, on which modern poetry is wont to dwell. He has marked with Coleridge—

> "Those thin clouds above in flakes and bars
> That give away their motion to the stars."

He has observed with Bryant and Wordsworth how distance turns the foaming flood or the grazing flock to a motionless patch of white upon the landscape. He has seen all heaven in a globe of dew, with Shelley. Many of his lines, like those of Tennyson, come back to the lover of nature on his walks, as the inevitable and only expression of what the eye beholds. "When Tennyson went with me to Harwich," says Fitzgerald, "I was pointing out an old collier rolling to the tune of 'Trudit agens magnam magno molimine navem'" (With mighty endeavor the wind drives onward the mighty vessel). And the same critic characterizes as a noble Poussin landscape the picture of summer belts of vine and olive (v. 1370–8), which Wordsworth quotes in his description of the scenery of the English lakes.

To other readers Lucretius will appeal rather as the poet of man. "Satire is wholly ours," said the Roman critic. And Lucretius is a true Roman in that he is a superb rhetorical satirist—a satirist not of men but of essential man. The vanity of our luxury, the tedium

of fantastic idleness, the doubtful benefits of our over-refined and sophisticated civilization, the futility of the Sisyphean labors of ambition, our idle terrors of death, the grotesque and horrible absurdity of the superstitions we dignify by the name of religion, the disenchantment that lurks behind the stage illusions of passion, the insatiate thirst for change and happiness inseparable from our very being,— what license of realistic satire could impress these things upon us as we feel them under the spell of that severe and melancholy eloquence, which reveals our puny life stripped of its conventional disguises and shivering on the shores of infinite existence, the sport of the elemental forces of the world?

> «Poor little life—
> Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.»

But his is not the soul-blighting satire that has no pity in it. «Poor hapless mortals» is his standing Homeric phrase for mankind, wandering blindly in the mazes of ignorance, and ridden by superstition, ennui, ambition, and false ideals of happiness. But he does not therefore preach mere cynicism and despair. «The sober majesties of settled sweet Epicurean life» are accessible to all; some few may attain the passionless calm of «students in their pensive citadels»; and the supreme spirits who pass the flaming bounds of space and time and bring back to mankind the tablets of nature's everlasting laws, lift humanity to the level of the gods. And the dignity with which his majestic melancholy invests suffering and death, by viewing them *sub specie æternitatis* as manifestations of the eternal laws of life, does more to rob them of their sting for some minds than the affected cheerfulness of formal optimism protesting overmuch. Frederick the Great is not the only strenuous spirit that has turned to the third book of the 'De Rerum Natura' for solace and calm.

A poet's style must be studied in the original. Lucretius's models were, among the Latins, Ennius; among the Greeks, the older poets, Homer, Empedocles, Euripides, rather than the artificial Alexandrians who were in favor among his contemporaries. His sincerity, earnestness, and strength, his enthusiastic faith in his teachings, and his keen delight in the labor of «shutting reasons up in rhythm and Heliconian honey in living words,» enlists the reader's attention from the start. And the poet retains it with imperious grasp as he urges on the serried files of his verse over the vast barren spaces of his theme, like Roman soldiers marching on the great white imperial roads that disdain to deviate for mountain or morass.

> «Some find him tedious, others think him lame;
> But if he lags, his subject is to blame.
> Rough weary roads through barren wilds he tried,
> Yet still he marches with true Roman pride.»—ARMSTRONG.

He is not yet master of the intricate harmony and the dying fall of the Virgilian poetic period, nor of the limpid felicity of Ovid; but his single mighty lines, weighted with sonorous archaic diction, and pointed with alliteration, assonance, and antithesis, possess an incomparable energy. They strike upon the sense like huge lances hurled quivering to the mark. The effect can hardly be reproduced in our monosyllabic English.

«When death immortal stays the mortal pulse.»

«Great Scipio's son,
Terror of Carthage, thunderbolt of war.»

«He passed beyond
The unsurmounted fires that wall the world.»

«The parched earth rocks beneath the thunder-stroke,
And threatening peals run rattling o'er the sky.»

«Hand on the torch of life in fiery race.»

«Awe from above to tame the thankless hearts
And graceless spirits of the godless mob.»

«When Rome and Carthage clashed in shock of war.»

«The lion's wrath that bursts his mighty heart.»

«Black shapes of Terror lowering from the clouds.»

«All beasts that range on all the hills o' the world.»

«Here waste Charybdis yawns, and rumbling Ætna
Threatens to re-collect her wrathful fires.»

His influence is to be measured by the quality rather than by the number of his readers. He «was a poet's poet among the ancients, and is a scholar's poet among the moderns.» Virgil, Horace, and Manilius were his pupils in the art of writing Latin verse. Ovid, Propertius, Martial, Statius allude to him with respectful awe. He was a chief source of inspiration to Bruno, and many of the rationalizing pantheists of the Renaissance. Montaigne quotes him on almost every page, and criticizes his fine passages with discriminating enthusiasm. Spenser and Milton know him well and often imitate him. Through Gassendi and Molière he became the standard-bearer of rationalism in the conservative and formal seventeenth century; meriting the honor of refutation by a cardinal, and the coupling of his name with that of Hobbes in denunciation by Nahum Tate. This naturally insured him the enthusiastic admiration of Voltaire and of the great Encyclopedists. The famous prosopopœia of Nature in the 'Système de la Nature' was suggested by a passage in the third book. Dryden translated the proem of the first book; and Creech's translation made

him familiar to the minor writers of the eighteenth century, as frequent allusions prove. And the nineteenth century, which cares nothing for his polemical significance, is recalled to an appreciation of his higher poetic qualities by the admiration of André Chénier, Goethe, Sully Prud'homme, Sainte-Beuve, Schérer, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Swinburne, George Eliot, Fitzgerald, Symonds, and a host of minor essayists.

Munro's masterly edition and translation meets all the needs of the scholar. Kelsey's convenient school edition is much used in American colleges. Mallock's volume in 'Blackwood's Ancient Classics' offers a useful but unsympathetic summary, with specimens of a translation in Spenserian verse. Martha's 'Poème de Lucréce' is eloquent and interesting. Sellar's exhaustive chapters in the 'Roman Poets of the Republic' are diffuse but readable. There is an enthusiastic essay in Symonds's 'Italian Byways,' and there are short studies by Saint-Beuve and Schérer.

Paul Shorey

SPENSER'S IMITATION OF THE

OPENING LINES OF THE 'NATURE OF THINGS'

From 'The Fairy Queen'

GREAT Venus! queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of gods and men, that under sky
Dost fairest shine, and most adorn thy place;
That with thy smiling look dost pacify
The raging seas, and mak'st the storms to fly:
Thee, goddess, thee the winds, the clouds do fear;
And when thou spread'st thy mantle forth on high,
The waters play, and pleasant lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world shows joyous cheer.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowers;
And then all living wights, soon as they see
The spring break forth out of his lusty bowers,
They all do learn to play the paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy pretty pages,
Privily prickèd with thy lustful powers,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

Then do the savage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant frisks, and loathe their wonted food;
The lions roar; the tigers loudly bray;
The raging bulls re-bellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood
To come where thou dost draw them with desire.
So all things else, that nourish vital blood,
Soon as with fury thou dost them inspire,
In generation seek to quench their inward fire.

So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou dost the same repair:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the 'same for pleasure didst prepare.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great god of men and women, queen of the air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss!

INVOCATION TO VENUS

[This and the following versions are all taken from the accurate and scholarly prose version of Professor Munro.]

SINCE thou then art sole mistress of the nature of things, and without thee nothing rises up into the divine borders of light, nothing grows to be glad or lovely, fain would I have thee for a helpmate in writing the verses which I essay to pen on the nature of things for our own son of the Memmii; whom thou, goddess, hast willed to have no peer, rich as he ever is in every grace. Wherefore all the more, O lady, lend my lays an ever-living charm. Cause meanwhile the savage works of war to be lulled to rest throughout all seas and lands; for thou alone canst bless mankind with calm peace, seeing that Mavors, lord of battle, controls the savage works of war,— Mavors, who often flings himself into thy lap quite vanquished by the never-healing wound of love; and then, with upturned face and shapely neck thrown back, feeds with love his greedy sight, gazing, goddess, open-mouthed on thee. Then, lady, pour from thy lips sweet discourse, asking, glorious dame, gentle peace for the Romans.

ON THE EVIL OF SUPERSTITION

When human life to view lay foully prostrate upon earth, crushed down under the weight of religion, who showed her head from the quarters of heaven with hideous aspect lowering upon mortals, a man of Greece ventured first to lift up his mortal eyes to her face and first to withstand her to her face. Him neither story of gods nor thunderbolts nor heaven with threatening roar could quell: they only chafed the more the eager courage of his soul, filling him with desire to be the first to burst the fast bars of nature's portals. Therefore the living force of his soul gained the day: on he passed far beyond the flaming walls of the world, and traversed throughout in mind and spirit the immeasurable universe; whence he returns, a conqueror, to tell us what can, what cannot come into being; in short, on what principle each thing has its powers defined, its deep-set boundary mark. Therefore religion is put under foot and trampled upon in turn; us his victory brings level with heaven.

This is what I fear herein, lest haply you should fancy that you are entering on unholy grounds of reason, and treading the path of sin; whereas on the contrary, often and often that very religion has given birth to sinful and unholy deeds. Thus, in Aulis, the chosen chieftains of the Danai, foremost of men, foully polluted with Iphianassa's blood the altar of the Trivian maid. Soon as the fillet encircling her maiden tresses shed itself in equal lengths adown each cheek, and soon as she saw her father standing sorrowful before the altars, and beside him the ministering priests hiding the knife, and her countrymen at sight of her shedding tears, speechless in terror she dropped down on her knees and sank to the ground. Nor aught in such a moment could it avail the luckless girl that she had first bestowed the name of father on the king. For lifted up in the hands of the men she was carried shivering to the altars, not after due performance of the customary rites to be escorted by the clear-ringing bridal song, but in the very season of marriage, stainless maid 'mid the stain of blood, to fall a sad victim by the sacrificing stroke of a father, that thus a happy and prosperous departure might be granted to the fleet. So great the evils to which religion could prompt!

THE FOOLISHNESS OF LUXURY

From Book Second

It is sweet, when on the great sea the winds trouble its waters, to behold from land another's deep distress; not that it is a pleasure and delight that any should be afflicted, but because it is sweet to see from what evils you are yourself exempt. It is sweet, also, to look upon the mighty struggles of war arrayed along the plains without sharing yourself in the danger. But nothing is more welcome than to hold the lofty and serene positions well fortified by the learning of the wise, from which you may look down upon others and see them wandering all abroad and going astray in their search for the path of life,—see the contest among them of intellect, the rivalry of birth, the striving night and day with surpassing effort to struggle up to the summit of power and be masters of the world. Oh, miserable minds of men! oh, blinded breasts! in what darkness of life and in how great dangers is passed this term of life, whatever its duration! Not choose to see that nature craves for herself no more than this, that pain hold aloof from the body, and she in mind enjoy a feeling of pleasure exempt from care and fear? Therefore we see that for the body's nature few things are needed at all; such and such only as take away pain. Nay, though more gratefully at times they can minister to us many choice delights, nature for her part wants them not, when there are no golden images of youths through the house holding in their right hands flaming lamps for supply of light to the nightly banquet, when the house shines not with silver nor glitters with gold, nor do the paneled and gilded roofs re-echo to the harp; what time, though these things be wanting, they spread themselves in groups on the soft grass beside a stream of water, under the boughs of a high tree, and at no great cost pleasantly refresh their bodies, above all when the weather smiles and the seasons of the year besprinkle the green grass with flowers. Nor do hot fevers sooner quit the body if you toss about on pictured tapestry and blushing purple, than if you must lie under a poor man's blanket. Wherefore, since treasures avail nothing in respect of our body nor birth nor the glory of kingly power, advancing farther you must hold that they are of no service to the mind as well.

THE NOTHINGNESS OF DEATH

DEATH therefore to us is nothing, concerns us not a jot, since the nature of the mind is proved to be mortal. And as in time gone by we felt no distress, when the Pœni [Carthaginians] from all sides came together to do battle, and all things shaken by war's troublous uproar shuddered and quaked beneath high heaven, and mortal men were in doubt which of the two peoples it should be to whose empire all must fall by sea and land alike; thus when we shall be no more, when there shall have been a separation of body and soul, out of both of which we are each formed into a single being,—to us, you may be sure, who then shall be no more, nothing whatever can happen to excite sensation, not if earth shall be mingled with sea and sea with heaven. And even supposing the nature of the mind and power of the soul do feel, after they have been severed from our body, yet that is nothing to us, who by the binding tie of marriage between body and soul are formed each into one single being. And if time should gather up our matter after our death and put it once more into the position in which it now is, and the light of life be given to us again, this result even would concern us not at all, when the chain of our self-consciousness has once been snapped asunder.

THE END OF ALL

IF, JUST as they are seen to feel that a load is on their mind which wears them out with its pressure, men might apprehend from what causes too it is produced, and whence such a pile, if I may say so, of ill lies on their breast,—they would not spend their life as we see them now for the most part do, not knowing any one of them what he wishes, and wanting ever change of place as though he might lay his burden down. The man who is sick of home often issues forth from his large mansion, and as suddenly comes back to it, finding as he does that he is no better off abroad. He races to his country-house, driving his jennets in headlong haste, as if hurrying to bring help to a house on fire: he yawns the moment he has reached the door of his house, or sinks heavily into sleep and seeks forgetfulness, or even in haste goes back again to town. In this way

each man flies from himself (but self, from whom, as you may be sure is commonly the case, he cannot escape, clings to him in his own despite); hates too himself, because he is sick and knows not the cause of the malady; — for if he could rightly see into this, relinquishing all else, each man would study to learn the nature of things; since the point at stake is the condition for eternity, — not for one hour, — in which mortals have to pass all the time which remains for them to expect after death.

Once more, what evil lust of life is this which constrains us with such force to be so mightily troubled in doubts and dangers? A sure term of life is fixed for mortals, and death cannot be shunned, but meet it we must. Moreover, we are ever engaged, ever involved in the same pursuits, and no new pleasure is struck out by living on: but whilst what we crave is wanting, it seems to transcend all the rest; then, when it has been gotten, we crave something else, and ever does the same thirst of life possess us, as we gape for it open-mouthed. Quite doubtful it is what fortune the future will carry with it, or what chance will bring us, or what end is at hand. Nor, by prolonging life, do we take one tittle from the time passed in death, nor can we fret anything away, whereby we may haply be a less long time in the condition of the dead. Therefore you may complete as many generations as you please during your life: none the less, however, will that everlasting death await you; and for no less long a time will he be no more in being, who, beginning with to-day, has ended his life, than the man who has died many months and years ago.

THE SPIRITUALITY OF MATERIAL THINGS

From Book Sixth

In the first place, from all things whatsoever which we see, there must incessantly stream and be discharged and scattered abroad such bodies as strike the eyes and provoke vision. Smells too incessantly stream from certain things; as does cold from rivers, heat from the sun, spray from the waves of the sea, that enter into walls near the shore. Various sounds, too, cease not to stream through the air. Then a moist salt flavor often comes into the mouth, when we are moving about beside the sea; and when we look on at the mixing of a decoction of wormwood,

its bitterness affects us. In such a constant stream from all things the several qualities of things are carried and are transmitted in all directions round: and no delay, no respite in the flow, is ever granted; since we constantly have feeling, and may at any time see, smell, and hear the sound of everything.

And now I will state once again how rare a body all things have; a question made clear in the first part of my poem also, although the knowledge of this is of importance in regard to many things, above all in regard to this very question which I am coming to discuss. At the very outset it is necessary to establish that nothing comes under sense save body mixed with void. For instance: in caves, rocks overhead sweat with moisture and trickle down in oozing drops. Sweat, too, oozes out from our whole body; the beard grows, and hairs over all our limbs and frame. Food is distributed through all the veins, gives increase and nourishment to the very extremities and nails. We feel too cold and heat pass through brass, we feel them pass through gold and silver, when we hold cups. Again, voices fly through the stone partitions of houses: smell passes through, and cold, and the heat of fire which is wont ay to pierce even the strength of iron, where the Gaulish cuirass girds the body round. And when a storm has gathered in earth and heaven, and when along with it the influence of disease makes its way in from without, they both withdraw respectively to heaven and earth and there work their wills, since there is nothing at all that is not of a rare texture of body.

Furthermore, all bodies whatever which are discharged from things are not qualified to excite the same sensations, nor are adapted for all things alike. The sun for instance bakes and dries up the earth, but thaws ice, and forces the snows piled up high on the high hills to melt away beneath his rays; wax again turns to liquid when placed within reach of his heat. Fire also melts brass and fuses gold, but shrivels up and draws together hides and flesh.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LUTHER

(1483–1546)

BY CHESTER D. HARTRANFT

THE transition from the mediæval to the modern world was not at all violent, although we persist in making the lines of demarcation strangely sharp and abrupt. The forces that produced the changes were not all generated at once, nor did they combine in any visible contemporary or sequential unity. They were at first independent, and had been evolved by many unrelated, pent-up thoughts and far-removed energies. The fact of the fusion of all these elements was first discernible in the effects produced; gradually the higher principle became patent enough, however discordant and undesigned the human effort seemed to be; and at last they mingled in an unbroken resultant. Distinctly greater than the modifications produced in politics, literature, economics, and commerce by the currents of the time, was that introduced into religion. During centuries had the desire for freedom, simplicity, and equality sought expression. Individuals and orders had labored for these in extremest sacrifice within the very heart of the mediæval church. The Separatist fraternities, which had transmitted their beliefs and aspirations from one age to another, now suddenly found the door open. One superior voice gave utterance to that blended longing. Martin Luther felt within himself the ancient ferment, and struggled experimentally to meet the spiritual impulse and need of his day. Those primitive truths, the universal priesthood of believers, the right and responsibility of the individual to think and answer for himself, the immediacy of Divine authority, the direct union with God, the overshadowing superiority of the spiritual community of saints, were the themes which had been agitated all along; but which he discussed afresh, and sought to establish not only as concepts but as realities. He compelled their recognition for all time. The revived ideas became the basis of a new order in society and in the State, as well as in the church. They infused the spirit of progress along noble lines, and instituted endless controversies in the spheres of literature, education, discovery, and economics. None of these realms can ever rest: they must ever search after the ideal underlying these truths, which demand universal recognition and practice. They necessitated

continuous growth from the lower to the higher, and violent revolution must ensue where that change is arrested.

It was not without significance that Luther was of peasant origin (born November 10th, 1483); that he was bred under severe home discipline, against which his sensitive nature revolted; that his academic training was in the central schools of Eisleben, Magdeburg, and Eisenach; that he was familiar with the poverty of student life. The University of Erfurt had felt the breath of the new learning, and was already a pioneer of humanism. It gave him his degrees in the liberal arts and philosophy. Hardly had he begun his legal studies before his religious sentiment, accentuated by a series of external experiences, led him to become a monk of the Augustinian order, in which Von Staupitz was steadily restoring the ancient regimen. Now began his studies in theology, his contact with the Bible, and those spiritual agonies which no official advancement into the priesthood, or teaching chair, could quiet or satisfy. The solution thereof, however, was found in the simple faith of and in Christ. The journey to Rome was of immense practical importance, for it destroyed many illusions.

His call to Wittenberg and final settlement there, after a temporary return to Erfurt, gave him not only authority in his order, but entrance into the office of preacher, exegete, lecturer, and author. Here he found his way to a divine life based purely on the Scriptures. From the controversy concerning indulgences, faith, and good works, and after fruitless efforts to win him back, he came to the disputation at Leipzig to find there the inevitable logic of the movement to a final rupture with the mediæval church. At the Diet of Worms that secession became fixed and political. From this time on there was urgency not only for destructive criticism, but for the reconstruction of Christendom upon the foundation of the spiritual experiences, generated and certified by Scriptural authority. In the quiet retreat of the Wartburg, the thought of this rebuilding possessed him. Among many labors he occupied himself mainly with the translation of the New Testament. He finally gave the Bible to his people in a regenerated tongue.

But the unchained thoughts of the day refused to be held in check. For some men the conservative method of reform was too slow. The incursion of radicals, particularly at Wittenberg, led to his voluntary return, and by the simple weight of his personality the iconoclastic movement was for the most part repressed in that centre. The social revolution inaugurated by the peasants, involving many noble principles and aims, met with his most violent hostility because it had resorted to the sword. To his mind the juncture of battle was not a time for nice discriminations and balancings. Nor did the efforts at

political union on the part of those who adopted his views receive any ardent co-operation from him. For a long time he resisted all thought of even armed defense against hypothetical imperial suppression. Nor would he affiliate with divergent religious standpoints of the Reformation, so as to bring all the moderates into a compromise, in order to widen the Torgau and Smalkald leagues. The Diet of Augsburg, 1530, witnessed a united public, and subscribed confession with its Apology, on the part of the princes and their representatives who had embraced the Lutheran ideas. Gradually the long agitated purpose of an appeal to a general council was also surrendered by him. He softened in some degree towards the formula by which Bucer sought to interpret the Lord's Supper, so that the Wittenberg Concord might become a basis of union.

Among the reconstructive movements were the propagation of his views in many of the German States, the visitation of the churches, provision for education in the new spirit, the formulation of ecclesiastical polity and worship, and the raising of funds for the support of ministry, parishes, and benevolent institutions. His final breach with monasticism had been certified by his marriage and the creation of a beautiful home life, in which he exercised a hospitality that often overtaxed his resources and the willing heart of his wife. Relatives, students, celebrities from all lands were at his table. Some of his devoted admirers have preserved to us his talks upon leading themes and persons. He was the victim of almost uninterrupted bodily suffering, which accentuated his mental and spiritual conflicts; nor did these tend to diminish the harshness and coarseness of his polemics. Sweet-tempered at home and in his personal intercourse with men, he let go his fiercest passions against those adversaries who were worthy of his steel, or he flooded lesser minds with a deluge of satire and proverbs. He was busy with his pen after he had to restrict his teaching and lecturing. In the larger efforts at reunion with the mediæval church, whether by conference or by council, he of course could take no personal part, and indeed showed little practical sympathy with them. He had gathered about him a body of most able coadjutors, whose hearts he had touched. Spalatin, Melanchthon, Bugenhagen, Cruciger, Justus, Jonas, Eber, and others were master minds of whose careers he was the shaping genius; although as a rule he did not seek to exercise any repressive influence upon their liberty of thought and action. His last letters to his wife were as humorous and beautiful as ever. He died in the town of his birth, February 18th, 1546, while on a mission to reconcile the Counts Albrecht and Gebhard von Mansfeldt. No man ever received more generous testimony to his worth than did Luther as he was borne to his rest.

His was an extraordinary personality. No one could escape the attraction of his eye or speech. His mighty will conquered his physical ailments. Few men of history have been so prolific in authorship and correspondence. He had a side for Æsop and Terence. He had an ample culture in which the old and the new streams commingled; while it had not the minuteness and polish of the classic models affected by Erasmus and Melanchthon, it was pervaded with an essentially original spirit which vivified and deepened every sentence that he wrote or uttered. This culture was also very broad, and sought invigoration and growth from most of the fresher sources of his time; but especially drew from the perennial fountains of the people's thought and life. He was a man of and for the people; and yet his works instructed and stimulated the wisest and noblest of his contemporaries. He was full of cheer and humor, and these kept his style sparkling and vivid. Tenderness, wrath, joy, sorrow, were always commingled. Few whom he had charmed — and he drew to him the most of men young and old — could be repelled by even the extremes of his vehemence, amounting sometimes to arrogant brutality. Whom he once loved he seldom forgot. Two widely divergent dispositions were those of Luther and Melanchthon. When his dear Philip proved too pliant, or slowly drifted to another principle of theology, the magnanimity of the lion was not violently disturbed. Even the most advanced spirits readily acknowledged their debt to the great Doctor.

His character had eminently heroic qualities, which he manifested in his obedience to the pursuit of truth, in spite of halting and deserting friends: in his attitude at Worms; in relieving his princes of all responsibility for him; in his simple leaning upon the protection of God; in his persistent residence at Wittenberg during its frequent visitations by plagues; in his handling of king and princes, — Henry VIII., Duke George, and Duke Henry, — as he did ordinary mortals. His sublime courage and independence have made him the idol of almost the entire church, and have prevented a true analysis of his character, and the acknowledgment of serious defects in his judgment and conduct.

The salient power of his movement lies in the fact that his entire conception of truth and duty was the result of inward struggle, conviction, and experience. The conscience thus educated was imperative. Step by step he won his way to conclusions, until he attained a rich understanding and appreciation of Jesus Christ as Son of man, Son of God, and Savior of the world. He spoke from his own heart: no wonder that he could appeal persuasively to the hearts of men. Each process — at Erfurt, Wittenberg, Leipzig, Worms, Coburg — added a new stone to the temple of his life. The entire man underwent a revolution: body, soul, and spirit, were devoted singly and unitedly to

the one end. He sought to permeate all life with a higher life, of which certain truths were the expression.

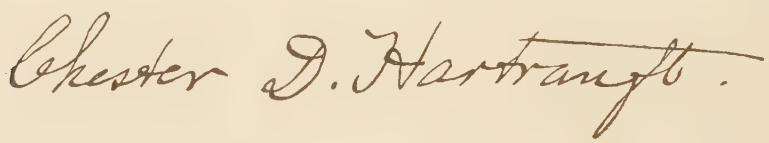
It could not but be, that there would occur contradictions of himself both in speech and conduct during the various stages of his career. A deal of the earlier ideality disappears in the fierceness of later disputes, and in the irresponsiveness of human nature. Some features of the purer spirituality which he first inculcated are obscured and almost obliterated, when he failed to discover any substantial sensibility in the students, ministers, lawyers, citizens, and peasants about him. He practically vacated many points of liberty and equality as he came to organize those who professed adhesion to his principles.

He viewed his work as peculiarly that of a prophet. This was indeed an idea common to reformers of every period; but with him it was not a weak echo of the Old Testament, or an identification with any one of the witnesses of the Apocalypse. He was a real Vox Clamans, inspired by the Holy Spirit and by the existing conditions of that church which he regarded as anti-Christ, by the claims of society and by the confusions of State. Naturally this conception of his call grew into a certain arrogance and dictatorship; for it carried with it the feeling of finality. This accounts for his unbending hostility to every opinion or interpretation that was not in accord with what he deemed must be true. Hence the bitter violence of his letters and treatises against such typical men as Zwingli and Schwenckfeld; and his resistance to every attempt, save one, to bring upon a single platform the various groups of Protestants. It was this lofty spiritual egoism which made him turn from humanism as an ultimate source of renovation. This impelled him to draw swords with Erasmus; this made him refuse the political expedients of the knights as well as the peasants. Nor would he allow his own Elector, Frederic John or John Frederic, to dictate to him the terms and bounds of his duty; not even in cases which involved the most delicate relations, social and political. His scorn was boundless at every suggestion of surrender or silence.

His influence upon literature was greater than that of any other man of his time: for he did not seek to revive classic models after the method of humanism in its worship of form, nor to use the dead languages as vehicles for the best thought; but endeavored to spiritualize the Renaissance itself, and to build up his vernacular into a strong, fertile, and beautiful language. He distinctly says that he delved into the colloquial patois, into the Saxon official speech (which had a sort of first place), into proverbs, and into the folk literature, to construct out of these sources, under the leadership of the Saxon, one popular, technical, and literary tongue. He laid the basis thereby

for the splendid literature of Germany, which not even the classical or French affectations could destroy. It is not easy to overestimate the creative influence on literature of Luther's translation of the Bible. Hardly less potent was his influence in baptizing music and song with the new spirit; for he had a genuine artistic instinct, if little of technical ability. It is no wonder, therefore, that we find him renovating education in all its grades; and with such a radical conception of its value, comprehensiveness, and method as not even Melanchthon attained unto.

The infusion of his principles touched society and the State in ways that he little imagined. He was a devoted patriot, and longed to lift the German people out of their vices, and to remove the occasion for that contempt with which other nationalities regarded them. It was by very slow degrees, and in the end after all somewhat hazily, that the thought of the German nation as greater than the Holy Roman German Empire gained ground in his mind. It was long before his worshipful nature could read Charles V. in his true characteristics. The right of defense was denied by him until he could look upon the Emperor as a tool of the Pope. But the upheavals of the times produced by his single-hearted fight for gospel truth, slowly compelled a recognition of the independence of the States, and the claims of some kind of federation. It could not be otherwise than that the religious liberty taught by Luther should eventuate in political freedom and constitutional law; although he himself all too frequently forgot his own teaching, in his treatment of Sacramentarians, Anabaptists, and Jews. He too, like all original minds, built better than he knew. It has been the privilege of but few to initiate such penetrative and comprehensive ideas with their corresponding organizations for the regeneration of our race.



TO THE CHRISTIAN NOBLES OF THE GERMAN NATION

On the Improvement of the Christian Body

[Introductory address to Nikolaus von Amsdorf, Licentiate of the Holy Scriptures, and Canon of Wittenberg.]

FIRST of all, may the grace and peace of God be with you, my honored, reverend, and dear sir and friend.

The time for keeping silence has gone by, and the time for speaking has come, as the Preacher says. According to our agreement, I have arranged some compositions which have reference to the improvement of the Christian body, in order to present them to the Christian nobles of the German nation, in the hope that God would help his church through the laity; since the ministry, which should rather have seen to it, has become entirely indifferent. I send the complete essay to your Reverence, for your judgment, and for your correction when you find this necessary. I know well that I shall not escape the censure of overestimating myself, in that I, despised and forsaken man that I am, dare to address such high and great people of rank upon such important and supreme themes; as if there were no other person in the world, save Dr. Luther, to protect the Christian body and to give advice to people of such exalted intelligence.

I will not attempt any defense: let who will, blame me. Perhaps I owe my God and the world one more folly. I have now resolved to pay it honestly, if I can, and to become court fool for once. If I do not succeed, I have at least secured one advantage: nobody need buy me a cap, nor shave my crown. But it is a question, which of the two is going to fasten the bells on the other. I must fulfill the proverb, "Whatever the world has to do, a monk must be by, even if he has to be added as a picture." Surely a fool has frequently spoken wisely, and often completely fooled wise people; as Paul says, "If any man be wise in this world, let him become a fool that he may be wise."

Further, since I am not only a fool, but a sworn Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, I am glad to have the opportunity to fulfill my oath, just in the manner of such fools. I pray you to apologize for me among men of moderate intelligence, for I do not know how to merit the favor and the grace of those who are top-lofty in understanding: I have indeed often striven for this

grace and favor, but from now on I neither crave nor do I esteem them.

God help us to seek not our own honor, but his only. Amen.

At Wittenberg, in the Convent of the Augustines, on St. John the Baptist's eve, in the year 1520.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE CHRISTIAN

That we may thoroughly comprehend what a Christian is, and how it stands with the liberty which Christ has acquired for and given to him, whereof St. Paul writes much, I set down here these two conclusions:—

A Christian is a free master of all things and subject to no one.

A Christian is a bond-servant of all things and subject to everybody.

These two conclusions are clear. St. Paul (1 Cor. ix. 19): "For though I was free from all men, I brought myself under bondage to all, that I might gain the more;" further (Rom. xiii. 8): "Owe no man anything, save to love one another." But love is a servant, and is subject to whom it loves. Thus of Christ (Gal. iv. 4): "God sent forth his Son, born of a woman, born under the law."

To understand these two opposite expressions, freedom and bondage, we must remember that every Christian is of two natures, spiritual and physical. As to his soul, he is called a carnal, old, and outward man. And because of this difference he is spoken of in the Scriptures in directly opposite terms, as I have just mentioned with respect to freedom and bondage.

Let us contemplate the inward, spiritual man, with the view of finding out what qualities are essential for him that he may really be and be known as a pious, free Christian. It is clear that no outward thing may make him either free or pious, no matter by what name you call that externality. For his piety and liberty, or his wickedness and bondage, are neither physical nor outward. Of what help is it to the soul that the body is unfettered, vigorous, and healthy? That it eats, drinks, lives, as it will? Again, of what hurt is it to the soul, that the body is fettered, sick, and faint? that it hungers, thirsts, and suffers in a way that it does not like? Of all these things not one reaches the soul, to free or enslave it, to make it pious or evil.

Therefore it in no wise helps the soul, whether the body be clothed in sacred garments or not; whether it be in churches and holy places or not; whether it be occupied with holy things or not. Nor can bodily prayers, fasts, pilgrimages, or the doing of all good works, although they might be wrought in and by the body to eternity, be of any avail for the soul. It must be something entirely different that brings and gives piety and liberty to the soul. For all the above-mentioned parts, works, and ways may in themselves be contained in and exercised by an evil man, a dissembler, and a hypocrite. Further, by such methods nothing else than vain double-dealings could be produced. Again, it does not hurt the soul to have the body wearing secular garments; to eat, drink, make pilgrimages in secular places; to neglect prayers, and leave undone all the works which the above-mentioned hypocrites do.

The soul has nothing else in heaven nor on earth whereby it can live, become pious, free, and Christian, than the gospel,— God's word preached by Christ, as he himself says (John xi. 25): "I am the resurrection and the life;" and again (John xiv. 6): "I am the way, and the truth, and the life;" also (Matthew iv. 4): "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Therefore we must be assured that the soul can do without everything else save the Word of God; and that without the Word of God nothing can help it. If however it has the Word, it needs naught else, but it has sufficient in the Word's food: joy, peace, light, art, righteousness, truth, wisdom, liberty, and all good, in overflowing measure.

In this sense we read in the Psalter, especially in Psalm xix., that the prophet cares only for God's word; and in the Scriptures, it is held to be the worst plague and anger of God should he take his Word away from mankind; and again, no greater mercy than to send his Word, as is written (Ps. cvii.): "He sendeth his Word, and healeth them, and delivereth them from their destructions." And Christ came for no other purpose than to preach God's Word. Also all apostles, bishops, priests, and the whole ministerial order are called and installed only for the sake of the Word, although it is otherwise at present. But do you ask, What is the Word, which bestows such great mercy, and how shall I use it? I answer: It is nothing else than the teaching of Christ, as contained in the gospel, which is meant to

be and is constituted of such a nature that you hear your God speaking to you; that all your life and works count for nothing before God, but that you will have to perish eternally with all that is in you.

Believing which, as is your duty, you must despair of yourself and confess that the saying of Hosea is true: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help."

But in order that you may escape out and from yourself and from your doom, he places before you his dear Son Jesus Christ; and has said to you through his living, comforting Word, that you should with firm faith give yourself up entirely to him, and unhesitatingly confide in him. Thus, for that very belief's sake will all your sins be forgiven, all corruption will be overcome, and you will be righteous, truthful, peaceful, pious, and all commandments fulfilled; yes, free from all things, as St. Paul says (Rom. i.): "A righteous Christian lives only by his faith;" and (Rom. x.): "Christ is the end and fullness of all commandments to those who believe on him."

REPLY AT THE DIET OF WORMS

On the Second Day of his Appearance*

Most Serene Lord Emperor, Most Illustrious Princes, Most Clement Lords: I now present myself obediently at the time set yesterday evening for my appearance. By the mercy of God, your Most Serene Majesty and your Most Illustrious Lordships, I pray that you will deign to listen leniently to this my cause, which is I hope one of justice and truth. Should I through my inexperience not accord to any one his just titles, or should I err in any way in the matter of customs and courtly manners, may you benignly overlook such mistakes in a man not brought up in palaces, but in monastic seclusion. As concerns myself, I can bear witness to this point only, — that hitherto I have taught and written in simplicity of mind, having in view only the glory of God and the sincere instruction of Christian believers.

Most Serene Emperor, and Most Illustrious Princes: As to the two articles yesterday presented to me by your Most Serene

* Thursday, April 18th, 1521.

Majesty,—namely, whether I would acknowledge the books edited and published in my name as mine, and whether I wished to persevere in their defense or to revoke them,—I have given my ready and clear response to the first: in that I still persist, and shall persist forever; to wit, that these books are mine, and have been made public by me, in my name,—unless meanwhile, haply, any matter in them has been changed, or has been maliciously extracted, through the cunning or the perverse wisdom of my enemies. For clearly, I cannot acknowledge anything as mine, except what has been written of myself and by myself alone, to the exclusion of any explanation which may be the work of some one else.

To the second point, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, I will reply by asking you to turn your minds condescendingly to this fact,—that my books are not all of the same kind: for there is one group in which I have handled religious faith and conduct in a simple evangelical fashion; moreover, this class has been composed in such a spirit that my very adversaries are forced to recognize the works as useful, harmless, and explicitly worthy of a Christian's perusal. Even the Bull, fierce and cruel as it is, considers my books in part at least as harmless; although it condemns them as a whole, with an altogether unusual severity of judgment. Consider what I would be guilty of, were I to begin any revocation of this class of writings. Should I not be the sole one of all mortals to censure that very truth which is acknowledged by friend and foe equally? Should not I alone be contending against the accordant confession of the rest of the world?

There is another group of my books, which inveighs against the papacy, and the teaching of the papists. This class is directed against those who, by their extremely corrupt doctrine and example, lay waste our entire Christendom, with every evil that spirit and body can invent. For it cannot be denied, nor can any one disguise the fact, attested as it is by the experience of all persons and by the complaints of the entire civilized world, that the consciences of believers are wretchedly entangled, vexed, and tortured, by papal laws and human teachings. Property and substance are devoured by an incredible tyranny, especially in this noble German nation, and will be devoured continuously without end, and by unworthy means. Yet Romanists, by their own edicts, caution us against the papal laws and doctrines which

are contrary to the gospel and the opinions of the fathers, and declare that all such variants should be regarded as erroneous and unapproved.

If therefore I should recall these books, I should do nothing else than add to the strength of this tyranny, and should open, not windows only, but doors to this tremendous foe of religion. It would stalk abroad more freely than it has hitherto dared. Yes, from the proof of such a revocation, their wholly lawless and unrestrained kingdom of wickedness would become still more intolerable for the already wretched people; and their rule would be further strengthened and established, especially should it be reported that this evil deed had been done by me in virtue of the authority of your Most Serene Majesty, and of the whole Roman Empire. Good God! what a covert for wickedness and tyranny I should become.

A third series of these books consists of such as I have written against certain private persons, whom people call distinguished; such, namely, as have tried to preserve the Roman tyranny, and to undermine that view of religion which I have inculcated. Toward those individuals I confess that I have been more bitter than befits a churchman and a monk. But then I do not set myself up for a saint; neither am I disputing about my own career, but about the teaching of Christ. It would not then be right for me to recall this class of works, because by such a withdrawal, despotism and irreligion would again obtain sway, and that through my protection. It would rage against the people of Germany more violently than under any previous rule.

Nevertheless, because I am a man and not God, I cannot shield my practices with any other defense than that with which my Lord Jesus Christ himself vindicated his teaching. For when he had been asked about his doctrine before Annas, and had been smitten by the blow of a servant, he said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil." If our Lord, who was always conscious of his inability to err, yet did not decline to hear any evidence against his doctrine even from the most contemptible menial,—how much more ought I, who am of the dregs of the people, and powerless in everything save sin, to desire and expect the introduction of testimony against my teaching?

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty, your Most Illustrious Lordships, I beseech you by the mercy of God, that whoever can, whether high or low, let him bring forward the proof, let

him convince me of errors: let the Scriptures of Prophecy and Gospels triumph, for I will be wholly ready to revoke every error, if I can be persuasively taught; yes, I will be the first to cast my books into the fire.

From these considerations it has become manifest that the crisis and danger on the one hand, the zeal and the controversy on the other, which the occasion of my teaching has excited in the world, have been an object of anxious solicitude on my part, and have been thoroughly weighed. It was about this commotion that I was admonished so bravely and forcibly yesterday. Under these agitations, this to me is the most joyous feature of all,—the sight of such zeal and dispute over the Word of God. For the course of that divine Word has just such a fortuity and consequence, in that Christ says: "I came not to send peace, but a sword; for I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

Moreover, we ought to reflect that since our God is wonderful and terrible in his counsels, he is probably testing us by so large an access of zeal, whether we will begin by condemning the Word of God. If so, we shall afterwards be precipitated into a more unendurable flood of evils. We should particularly avoid making the reign of this youthful and noble Prince Charles, in whom after God we place so much hope, unhappy and inauspicious. I could enforce this point very richly, through the examples furnished by Scripture, in the case of Pharaoh, the king of Babylon, and the kings of Israel, who lost most when they were endeavoring to pacify and establish their kingdoms by seemingly the wisest of counsels. Before they are aware, the Lord takes the crafty in their craftiness, and overturns mountains. Therefore we must fear God. I do not say this because it is necessary for such high authorities as you to be instructed by my teaching or admonition, but because I must not withhold the fealty due to my Germany. With these words I commend myself to your Most Serene Majesty, and to your Lordships; humbly begging you not to suffer me to be rendered odious without cause, by the persecution of my adversaries. I have spoken.

[To these words the same imperial orator replied with harshness that he ought not to have made such a response, nor were the subjects formerly condemned and defined by the councils

to be called in question; therefore he sought from him a simple answer, and one without horns: would he revoke or not? Then Luther said:—]

Therefore, your Most Serene Majesty and your Lordships, since they seek a simple reply, I will give one that is without horns or teeth, and in this fashion: I believe in neither pope nor councils alone; for it is perfectly well established that they have frequently erred, as well as contradicted themselves. Unless then I shall be convinced by the testimony of the Scriptures or by clear reason, I must be bound by those Scriptures which have been brought forward by me; yes, my conscience has been taken captive by these words of God. I cannot revoke anything, nor do I wish to; since to go against one's conscience is neither safe nor right: here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen.

A SAFE STRONGHOLD OUR GOD IS STILL

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

By force of arms we nothing can—
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son—
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
Not they can overpower us.

And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit:
For why? his doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger;
But spite of hell shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small:
These things shall vanish all—
The City of God remaineth.

Translation of Thomas Carlyle.

LETTER TO MELANCHTHON

GRACE and peace in Christ! In Christ, I say, and not in the world. Amen.

As to the justification for your silence, of that another time, my dear Philip. I am heartily opposed to your great anxiety, which, as you write, is weakening you. That it is conquering you completely, is due not to the importance of the affair, but the extent of your unbelief. For this very evil was much more serious in the days of John Huss and in the time of many another, than in our own period. And even if it were great, he who began and conducts it is also great; for it is not ours. Why do you fret so always and without ceasing?

If the thing is wrong, then let us recall it; but if it is right, why should we make Him untruthful in such great promises, who tells us to be of good cheer and contented? Throw your care upon the Lord, he says; the Lord is near to all sorrowful hearts that call upon him. Would he speak thus such comfort into the wind, or cast it down before beasts? I also often feel a horror coming over me, but not for long. Your philosophy therefore is plaguing you, not your theology. The same is gnawing at the heart of your friend Joachim (Camerarius) also, as it appears to me, and in the same way; as though either of you could accomplish anything with your useless anxiety. What more can the

Devil do than throttle us? I beseech you, who are so efficient in combat in all other things, fight against yourself; for you are your own worst enemy, because you give Satan so many weapons against yourself. Christ died once for sins; but for justice and truth he will not die,—rather he lives and reigns.

If this be the case, why fear we for the truth, so long as he reigns? But, you say, it will be struck down by God's anger. Let us then be struck down by it, but not by ourselves. He who became our Father will also be Father to our children. Truly I pray diligently for you; and it pains me that you suck anxiety into yourself like a blood-leech, and make my prayer so powerless. Whether it is stupidity or the Holy Spirit, that my Lord Christ knows; but truly I am not very anxious about this matter. I have more than I would ever have thought to possess. God can raise the dead; he can also preserve his cause, even if it falls; when it is fallen, he can raise it up again, and when it stands fast, he can prosper it. If we should not be capable of effecting this end, then let it be brought about by others. For if we do not let ourselves be raised up by his promises, who else is there now in the world to whom they do apply? But of this more another time, although I do nothing but carry water to the sea. May Christ comfort, strengthen, and teach you all through his Spirit: Amen. Should I hear that this matter goes badly with you and is in danger, I shall scarcely restrain myself from flying to you, to see how terribly the Devil's teeth stand around, as the Scriptures say.

From our desert (Coburg), June 27, 1530.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE

To my dearly beloved wife Katharine Luther; for her own hands.

God greet thee in Christ, my dearly loved Katie! I hope if Doctor Brück receives leave of absence, as he gives me fair hope of doing, that I can come with him to-morrow, or the day after. Pray God that he bring me home safe and sound. I sleep extremely well: about six or seven hours consecutively, and then two or three hours afterward. That, as I take it, is due to the beer. But I am just as abstemious as at Wittenberg.

Doctor Caspar says that the caries under which our gracious

Elector suffers has eaten no further into the foot; but such martyrdom no Dobitzsch, no prisoner on the ladder of Jack the Jailer's tower, endures, as his Electoral Grace has to undergo from the surgeons. His Electoral Grace is as sound in his entire body as a little fish, only the devil has bitten and stung him in the foot. Pray, pray on! I hope God will hear us, as he has begun to do. For Doctor Caspar believes too that God must help here.

As Johannes [Rischmann] goes away, necessity and fairness alike demand that I let him depart honorably from me. For you know he has served us faithfully and diligently, and according to his ability has truly held to the Gospel in humility, and has done and suffered everything. Wherefore think how often we have given presents to worthless knaves and ungrateful scholars, where it was simply thrown away. So in this case be liberal, and let nothing be wanting to such a pious fellow; for you know it is money well spent, and is well pleasing to God. I know well that there is but little in the purse; but I would willingly give him ten gulden if I had it. Less than five gulden, however, you must not pay him, for he has no clothing. Whatever you can bestow above that, do, I beg of you. The parish coffer might, it is true, honor me by giving something to such a man, seeing that I must support my servants at my own expense, for their church's service and use; but as they will. Do not you let anything be lacking, so long as we still have a mug. Think where you have gotten it. God will give other things, that I know. Herewith I commend you to God. Amen.

And say to the parson from Zwickau that he should be content, and make the best of his lodging. When I come I will tell how Mühlpford and I were guests at Riedesal's house, and Mühlpford exhibited much wisdom to me. But I was not thirsty for such a drink. Kiss the young Hans for me; and bid little Johnny and Lena and Aunt Lena pray for the dear Elector and for me. I cannot find anything in this city to buy for the children, although it is the time of the Fair. Since I can bring nothing special, have something on hand for me to give.

Tuesday after Reminiscere [February 27th], 1532.

EXTRACT FROM COMMENTARY ON PSALM CI.

"I will sing of mercy and judgment, and unto Thee, O Lord, will I sing praises."

He immediately at the outset gives instructions to the kings and princes, that they should praise and thank God if they have good order and devoted servants, at home or at court; from these words they should learn and understand that such things are a peculiar gift of God, and not due to their own wisdom or capacity. This is the experience of the world. No matter how common or unfitted one may be, he thinks if he had the rule he would do everything excellently, nor does he take pleasure in anything that others in authority may do; exactly as the servant in the comedy of Terence says longingly, "Oh, I should have been a king!" And as Absalom spoke secretly against David his father to the people of Israel: "See, thy matters are good and right; but there is no man deputed of the king to hear thee. Oh that I were made judge in the land, that every man which hath any suit or cause might come unto me, and I would do him justice!"

These are the master wiseacres, who on account of their superior wisdom can bridle the horse behind, and yet can really do nothing more than judge and bully other folks; and if they do get power into their hands, everything goes to pieces with them, just as the proverb says: "He who watches the sport knows best how to play." For they imagine, if only they could get the ball into their hands, how they would knock over twelve pins, when there are really only nine on the square, until they learn that there is a groove that runs alongside of the alley. Such men do not praise and thank God; neither do they believe that these are God's gifts, or that they should implore and call upon God for such things. Instead they are presumptuous, and think their understanding and wisdom so sure that nothing is wanting: they wish to have the glory and renown of ruling and making all things work beneficially for others, just as if the Good Man (as our Lord God is called) should sit idly by, and not be present when one desires to accomplish some beneficence. And indeed he does so, and looks through his fingers, and allows the children of men audaciously to begin to build the Tower of Babel; afterwards he comes right amongst them, scatters them, and destroys everything, so that no one understands what the other says any

longer. And it serves them right, because they exclude God from their counsel, and would be like God; they would be wise enough in themselves, and so have the honor which belongs to God alone. I have often, while in the cloister, seen and heard wise and sensible people give counsel with such assurance and brilliance that I thought it impossible for it to fail. "Ah!" thought I, "that has hands and feet,—that is certainly alive;" and I believed it as surely as if all had really taken place, and were stationed there before my eyes. But when one sought to grasp it and bring it into play, then it retreated basely, and the beautiful living counsel was even more worthless than a dream or a shadow is; and one must say, "Well then, if that was a dream, let the devil trust himself to such fine and beautiful counsels."

How utterly is everything mere appearance and glitter, wherein God does not participate!

[1534.]

A HYMN FOR CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS

The Child Jesus: Luke ii.

From heaven to earth I come
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing:—

To you this night is born a child
Of Mary, chosen mother mild;
This little child, of lowly birth,
Shall be the joy of all your earth.

'Tis Christ, our God, who far on high
Hath heard your sad and bitter cry;
Himself will your salvation be,
Himself from sin will make you free.

He brings those blessings, long ago
Prepared by God for all below;
Henceforth his kingdom open stands
To you, as to the angel bands.

These are the tokens ye shall mark,
The swaddling-clothes and manger dark;

There shall ye find the young child laid,
By whom the heavens and earth were made.

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
Follow the shepherds, and draw near
To see this wondrous gift of God,
Who hath his only Son bestowed.

Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
Thou com'st to share our misery:
What can we render, Lord, to thee?

Ah, Lord, who hast created all,
How hast thou made thee weak and small,
That thou must choose thy infant bed
Where ass and ox but lately fed!

Were earth a thousand times as fair,
Beset with gold and jewels rare,
She yet were far too poor to be
A narrow cradle, Lord, for thee.

For velvets soft and silken stuff
Thou hast but hay and straw so rough,
Whereon thou, King, so rich and great,
As 'twere thy heaven, art throned in state.

Thus hath it pleased thee to make plain
The truth to us poor fools and vain,
That this world's honor, wealth, and might
Are naught and worthless in thy sight.

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber kept for thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must raise with joyful tongue
That sweetest ancient cradle song.

Glory to God in highest heaven,
Who unto man his Son hath given!
While angels sing with pious mirth
A glad New Year to all the earth.

1535. Translated by Catharine Winkworth.

THE VALUE AND POWER OF MUSIC

Music is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God. To it Satan is exceedingly hostile. Thereby many temptations and evil thoughts are driven away; the devil cannot withstand it. Music is one of the best arts: the notes give life to the text; it expels the spirit of sadness, as one observes in King Saul. Some of the nobles and usurers imagine that they have saved for my Gracious Elector three thousand gulden yearly by cutting down music. Meanwhile they spend thirty thousand gulden in useless ways in its place. Kings, princes, and lords must support music, for it is the duty of great potentates and rulers to maintain the liberal arts and laws; and although here and there, ordinary and private persons have pleasure in and love them, still they cannot sustain them.

[When some singers were rendering several fine and admirable motettes of Senfl, Dr. Martin Luther admired and praised them highly. He remarked:] Such a motette I should not be able to compose, even if I were to devote myself wholly to the art. Nor could Senfl, on the other hand, preach on a psalm as well as I. The gifts of the Holy Spirit are manifold; just as in one body the members are manifold. But nobody is content with his gifts; he is not satisfied with what God has given him. All want to be the entire body, not the limbs.

Music is a glorious gift of God, and next to theology. I would not exchange my small musical talent for anything esteemed great. We should accustom the youth continually to this art, for it produces fine and accomplished people.

LUTHER'S LETTER TO HIS LITTLE SON HANS, AGED SIX

GRACE and peace in Christ, my dear little son. I hear with great pleasure that you are learning your lessons so well and praying so diligently. Continue to do so, my son, and cease not. When I come home I will bring you a nice present from the fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are a great many children in fine little coats, and they go under the trees and gather beautiful apples and pears, cherries and plums; they sing and run about and are as happy as they can be. Sometimes they ride on nice little ponies, with golden bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man whose garden it is, "What little children are these?" And he told me, "They are little children who love to pray and learn and are good." When I said, "My dear sir, I have a little boy at home; his name is little Hans Luther: would you let him come into the garden, too, to eat some of these nice apples and pears, and ride on these fine little ponies, and play with these children?" The man said, "If he loves to say his prayers and learn his lessons, and is a good boy, he may come; Lippus [Melanchthon's son] and Jost [Jonas's son] also; and when they are all together, they can play upon the fife and drum and lute and all kinds of instruments, and skip about and play with little crossbows." He then showed me a beautiful mossy place in the middle of the garden for them to skip about in, with a great many golden fifes and drums and silver crossbows. The children had not yet had their dinner, and I could not wait to see them play, but I said to the man: "My dear sir, I will go away and write all about it to my little son John, and tell him to be fond of saying his prayers, and learn well and be good, so that he may come into this garden; but he has a grand-aunt named Lehne, whom he must bring along with him." The man said, "Very well: go write to him."

Now, my dear little son, love your lessons and your prayers, and tell Philip and Jodocus to do so too, that you may all come to the garden. May God bless you. Give Aunt Lehne my love, and kiss her for me. Your dear father, Martinus Luther. In the year 1530.

[Coburg, June 19th.]

LUTHER'S TABLE-TALK

DR. LUTHER'S wife complaining to him of the indocility and untrustworthiness of servants, he said: — "A faithful and good servant is a real Godsend, but truly, 'tis a 'rare bird in the land.' We find every one complaining of the idleness and profligacy of this class of people: we must govern them Turkish fashion, — so much work, so much victuals, — as Pharaoh dealt with the Israelites in Egypt."

"BEFORE I translated the New Testament out of the Greek, all longed after it; when it was done, their longing lasted scarce four weeks. Then they desired the Books of Moses; when I had translated these, they had enough thereof in a short time. After that, they would have the Psalms; of these they were soon weary, and desired other books. So will it be with the Book of Ecclesiasticus, which they now long for, and about which I have taken great pains. All is acceptable until our giddy brains be satisfied; afterwards we let things lie, and seek after new."

AUGUST 25th, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farm-yards. Dr. Luther said: — "I should have no compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen butter turns rancid and falls to the ground when any one goes to eat it. He who attempts to counteract and chastise these witches is himself corporeally plagued and tormented by their master the Devil. Sundry schoolmasters and ministers have often experienced this. Our ordinary sins offend and anger God. What then must be his wrath against witchcraft, which we may justly designate high treason against divine majesty, — a revolt against the infinite power of God? The jurisconsults who have so learnedly and pertinently treated of rebellion affirm that the subject who rebels against his sovereign is worthy of death. Does not witchcraft, then, merit death, being a revolt of the creature against the Creator, — a denial to God of the authority it accords to the demon?"

DR. LUTHER discussed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had had to undergo infinite

annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly after died.

It was asked: Can good Christians and God-fearing people also undergo witchcraft? Luther replied, "Yes, for our bodies are always exposed to the attacks of Satan. The maladies I suffer are not natural, but devil's spells."

"When I was young, some one told me this story: Satan had in vain set all his craft and subtlety at work to separate a married pair that lived together in perfect harmony and love. At last, having concealed a razor under each of their pillows, he visited the husband, disguised as an old woman, and told him that his wife had formed the project of killing him; he next told the same thing to the wife. The husband, finding the razor under his wife's pillow, became furious with anger at her supposed wickedness, and cut her throat. So powerful is Satan in his malice."

Dr. Luther said he had heard from the Elector of Saxony, John Frederic, that a powerful family in Germany was descended from the Devil,—the founder having been born of a succubus. He added this story:—"A gentleman had a young and beautiful wife, who, dying, was buried. Shortly afterwards, this gentleman and one of his servants sleeping in the same chamber, the wife who was dead came at night, bent over the bed of the gentleman as though she were conversing with him, and after a while went away again. The servant, having twice observed this circumstance, asked his master whether he knew that every night a woman clothed in white stood by his bedside. The master replied that he had slept soundly, and had observed nothing of the sort. The next night he took care to remain awake. The woman came, and he asked her who she was and what she wanted. She answered that she was his wife. He returned, 'My wife is dead and buried.' She answered, she had died by

reason of his sins; but that if he would receive her again, she would return to him in life. He said if it were possible, he should be well content. She told him he must undertake not to swear, as he was wont to do; for that if he ever did so, she should once more die, and permanently quit him. He promised this; and the dead woman, returning to seeming life, dwelt with him, ate, drank, and slept with him, and had children by him. One day that he had guests, his wife went to fetch some cakes from an adjoining apartment, and remained a long time absent. The gentleman grew impatient, and broke out into his old oaths. The wife not returning, the gentleman with his friends went to seek her, but she had disappeared; only the clothes she had worn lay on the floor. She was never again seen."*

"The Devil seduces us at first by all the allurements of sin, in order thereafter to plunge us into despair; he pampers up the flesh, that he may by-and-by prostrate the spirit. We feel no pain in the act of sin; but the soul after it is sad, and the conscience disturbed."

"The Devil often casts this into my breast: 'How if thy doctrine be false and erroneous, wherewith the pope, the mass, friars and nuns are thus dejected and startled?' at which the sour sweat has drizzled from me. But at last, when I saw he would not leave, I gave him this answer: 'Avoid, Satan: address thyself to my God, and talk with him about it; for the doctrine is not mine but his,—he has commanded me to hearken unto this Christ.'"

"Between husband and wife there should be no question as to *meum* and *tuum*. All things should be in common between them, without any distinction or means of distinguishing."

"St. Augustine said finely: 'A marriage without children is the world without the sun.'"

Dr. Luther said one day to his wife: "You make me do what you will; you have full sovereignty here, and I award you with all my heart the command in all household matters, reserving

* Barham has used this story in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,'—'The Blasphemer's Warning.'

my rights in other points. Never any good came out of female domination. God created Adam master and lord of living creatures; but Eve spoilt all, when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis you women, with your tricks and artifices, that lead men into error."

"'Tis a grand thing for a married pair to live in perfect union, but the Devil rarely permits this. When they are apart, they cannot endure the separation; and when they are together, they cannot endure the always seeing one another. 'Tis as the poet says: 'Nec tecum vivere possum, nec sine te.' Married people must assiduously pray against these assaults of the Devil. I have seen marriage where, at first, husband and wife seemed as though they would eat one another up; in six months they have separated in mutual disgust. 'Tis the Devil inspires this evanescent ardor, in order to divert the parties from prayer."

Dr. Luther said, in reference to those who write satirical attacks upon women, that such will not go unpunished. "If the author be one of high rank, rest assured he is not really of noble origin, but a surreptitious intruder into the family. What defects women have, we must check them for in private, gently by word of mouth; for woman is a frail vessel." The doctor then turned round and said, "Let us talk of something else."

There was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a schoolmaster, a pious and learned man, whose heart was fervently inclined to theology, and who had preached several times with great applause. He was called to the dignity of deacon; but his wife, a violent, fierce woman, would not consent to his accepting the charge, saying she would not be the wife of a minister.

It became a question, what was the poor man to do? which was he to renounce, his preachership or his wife? Luther at first said jocosely, "Oh, if he has married, as you tell me, a widow, he must needs obey her." But after a while he resumed severely: "The wife is bound to follow her husband, not the husband his wife. This must be an ill woman, nay, the Devil incarnate, to be ashamed of a charge with which our Lord and his Apostles were invested. If she were my wife, I should shortly say to her, 'Wilt thou follow me, aye or no? Reply forthwith;' and if she replied, 'No,' I would leave her, and take another wife."

The hair is the finest ornament women have. Of old, virgins used to wear it loose, except when they were in mourning. I like women to let their hair fall down their back; 'tis a most agreeable sight.

SAYINGS OF LUTHER

I have no pleasure in any man who despises music. It is no invention of ours: it is the gift of God. I place it next to theology. Satan hates music: he knows how it drives the evil spirit out of us.

The strength and glory of a town does not depend on its wealth, its walls, its great mansions, its powerful armaments; but on the number of its learned, serious, kind, and well-educated citizens.

Greek and Latin are the scabbard which holds the sword of the Spirit, the cases which inclose the precious jewels, the vessels which contain the old wine, the baskets which carry the loaves and fishes for the feeding of the multitude.

Only a little of the first fruits of wisdom — only a few fragments of the boundless heights, breadths, and depths of truth — have I been able to gather.

My own writings are like a wild forest, compared with the gentle, limpid fluency of his [Brenz's] language. If small things dare be compared with great, my words are like the Spirit of Elijah,—a great and strong wind, rending the mountains and breaking in pieces the rocks; and his is the still small voice. But yet God uses also coarse wedges for splitting coarse blocks; and besides the fructifying grain, he employs also the rending thunder and lightning to purify the atmosphere.

I must root out the stumps and trunks, and I am a rough woodsman who must break the road and prepare it: but Magister Philip [Melanchthon] goes on quietly and gently, plows and plants, sows and waters joyfully.

Be temperate with your children; punish them if they lie or steal, but be just in what you do. It is a lighter sin to take pears and apples than to take money. I shudder when I think

what I went through myself. My mother beat me about some nuts once till the blood came. I had a terrible time of it; but she meant well.

Never be hard with children. Many a fine character has been ruined by the stupid brutality of pedagogues. The parts of speech are a boy's pillory. I was myself flogged fifteen times in one forenoon, over the conjugation of a verb. Punish if you must; but be kind too, and let the sugar-plum go with the rod.

My being such a small creature was a misfortune for the Pope. He despised me too much. What, he thought, could a slave like me do to him — to him who was the greatest man in the world? Had he accepted my proposal he would have extinguished me.

The better a man is, the more clearly he sees how little he is good for, and the greater mockery it is to him to hold the notion that he has deserved reward. Miserable creatures that we are, we earn our bread in sin. Till we are seven years old, we do nothing but eat and drink and sleep and play; from seven to twenty-one we study four hours a day, the rest of it we run about and amuse ourselves; then we work till fifty, and then we grow again to be children. We sleep half our lives; we give God a tenth of our time; and yet we think that with our good works we can merit heaven. What have I been doing to-day? I have talked for two hours, I have been at meals three hours, I have been idle four hours: ah, enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord!

The barley which we brew, the flax of which we weave our garments, must be bruised and torn ere they come to the use for which they were grown. So must Christians suffer. The natural creature must be torn and threshed. The old Adam must die, for the higher life to begin. If man is to rise to nobleness, he must first be slain.

The principle of marriage runs through all creation, and flowers as well as animals are male and female.

Praise be to God the Creator, who out of a dead world makes all live again. See those shoots, how they bourgeon and swell

on this April day! Image of the resurrection of the dead! Winter is death; summer is the resurrection. Between them the spring and autumn, as the period of uncertainty and change. The proverb says —

"Trust not a day
Ere birth of May."

Let us pray our Father in heaven to give us this day our daily bread.

We are in the dawn of a new era; we are beginning to think something of the natural world which was ruined in Adam's fall. We are learning to see all around us the greatness and glory of the Creator. We can see the Amighty hand — the infinite goodness — in the humblest flower. We praise him, we thank him, we glorify him; we recognize in creation the power of his word. He spoke, and it was there. The stone of the peach is hard, but the soft kernel swells and bursts when the time comes. An egg — what a thing is that! If an egg had never been seen in Europe, and a traveler had brought one from Calcutta, how would all the world have wondered!

If a man could make a single rose, we should give him an empire; yet roses, and flowers no less beautiful, are scattered in profusion over the world, and no one regards them.

THE EARL OF LYTTON

(1831–1891)

EDWARD ROBERT, first earl of Lytton, a son of Bulwer the novelist, and known to literature as "Owen Meredith," was born November 8th, 1831, at London. He was educated at Harrow, and privately at Bonn, Germany. He went early into diplomatic service, becoming private secretary to his uncle, Sir H. L. Bulwer, then British minister at Washington. Various diplomatic positions followed: in 1874 he was made Minister at Lisbon; in 1878–80 Governor-General of India; and from 1887 to his death in Paris, November 24th, 1891, Ambassador to France.

LORD LYTTON

Considering the political complexion of his life and his importance as a figure in the social world, Lytton wrote voluminously and published many books. He aimed, first and always, at being a poet; and did not receive the critical recognition he desired, being regarded as a fluent, graceful verse-writer with more culture and knack than original gift. Throughout his career he was either underestimated or overpraised by his adherents or opponents in statecraft. He began to write when a youth in the twenties. 'Clytemnestra' (1855); 'The Wanderer' (1859); 'Lucile' (1860); 'Serbski Pesme, or National Songs of Servia' (1861); 'The Ring of Amasis,' a novel (1863); Chronicles and Characters' and 'Poems' (1867); 'Orval' (1869); 'Julian Fane' (1871); 'Fables in Song' (1874); 'Poems' (1877); 'The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton' (1883), an incomplete memoir of his father; 'Glenaveril; or, The Metamorphoses' (1885); a volume of stories translated from the German (1886); 'After Paradise' (1887); and the posthumous 'King Poppy' (1892),—make up the rather formidable list.

Owen Meredith's literary reputation rests in the main upon the lyrics in the volume entitled 'The Wanderer,' and the clever verse narrative 'Lucile'; which were given to the public in successive years, and were all written when he was under thirty. A few of the poems in the former volume have enough of grace, music,

and sentiment to give them a vogue more than temporary. 'Aux Italiens,' perhaps the poem which keeps Lytton's name steadily before the public, although it is liked best in the storm-and-stress period of uncritical youth, has elements which commend it to maturer judgment. It seizes on an incident of fashionable social life and imbues it with the pathos of the past,— with a sense of the irrevocableness of old deeds and the glamour of early love. Certain stanzas in it have the true touch; and as a whole, sophisticated production as it is, it possesses power and beauty. 'Lucile,' which shows the influence of Byron, and has had a popularity out of proportion to its importance, is nevertheless a very successful thing in its kind, a brilliant *tour de force* in social verse, of the light, bright, half cynical, half sentimental sort. Its dashing metre and its vivacity of presentation must be conceded, in the same breath that one denies it the name of poetry. It is no easy matter to tell a modern story in rhyme so that it is readable, enjoyable. Meredith has done this in 'Lucile'; done it as well as any English poet of his day. That the nature of the exploit is not such as to make the work among the highest things of poetry, is no detraction. The success of an effort in literature is to be measured by the correspondence of aim and accomplishment.

AUX ITALIENS

At Paris it was, at the Opera there;—
And she looked like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in Purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me"?

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress too had a tear in her eye:
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,

For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well, there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betrothed and I;
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was!
Who died the richest and roundest of men,—
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Through a needle's eye he had not to pass:
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees together,
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather;

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain.
And her full soft hair just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine-flower in her fair young breast;
(Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine-flower!)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife;
And the letter that brought me back my ring.
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over,
And I thought, "Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her, and love her!"

And I swear as I thought of her thus, in that hour,
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine-flower
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned, and looked. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;
And the glittering horseshoe curved between;—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade,—
In short, from the Future back to the Past,—
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door;
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, on the music's strain,
Or something which never will be exprest,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!
But she loves me now, and she loved me then;
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,—
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still;

And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass:
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face: for old things are best;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say:
For Beauty is easy enough to win;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh the smell of that jasmine-flower!
And oh that music! and oh the way
That voice ran out from the donjon tower,
"Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me!"

LUCILE'S LETTER

From 'Lucile'

YET ere bidding farewell to Lucile de Nevers,
Hear her own heart's farewell in this letter of hers.

THE COMTESSE DE NEVERS TO A FRIEND IN INDIA

Once more, O my friend, to your arms and your heart,
And the places of old . . . never, never to part!
Once more to the palm, and the fountain! Once more
To the land of my birth and the deep skies of yore!
From the cities of Europe, pursued by the fret
Of their turmoil wherever my footsteps are set;
From the children that cry for the birth, and behold,
There is no strength to bear them — old Time is *so* old!
From the world's weary masters, that come upon earth
Sapped and mined by the fever they bear from their birth;
From the men of small stature, mere parts of a crowd,

Born too late, when the strength of the world hath been bowed:
Back, back to the Orient, from whose sunbright womb
Sprang the giants which now are no more, in the bloom
And the beauty of times that are faded forever!
To the palms! to the tombs! to the still Sacred River!
Where I too, the child of a day that is done,
First leaped into life, and looked up at the sun,—
Back again, back again, to the hill-tops of home
I come, O my friend, my consoler, I come!

Are the three intense stars, that we watched night by night
Burning broad on the band of Orion, as bright?
Are the large Indian moons as serene as of old,
When, as children, we gathered the moonbeams for gold?
Do you yet recollect me, my friend? Do you still
Remember the free games we played on the hill,
'Mid those huge stones upheaved, where we recklessly trod
O'er the old ruined fane of the old ruined god?
How he frowned while around him we carelessly played!
That frown on my life ever after hath stayed,
Like the shade of a solemn experience upcast
From some vague supernatural grief in the past.
For the poor god, in pain more than anger he frowned,—
To perceive that our youth, though so fleeting, had found,
In its transient and ignorant gladness, the bliss
Which his science divine seemed divinely to miss.
Alas! you may haply remember me yet,—
The free child, whose glad childhood myself I forget.
I come — a sad woman, defrauded of rest;
I bear to you only a laboring breast;
My heart is a storm-beaten ark, wildly hurled
O'er the whirlpools of time, with the wrecks of a world.
The dove from my bosom hath flown far away;
It is flown and returns not, though many a day
Have I watched from the windows of life for its coming.
Friend, I sigh for repose, I am weary of roaming.
I know not what Ararat rises for me
Far away, o'er the waves of the wandering sea:
I know not what rainbow may yet, from far hills,
Lift the primrose of hope, the cessation of ills:
But a voice, like the voice of my youth, in my breast
Wakes and whispers me on — to the East! to the East!
Shall I find the child's heart that I left there? or find
The lost youth I recall, with its pure peace of mind?

Alas! who shall number the drops of the rain?
Or give to the dead leaves their greenness again?
Who shall seal up the caverns the earthquake hath rent?
Who shall bring forth the winds that within them are pent?
To a voice who shall render an image? or who
From the heats of the noontide shall gather the dew?
I have burned out within me the fuel of life,
Wherefore lingers the flame? Rest is sweet after strife.
I would sleep for a while. I am weary.

My friend,
I had meant in these lines to regather, and send
To our old home, my life's scattered links. But 'tis vain!
Each attempt seems to shatter the chaplet again;
Only fit now for fingers like mine to run o'er,
Who return, a recluse, to those cloisters of yore
Whence too far I have wandered.

How many long years
Does it seem to me now since the quick, scorching tears,
While I wrote to you, splashed out a girl's premature
Moans of pain at what women in silence endure!
To your eyes, friend of mine, and to yours alone,
That now long-faded page of my life hath been shown
Which recorded my heart's birth, and death, as you know,
Many years since,—how many?

A few months ago
I seemed reading it backward, that page! Why explain
Whence or how? The old dream of my life rose again.
The old superstition! the idol of old!
It is over. The leaf trodden down in the mold
Is not to the forest more lost than to me
That emotion. I bury it here by the sea,
Which will bear me anon far away from the shore
Of a land which my footsteps will visit no more;
And a heart's *requiescat* I write on that grave.
Hark! the sight of the wind, and the sound of the wave,
Seem like voices of spirits that whisper me home!
I come, O you whispering voices, I come!
My friend, ask me nothing.

Receive me alone
As a Santon receives to his dwelling of stone
In silence some pilgrim the midnight may bring:
It may be an angel that, weary of wing,

Hath paused in his flight from some city of doom,
Or only a wayfarer strayed in the gloom.
This only I know: that in Europe at least
Lives the craft or the power that must master our East.
Wherefore strive where the gods must themselves yield at last?
Both they and their altars pass by with the Past.
The gods of the household, Time thrusts from the shelf;
And I seem as unreal and weird to myself
As these idols of old.

Other times, other men,
Other men, other passions!

So be it! yet again
I turn to my birthplace, the birthplace of morn,
And the light of those lands where the great sun is born!
Spread your arms, O my friend! on your breast let me feel
The repose which hath fled from my own.

YOUR LUCILE.

FROM PROLOGUE TO 'THE WANDERER'

OH, MOMENT of sweet peril, perilous sweet!
When woman joins herself to man; and man
Assumes the full-lived woman, to complete
The end of life, since human life began!
When in the perfect bliss of union
Body and soul triumphal rapture claim,
When there's a spirit in blood, in spirit a flame,
And earth's lone hemispheres glow, fused in one!

Rare moment of rare peril!—The bard's song,
The mystic's musing fancy. Did there ever
Two perfect souls in perfect forms belong
Perfectly to each other? Never, never!
Perilous were such moments, for a touch
Might mar their clear perfection. Exquisite
Even for the peril of their frail delight.
Such things man feigns; such seeks: but finds not such.

No; for 'tis in ourselves our love doth grow:
And when our love is fully risen within us,
Round the first object doth it overflow,
Which, be it fair or foul, is sure to win us

Out of ourselves. We clothe with our own nature
The man or woman its first want doth find.
The leafless prop with our own buds we bind,
And hide in blossoms; fill the empty feature

With our own meanings; even prize defects
Which keep the mark of our own choice upon
The chosen; bless each fault whose spot protects
Our choice from possible confusion
With the world's other creatures; we believe them
What most we wish, the more we find they are not;
Our choice once made, with our own choice we war not;
We worship them for what ourselves we give them.

Doubt is this otherwise. — When fate removes
The unworthy one from our reluctant arms,
We die with that lost love to other loves,
And turn to its defects from other charms.
And nobler forms, where moved those forms, may move
With lingering looks: our cold farewells we wave them.
We loved our lost loves for the love we gave them,
And not for anything they gave our love.

Old things return not as they were in Time.
Trust nothing to the recompense of Chance,
Which deals with novel forms. This falling rhyme
Fails from the flowery steeps of old romance
Down that abyss which Memory droops above;
And gazing out of hopelessness down there,
I see the shadow creep through Youth's gold hair
And white Death watching over red-lipped Love.

MAARTEN MAARTENS

(J. M. W. VAN DER POORTEN SCHWARTZ)

(1858–)

BY WILLIAM SHARP

THERE are few authors of the day more widely popular with the English-reading public all over the world than the now celebrated Anglo-Dutch romancist, Maarten Maartens. It is interesting to note that the testimony of many of the leading librarians, both in America and Great Britain, is to the effect that few if any novels are in such steady demand throughout the year as those of the able writer just named.

MAARTEN MAARTENS

This is the more interesting from the fact that Mr. Maartens is, as his name applies, a foreigner; and the more remarkable because that he, a Hollander, does not (as commonly supposed) translate his original Dutch MS. into English, but writes at first hand in his adopted language. Naturally, after he had first won reputation, there was a general idea that his books were successful romances in Holland itself, and that they had been translated into English as a venture, and as it proved, a successful venture. As a matter of fact, it is only quite recently that Maarten Maartens's novels have appeared in the Dutch language in Holland. For long his own countrymen, curious as to his writings, had to procure his books from the Tauchnitz Library, or else to purchase English copies. One might well wonder why a novelist should have so little heed for reputation in his own country. Perhaps it is because of too keen a recognition of the fact that a prophet is not without honor save in his own land; perhaps it is because the small Dutch public in little Holland is infinitesimal in comparison with that in America and Great Britain, to say nothing of Australia and Canada; perhaps — and indeed, here we have the real cause, I understand — it is because Maarten Maartens has depicted certain aspects of Dutch life only too vividly

and exactly,— written them, in fact, with all the verve and detachment from parochial partialities which might be expected of a foreigner rather than of a native. It is said that Mr. Maartens would not have agreed to a Dutch reissue of his books at all, were it not for the fact that in the absence of a copyright law to protect his interests, translations might well appear, and of course be wholly unsatisfactory to him from every point of view. It is commonly understood that the accomplished wife of the popular novelist, who is as notable a linguist as he is himself, and indeed born with the gift of tongues, is responsible for the translation into Dutch of those several romances which have won so much recognition among the English-speaking peoples. The author, of course, has revised them; but to all intents and purposes we have the strange, and perhaps unexampled, instance of a romancist choosing to write wholly for the foreign public.

Not that any one meeting Mr. Maartens for the first time would consider him a foreigner. Both in appearance and in manner, as well as in speech, he suggests an Englishman of a very recognizable type; and when he and his wife, as frequently happens, are in London, there is nothing outwardly to distinguish them from scores of their friends and acquaintances. Recently I saw a so-called authentic account of this writer. It stated that Mr. Maartens was the son of a Dutch peasant of that name, and that his books had long enjoyed a remarkable popularity in Holland. The latter misapprehension has already been set right. As to the first misstatement, that too is easily corrected; for "Maarten Maartens" is merely a pen-name, and belongs, so far as Mr. Maartens himself knows, to no industrious peasant or to anybody else in particular — though of course a fairly common name in Holland. How wise the adoption of a good pseudonym was, is at once evident when we know the real name of the novelist. It is only his intimate friends, however, who know the novelist as Mynheer Van der Poorten Schwartz. To correspondents in general, as well as to the outer world, he is invariably Maarten Maartens.

J. M. W. Van der Poorten Schwartz, to give him his native name once more, was born in Amsterdam on the 15th of August, 1858. He has, with his wife, traveled much; and this is perhaps one reason why they both speak Dutch, German, French, Italian, and English with facility and intimate knowledge. Although so English in his tastes, and so largely English by his interests, Mr. Maartens in his private life is primarily a Dutch gentleman. True, he has incurred a good deal of dislike, and even given serious offense, to many of his compatriots by what they consider his undue or disproportionate representation of Dutch life; but his neighbors at least do not hesitate to be glad that he is one of their number, and that he takes part in the

busy communal life which is the general ideal in Holland. Maarten Maartens, who is now in the prime of life, lives for the greater part of the year — that is, when he is not traveling abroad — in a beautiful house near the ancient city of Utrecht.

The first of his books to attract wide public attention — and I understand, the first that he wrote — is the moving story entitled 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh.' Almost at once this clever and fascinating study of human motives working out towards an inevitable end attracted the notice both of the critics and of the reading world. 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' was successful from the first; and every one was asking who the new novelist with a foreign-sounding name was, and what else he was going to give us. This book was followed by 'An Old Maid's Love,' which had for sub-title 'A Dutch Tale told in English.' In actual craft of writing, this reserved and almost austere romance displays a marked advance upon its predecessor in certain points of style; it had not, however, the same success. This was reserved for 'God's Fool,' which both serially and in volume form was read and admired everywhere. The novelist's growing reputation was still further enhanced by what many people consider his best book, 'The Greater Glory.' This «story of high life» was actually written in 1891, and revised in 1892, though it did not appear in an English magazine — Temple Bar — until the winter of 1893–4. Early in 1894 it appeared in the then conventional three-volume form, and in the autumn was issued in a popular one-volume series. Serially, it appeared in America in the Outlook; and besides the authorized edition there have been several pirated issues. So early as 1894 also it was added, in two volumes, to the famous Continental Series of Baron Tauchnitz.

Mr. Maartens has written several other romances than these; and indeed we have come to look for at least one book yearly from him. But in those named the reader will find all his characteristics adequately represented. He is a writer with a grave sense of his responsibility to the public. Conscientious both as to the matter expressed and as to the manner of that expression, scrupulous in his effort to maintain a high standard of purity and distinction in the use of English, and eager to permeate all his work with the afflatus of a dominant moral idea, he may broadly be ranked with two such representative writers as George Eliot in England and Edouard Rod in France. With the deep and subtle author of 'La Vie de Michel Tessier' he has in fact much in common. Some time ago an American gentleman asked one of the chief librarians in London which would be the best books by living writers, that would at once interest the attention and improve the minds of young readers in country districts in the States. Among the two or three names that were specified in particular was that of Maarten Maartens; and this indeed is a

verdict that can honestly be indorsed. His work is strong, virile, reserved, dignified, and true to life; while at the same time it is profoundly interesting, pictorial, dramatic, and with unmistakable qualities of style and distinction. It is more than probable that his best work will survive that of writers of much greater temporary vogue; and if so, that happy result will be to the credit of the always sane, and in the long run generally wise, judgment of the reading public at large.

Of his first six books — 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh' (1890), 'An Old Maid's Love' (1891), 'A Question of Taste' (1891), 'God's Fool' (1892), 'The Greater Glory' (1894), 'My Lady Nobody' (1895) — Mr. Maarten Maartens considers the chef d'œuvre to be 'God's Fool'; and "the fool of God," Elias Lossel, is his favorite character. Undoubtedly, however, his first book and 'The Greater Glory' are those for which the public care most. There is one often quoted sentence in the latter book which I may give here:—"This is a true story. It is what they call a story of high life. It is also a story of the life which is higher still. There be climbings which descend to depths of infamy; there be also — God is merciful — most infamous fallings into heaven."

The following extracts are as fairly representative as is possible, both as to style and subject-matter. The reader must bear in mind that they are excerpts, and allow for an apparent haziness in atmosphere, of necessity an evasive quality when what should be given intact has to be presented fragmentarily. Perhaps however they may send yet more readers to the always instructive, stimulating, and deeply interesting romances of Maarten Maartens.

William Sharp

JOOST SURRENDERS

From 'The Sin of Joost Avelingh'

Joost Avelingh went up to his wife's room.

The doctor's last words had been spoken low; but Joost, stopping for a moment in the hall to pass a hand over his eyes and collect his bewildered thoughts, just caught them. He stumbled up-stairs, opened the bedroom door, and walked in.

God had answered him. There lay his wife, white and motionless, with staring, meaningless eyes, under the white coverlet,

unconscious, insensible. A shaded lamp burned on a side table; Dientje the maid rose softly from her chair near it, and came forward. He motioned her away — towards the adjoining dressing-room — and then sat down alone by the bed.

God had answered him. In the pride of his heart he had sought himself an answer, and had triumphed at the thought that it should be a pleasing one. But the very fact of his yearning for a sign in the heavens was the surest proof that the oracle in his own heart had spoken already. It had been speaking through all these months, as each successive experience led him nearer to the truth, all the shouting and din of the election had not been able to silence its voice completely; and now, over the tumult of this wild hour of false exultation, it shrieked aloud! The intoxication of the moment died away from him, leaving him the more dejected. And the hatred and contempt of himself which the last weeks had fostered, once more overflowed his heart.

God had answered him. He sat staring at the senseless face before him, and he read the answer there. He did not believe in such connection as the doctor seemed to snatch at between Agatha's illness and the trial. Living with her day by day, he had seen her well and happy, triumphant even, in the recognition of his innocence. The change had come suddenly; in the last fortnight, perhaps. He had watched it; her mother had spoken of it; her brother — but he had watched it, and seen it for himself. It was God's reply to all his lying self-exculpation, to his life of deceit. The curse of her race would fall surely and swiftly upon this innocent wife of his; for so mysteriously, yet wisely, doth God visit our sins upon our loved ones. Or, in his mercy, he would take her to himself and leave her husband comfortless,— him whom no comfort could advantage, and whom misery alone yet might save. But whatever the future might fashion, it would bring them separation: Joost's heart cried out that it must be so, and the last words the doctor had spoken were become an irrevocable decree to him. He understood that it must be thus. He was unworthy to live longer by the side of this woman whom he cheated; and whether by death to relieve her, or by insanity to punish him, she would pass out of his existence. She would never speak to him again. Never! In that thought he first realized how unutterably he loved her, with a love which had grown from a boy's rash fancy for a pretty face, through

trials and mutual enjoyments and deepening sympathies, into the very essence and existence of the soul. And yet his first yearning was not to retain her, if God bade her pass from him: it was only that — oh, by all his unworthiness of her, by his guilt and her gentle innocence, by his passionate love and her answering affection — by their oneness — of *Thy* giving, great Father — he might obtain mercy to confess his iniquity in her sight. For death was not death to him in that moment, nor detachment separation. And ere she — his soul's diviner part — pass on to fuller purity of knowledge, he would gather from her lips that she had learned his secret on this earth, had understood it, and forgiven him. Not, not to be left here standing with eyes that cannot pierce the darkness, and yet with a hope that told the loved one loved him still, and now read the soul he had so shrewdly veiled before her, and now — mayhap — mourned forever for a unity, high and holy, broken and trodden under foot. O God, have mercy!

He sank down by the bed and buried his face in his hands. And in the untroubled silence his heart cried aloud. It was of God that he must obtain forgiveness in the first place, and he knew it. But his prayers, in that turmoil of feeling, were of the woman he loved.

THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

From 'An Old Maid's Love'

IT WAS on a golden summer evening — a long June sunset, soft and silent — that Mephisto crept into the quiet old heart of Suzanna Varelkamp.

She was sitting in the low veranda of her cottage on the Wyker Road, with her gray knitting in her hands. She always had that gray knitting in her hands. If it rested on her knees for one brief moment, her friends could tell you that some singularly difficult question — probably of abstruse theology, or else about the linen-basket or the preserves — was troubling Suzanna's mind. Suzanna was a woman of industrious repose. She loved her God and her store cupboard. She did not, as a rule, love her neighbor overmuch: little unpleasantnesses in connection with the overhanging apples, or Suzanna's darling cat, were apt to

intervene and stifle the seeds of dutifully nurtured benevolence. Nor did she love herself to any excess of unrighteousness; knowing, with a perfervid knowledge, that she was altogether abominable and corrupt, and "even as a beast before Thee," from her mother's womb upwards — a remote period.

The gentle laburnum at her side was slowly gilding over in the sinking sunlight, fragile and drooping and a little lackadaisical, very unlike the natty old woman, bolt upright in her basket-chair. Just across the road a knot of poplars quivered to the still air; and in the pale, far heaven, companies of swallows circled with rapid, aimless swoops. Nature was slowly — very, very slowly, tranquilly, dreamingly, deliciously — settling itself to sleep; silent already but for a blackbird shrilling excitedly through the jasmine bushes by the porch.

Another bird woke up at that moment, and cried out from Suzanna's bedroom — through all the quiet little house — that it was half-past seven. Then he went to sleep again for exactly half an hour; for, like all man's imitations of God's works, he is too hideously logical to be artistic. And Mejuffrouw Varelkamp began to wonder why Betje did not bring out the 'tea-water'; for every evening the sun went down at another moment. — Providence, being all-provident, was able to superintend such irregularities, — but every evening, at half-past seven to the minute, Mejuffrouw Varelkamp must have her 'tea-water,' or the little cosmos of her household arrangements could not survive the shock. "It is difficult enough for one woman to superintend one servant!" said Suzanna. "It is possible, but it is all-engrossing, and requires concentration of power and of will. And not being Providence, I cannot regulate disorder." The regulation of "disorder," as she called it, — the breaking away from straight lines and simple addition, — was one of Suzanna's bugbears. And so Betje was efficiently superintended; none but she knew how engrossingly. And evening after evening, the cuckoo stepped over his threshold, and Betje out of her kitchen, so harmoniously that you might almost have fancied they walked in step.

Somebody was coming up the quiet road — a Dutch road, straight and tidy, avenue-like, between its double border of majestic beeches; somebody whose walk sounded unrhythmic through the stillness; — two people, evidently, and not walking in step, these two: one with a light, light-hearted swing; the other with a melancholy thump, and a little skip to make it good

again. But their whistling, the sweet low whistling of an old Reformed psalm-tune, was in better unison than their walking; though even here, perhaps, the softer voice seemed just a shade too low. Had there been all the falseness of a German band in that subdued music, Suzanna would not have detected it: her heart — and that far more than her ear — recognized with tranquil contentment the drawn-out melody, calm and plaintive; and her bright eye brightened, for just one little unnoticeable moment, at the accents of the clearer voice. That sudden brightening would flash every now and then over a face hard and cold enough by nature; nobody ever noticed it except Suzanna's sister, the rich widow Barsselius, — not Suzanna herself, least of all the young scapegrace who was its only cause.

Dutch psalm-singing leaves plenty of time for the singers to go to sleep and wake up again between each two succeeding notes. The whistlers came into sight before they had finished many lines. They stopped suddenly upon perceiving the old lady under the veranda, and both took off their hats.

"Dominé," said Suzanna, "how can you countenance whistling the Word of God?"

The young man thus addressed looked up with a quiet twinkle in his eye. He had a pale face and a thoughtful smile; he was slightly deformed, and it was he that walked lame.

"With pipe and with timbrel, Juffrouw," he answered gayly. "Old Baas Vroom has just been telling me that hé won't give up smoking, in spite of the doctor, because he has read in his Bible how the people praised the Lord with their pipes."

Suzanna never smiled unless she approved of the joke. She reverenced the minister, and she patronized the young believer; it was difficult sometimes properly to blend the two feelings. But at the bottom of her tough old heart she thoroughly liked her nephew's friend. "He will make a capital pastor," she said to herself unconsciously, "when he has unlearned a little of his so-called morality and taken in good sound theology instead. Not the milk of the Word with Professor Wyfel's unfiltered water, but strong meat with plenty of Old-Testament sap."

"Come in here," she said severely: "I want to talk to you about that Vrouw Wede. I told her this morning that she could not have any more needlework from the Society unless she sent her son to the catechizing. She says the boy's father won't have him go, because it tires his head. And I warned her I should

report her to the Dominé.» Mejuffrouw Varelkamp's voice always dropped into exactly the same tone of hereditary reverence over that word. «Come in, Jakob, and you shall have a 'cat's tongue' [a kind of biscuit], even though it isn't Sunday.»

Betje had brought out the tea things meanwhile, triumphantly, under cover of the minister's presence: the shining copper peat stove, and the costly little Japanese teacups, not much larger than a thimble, on their lacquered tray. «Take away the tea-stove, Betje,» said Suzanna: «the peat smells.» She said so every now and then,—once a week, perhaps,—being firmly convinced of the truth of her assertion; and Betje, who never believed her, and who never smelled anything under carbolic acid, whisked away the bright pail and kettle from beside her mistress's chair and brought them back again unaltered. «That is right, Betje,» said Mejuffrouw. «How often must I tell you that a stove which smells of peat is full proof in itself of an incompetent servant?»

«Humph!» said Betje. For even the very best of housekeepers have their little failings and fancies and fads.

«Come in, Jakob,» said Suzanna. «Not you, Arnout. You can go down to the village and fetch me a skein of my dark gray wool. The dark gray, mind, at twelve stivers. You know which.»

«You know which!» The young man had grown up with the dark gray wool and the light gray wool and the blue wool for a border. Ten stivers, twelve stivers, fourteen stivers. He knew them better than his catechism, and he knew that very well too. He touched his hat slightly,—he was always courteous to his aunt, as who would not have been?—and he strolled away down the green highway into the shadows and the soft warm sunset, taking up as he went the old psalm-tune that had been on his lips before.

It was the melody of the Fifty-first Psalm. Suzanna had good cause to remember it in after years.

And it was into this calm green paradise of an old maid's heart—a paradise of straight gravel paths, and clipped box-trees, and neat dahlia beds—that soft Mephisto crept.

KNOWLEDGE

From 'God's Fool.' Copyright 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

THERE was a man once—a satirist. In the natural course of time his friends slew him, and he died. And the people came and stood about his corpse. "He treated the whole round world as his football," they said indignantly, "and he kicked it." The dead man opened one eye. "But always toward the Goal," he said.

There was a man once—a naturalist. And one day he found a lobster upon the sands of time. Society is a lobster: it crawls backwards. "How black it is!" said the naturalist. And he put it in a little pan over the hot fire of his wit. "It will turn red," he said. But it didn't. That was its shamelessness.

There was a man once—a logician. He picked up a little clay ball upon the path of life. "It is a perfect little globe," said his companions. But the logician saw that it was not perfectly, mathematically round. And he took it in his hands and rubbed it between them softly. "Don't rub so hard," said his companions. And at last he desisted, and looked down upon it. It was not a bit rounder, only pushed out of shape. And he looked at his hands. They were very dirty.

There was a man once—a poet. He went wandering through the streets of the city, and he met a disciple. "Come out with me," said the poet, "for a walk in the sand-dunes." And they went. But ere they had progressed many stages, said the disciple, "There is nothing here but sand."—"To what did I invite you?" asked the poet.—"To a walk in the sand-dunes."—"Then do not complain," said the poet. "Yet even so your words are untrue. There is heaven above. Do you not see it? The fault is not heaven's. Nor the sand's."

MUSIC AND DISCORD

From 'God's Fool.' Copyright 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

"THE principle remains the same," cried Lossell. "Keep out of expenses while you can."

"But don't if you can't," interrupted Cornelia tartly.

Till now her husband had resolutely fastened his eyes upon the orchestra director's shining rotundity. He withdrew them for

a moment—less than a moment—as Cornelia spoke; and their glances met. In that tenth of a second a big battle was fought and lost, far more decisive than the wordy dispute of the other night. For Hendrik read defiance in Cornelia's look, and retreated before it. In that flash of recognition he resolved to give up all attempts to browbeat her. His must be a warfare not of the broadsword, but of the stiletto. There lay discomfiture in the swift admission; not defeat as yet, but repulse. Once more Cornelia's eagle face had stood her in good stead. "After all, I can't slap her," muttered Lossell, as he scowled back towards Herr Pfuhl's bald head.

Indeed he could not.

"'Can't' is an ugly word," he said to himself almost as much as to her, and he walked away in the direction of the breakfast-room. In the entry he turned round. "No concert this winter, Herr Pfuhl!" he cried; and then he shut the door quickly behind him.

He was still sufficiently master of his own house to say what he chose in it. But he was not master enough to remain where he chose after having said it.

He was far from sorry to think the door should be shut.

The repose of the Sabbath—that blessed resting on the oars—had been broken by a sudden squall. He glowered discontentedly at the breakfast things; and as he lifted the teapot lid, he sneered down upon the innocent brown liquid inside. Yet Cornelia could make good tea. And he knew it. It is a beautiful thing in a woman.

No man of nervous or artistic temperament should bind himself in wedlock before the partner of his choice has passed an examination in tea-making. And even in Koopstad there are nervous souls, though inartistic, in these days of ours when Time travels only by rail. Hendrik was of a highly nervous nature, irritable, and fifty miles an hour. He sat down to breakfast and drew the Sunday morning paper towards him. Cornelia might as well stop away as not. How unreasonable she was, and how inconsiderate! He would walk out presently and see Elias. The walk would do him good and brace him up a bit. Elias was his brother; a step-brother, but still a brother, a Lossell. Blood is thicker than water, and every now and then the old truth comes home to you. And Cornelia was fast deepening into a nuisance.

She came in serene, as if nothing had happened. Her victory satisfied her for the moment, and she was too wise a woman not to relax her hold of the rope the moment she had drawn the boat into her current. She had shown Hendrik the limit of her endurance, and instead of leaping over it, he had shivered back. That was enough for to-day. She did not really want the concert very badly, especially not at that "scandalous" price.

"I quite agree with you, Henk," she said mildly, as she busied herself with her tray; "and I have told Herr Pfuhl so, and sent him away. It would be absurd to pay so much for his band; and we can in any case very well wait till next year."

Hendrik's whole being melted away into notes of interrogation and admiration, as he stopped and stared at his wife,—the open print in one hand, his half-lifted teacup in the other.

"We must give an extra dinner instead," continued Mevrouw. "Why did you not wait for me to pour out your tea, Hendrik?"

"I am in a hurry," answered Lossell, still bewildered: "I want to walk out to Elias's and see how the poor chap is getting on."

Mevrouw pulled a face. She did not like to think of the useless idiot who stood between her and the full glory of greatness. Elias was her permanent eclipse. "Oh, depend upon it, he is perfectly well and happy," she snapped. She avoided as much as possible allowing her thoughts to dwell upon contingencies; but she could not keep down an undercurrent of exasperation at sight of the idiot's unbroken health. "It is only the people whose existence has no *raison d'être*," she said, "that go on living for ever."

"So-o," muttered Herr Pfuhl to himself emphatically, in a long-drawn reminiscence of his native land. He hurried down the short avenue in fretful jumps, and as he went he struck his greasy wide-awake down flat on his speckled cabinet-pudding of a head. "So is it in the great houses. They have the butters and the oils of life, and yet the wheels go creaking. The Mefrou, ah, she will have her concert when she wants it. Not so was my Lieschen. Never has she given me Blutwurst again, since I told her it was Leberwurst I loved better. And yet Blutwurst was her Leibgericht."

Whenever he was strongly moved, his German seemed to break forth again purer from some hidden spring of feeling, and to come surging up across the muddy ditch of broken Dutch.

A film spread over his eyes, for Lieschen would never eat Blutwurst again. She had been dead for many years. She had died in this strange, straight-lined country, of a chill at the heart.

Peace be to the old Director's ashes. He too is dead. But his orchestra was heard in Mevrouw Lossell's rooms before he laid down his baton. And on that memorable occasion Hendrik Lossell went up to him, with nervous, puckered face, and complimented him on the excellence of the performance; adding, with a palpable sneer, that there were some things so valuable you could never pay enough for them.

And the sneer was at himself.

GUILT

From 'God's Fool.' Copyright 1892, by D. Appleton & Co.

IN THE middle of the night Elias awoke. His brain was clear again, as fools' brains go. He sat up in bed, and said, "Murder."

Murder. He did not know much about "death" and "killing," but he knew what "murder" was. Christ had been murdered. Murder was hating a man so utterly that you wanted him to stop seeing, hearing, walking, speaking; that you wanted him to stop being, in a word. And so you tried to prevent his being. You struck him until he could no longer be. And he who did this thing, who made another human being to lie silent like a stick or stone, was a murderer. It was the very worst thing a man could be. The wicked Jews had murdered Christ. And Elias had murdered his brother.

Murder. The whole room was full of it. Room? What did he know of rooms, of limits of space? He opened his horror-struck eyes wide, and they saw as much, or as little, as before — the immensity of darkness.

He put out his hand and felt that he was among unusual surroundings. Where was he? In the place where God confines the wicked? Prison, the grave, hell — the idea was all one to him. He was in the darkness — the soul-darkness he had never known thus till this hour.

Heaven and earth were aflame with the cry of murder. It rose up in his heart and flooded his whole existence. It pressed back upon him, and held him by the throat whenever he tried to shake it off. But he barely tried. His was a mind of few ideas,

at the mercy of so merciless a tyrant as this. The wish to do away with, to silence, to annihilate. Elias had murdered his brother, as the Jews had murdered Christ.

He dared not pray. He buried his face in the pillow and longed to be truly blind, that he might not see "murder"; truly deaf, that he might not hear "murder." He dared not think of forgiveness. There could be no forgiveness for such crime as this. "Sins" to him had meant his childish petulances. He had never heard of any one forgiving Christ's murderers. Everybody was still very angry with them, and yet it was a long time ago since Christ was killed. There could be no hope, no escape. There was nothing but this agony, beyond tears, beyond pardon. Nothing but the consciousness, which must remain forever, of being one of the very few among the worst of men.

And he remembered that he had thought he was almost as good as the Lord Christ.

THE DAWN OF THE HIGHER LIFE

From 'The Greater Glory.' Copyright 1893, by D. Appleton & Co.

REINOUT, walking his horse in the blazing sunshine, peeped curiously into the cheaply bound little volume which was her "dearest thing on earth."

"Verses!" he said with ready scorn. "All women are alike."

He knew enough about verses. Sometimes he read the books his mother brought him, and sometimes he praised them unread. "Always say 'Yes' to a woman," the Chevalier was wont to remark, "if you feel it would hurt to hear you say 'No.'"

"O mon âme.
O ma flamme.
O que je t'aime."

That is poetry.

"Toujours du même."

"None of my talent has descended to my child," sighed Margherita. "And yet I feel sure he will be some sort of a genius —perhaps a Prime Minister." "A what?" asked the Count, and walked away to dissemble his laughter. He rejoiced, however, to think that his wife had come round to his view, whatever her road.

« Well, she begins young with her love ditties,» thought Reinout; but, nevertheless, on his return, he settled himself in a window-seat with the book. It was a Belgian edition of Victor Hugo's « Les Voix Intérieures.»

He glanced at the first page. The opening words struck him.

« This Age is great and strong. . . .»

The quietly impressive words, so unlike much of Victor Hugo's later redundancy, sank slowly into his soul. Here was a gospel of the time, which met him half-way on his hap-hazard path. «Are you looking for me?» it said. « I am here.»

When he had finished, he turned back and began again. He had never read other poetry before than love songs and bouts-rimés.

And then he plunged headlong into the piece which follows, that magnificent poem on the death of the exiled Charles X. Here the novice soon floundered out of his depth; but he still held on, borne irresistibly forward by the rush of the rhythm, as all must understand who appreciate the sublimest of spouters. It is impossible to stop; the very bewilderment of the reader twists him helplessly onwards amid those whirlpools of eloquence. And in all the Titan's endless volumes, Reinout could not have lighted on a poem more calculated to impress him than this one. Aristocrat as he must ever remain in all the prejudices of his bringing-up, lover as he had been destined to become from childhood of that lowly human greatness which your mere aristocrat ignores, this song of tenderest reconciliation struck chords within his being of whose existence his incompleteness had never been aware. And when he reached, with palpitating heart and eager breath, the great finale,—

« O Poesy, to heaven on frighted wing thou fliest!»

he started to his feet, and stood staring before him into a new gulf yawning ahead — or was it a visionary ladder, whose top is hid in heaven? A world of illusion, Idea,— the soul-world of beautiful hopes and fancies,— the world in which all men are brothers, great and strong and greatly worthy,— a world at which the cynic laughs, with tears for laughter;— at last he beheld it; uplifted on the pinions of his ignorance into cloudland, and beyond that to the sun! He will never forget that moment,

although to this day he cannot tell you in intelligible prose what took place in his soul. Oh, the sweetness of it! The sadness of it! The beautiful, sorrowful hope! He did not know what he was saying, as he stumbled on through a wilderness of magnificent words. But gradually a single thought stood out clear among all this confusion of greatnesses: the majesty — not of your Highnesses and Excellencies and Eminences — but of the naked soul of man. He had been yearning for it, searching for it, unwittingly; at last he could grasp it, and read the riddle of life.

All that afternoon he hurried upwards, a breathless explorer on Alpine heights. Like an Indian prince from his father's palace, he had escaped out of the gilded cage where the neat canaries warbled, away into the regions of the angels' song, "Peace on earth, good-will among men. Hallelujah!" His soul was drunken with poesy. He tore off the kid glove from his heart.

He was utterly unreasonable and nonsensical, full of clap-trap and tall-talk and foolishness. Yes, thank God: he was all that at last.

THE MABINOGION

BY ERNEST RHYS

THE old delightful collection of Welsh romances,—"open-air tales," the late Sidney Lanier happily termed them,—known all the world over as the 'Mabinogion,' is the work of various mediæval poets and romancers whose very names, like those of the border balladists, are lost to us. It is easy to speculate, as Stephens and other critics have done, about the authorship of one or two of the 'Mabinogion,' in scanning the list of poets in Wales during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries; but the quest leads to nothing certain, and save to Welsh students is uninteresting. We may say, as the poet Shirley wrote in speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, the one important thing about these authors is that "we have their precious remains."

As for the general title 'Mabinogion,' which Lady Charlotte Guest's English version has made familiar, it is well perhaps at the outset to listen to the explanation given by the greatest Celtic scholar of our time,—the present principal of Jesus College, Oxford. From this it may be seen that these tales, too, are but another outgrowth of that wonderful bardic cult to which some reference is made in a previous volume.* "An idea prevails," says Principal John Rhys, "that any Welsh tale of respectable antiquity may be called a *mabinogi;* but there is no warrant for extending the use of the term to any but the 'four branches of the Mabinogi,' such as Pwyll, Branwen, Manawydthau, and Math. For, strictly speaking, the word *mabinog* is a technical term belonging to the bardic system, and it means a literary apprentice. In other words, a mabinog was a young man who had not yet acquired the art of making verse, but who received instruction from a qualified bard. The inference is that the 'Mabinogion' meant the collection of things which formed the mabinog's literary training—his stock in trade, so to speak; for he was probably allowed to relate the tales forming the 'four branches of the Mabinogion' at a fixed price established by law or custom. If he aspired to a place in the hierarchy of letters, he must acquire the poetic art. The supposition that a mabinog was a child on his nurse's lap would be as erroneous as the idea that the 'Mabinogion'

* *Vide* article 'Celtic Literature,' Vol. vi., page 3403.

are nursery tales,—a view which no one who has read them can reasonably take.»

In Lady Charlotte Guest's later edition in one volume (London, 1877),—the most convenient edition for reference,—twelve tales in all will be found. Of these, the most natively and characteristically Welsh in character are such tales as the vivid, thrice romantic 'Dream of Rhonabwy,' which owes little to outside sources. 'The Lady of the Fountain,' on the other hand, shows in a very striking way the influence of the French chivalric romances that Sir Thomas Malory drew upon so freely in his 'Morte d'Arthur.' In the admirably edited Oxford text of the Welsh originals, 'The Lady of the Fountain' appears under the title of 'Owain and Lunet'; and Lunet's name at once recalls Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' Indeed, the king, King Arthur himself, is not long in making his entry upon the scene. We find him in this first romance, set forth with all that fondness for fine color which marks all Celtic romance:—

«In the centre of the chamber King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-colored satin, and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow.»

It is perhaps to be regretted that King Arthur should appear so indifferent to the delights of fiction as he does in the sequel; for in the interval before dinner he calmly proposes to go to sleep while they tell tales. He also suggests that they should get a flagon of mead and some meat, by way of encouragement to the comfortable exercise of romance. «So Kai went to the kitchen and to the mead cellar, and returned bearing a flagon of mead and a golden goblet, and a handful of skewers upon which were broiled collops of meat. Then they ate the collops, and began to drink the mead.»

In the way of sheer romance, nothing could be better than the tale of his adventures that Kynon then recites: how, after journeying through deserts and distant regions, he came to the fairest valley in the world, and to a great castle with a torrent below it; how, being conducted into the castle, he found there four-and-twenty damsels of surpassing beauty, embroidering satin at a window, who rose at his coming, and divested him of his armor and attired him in fine linen, with mantle and surcoat of yellow satin; and how then they spread a feast before him, with tempting array of gold and silver; and how, when next day he sets forth refreshed in quest of further adventures, he is overthrown by the sable Knight of the Fountain. Owain, in his turn, essays to fight with this Knight of Darkness;—but here let me pause, in the remote hope of sending new readers to the tale itself. For those who think mere romance in itself to be wanting in philosophical interest, let it be added that Principal Rhys has in his Hibbert Lectures discovered all manner of mythological meaning in

the tale. Thus Owain becomes the symbol of the Day, with its twelve hours of light, while the dark Knight of the Fountain represents Darkness and Destruction, and corresponds to our old enemy Arawn, the prince of Night and Hades.

In quite another vein from 'The Lady of the Fountain' is the curious story of 'Lludd and Llevelys,' which begins in the Welsh original, "Yr beli mawr vab manogair y bu tri meib,"—that is, "Beli the Great, son of Manogar, had three sons." These three were Lludd, Caswallawn, and Nynyaw. But there was also a fourth, called Llevelys. After the death of Beli, Lludd became King; and we add a passage to our selections that follow, describing the legendary origin of London, as founded by King Lludd, after whom Ludgate Hill is called. What could be more entertaining, as one contemplates the ramifications of that congeries of cities forming modern London, than to remember this old Welsh fable of its first beginnings? One need not trouble to distinguish how far King Lludd and his capital, Caer Lludd (the old Cymraec name for London), are historical or not. Here they concern us only as romance, as do the Three Great Plagues of the Isle of Britain, which King Lludd has to drive away. But romance or history, let us not forget that these Three Plagues lead, in the course of the Mabinogi, to the discovery that Oxford is the very centre of the mystic Isle of Britain; which may very well account, in turn, for the modern taste of Oxford for Welsh texts!

The tale that follows 'Lludd and Llevelys' in the English edition of the 'Mabinogion,'—'Taliesin,' to wit,—is the only item in the list which is rather suspicious in its origin. In fact the tale as it stands is neither primitive nor mediæval, but is a fairly ingenious concoction of primitive and mediæval ingredients, probably made in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. It contains, *inter alia*, some striking versions of the old mystic poems attributed to Taliesin; for a further account of which we must refer the reader to the article in a later volume upon that remarkable and thrice puzzling Cymraec poet. In the opening of the story of 'Taliesin,' as it stands, will be found the mention of a certain Tegid Voel; and this serves to remind us that it was a Welsh scholar, best known by his bardic use of the same name, "Tegid," who was Lady Guest's collaborator in translating the 'Mabinogion.'

It may be said in appraising the value of the contribution thus made to the open literature of the world, that if, necessarily, something is lost in the transference from an old to a newer tongue, yet the version we have is a really surprisingly good English equivalent, written with a great charm of style and a pervading sense of the spirit of all romance literature. Let us not forget, either, to note the services rendered to the book, by one so remarkable among the

American poets as the late Sidney Lanier, from whom we quoted a phrase in our opening sentence. In his pleasant preamble to 'The Boys' Mabinogion,' the account he gives of his subject forms so convincing a tribute to its delights that one is tempted to steal a sentence or two. After referring to the 'Arabian Nights,' Sidney Lanier goes on to say that the 'Mabinogion' fortunately "do not move in that close temperature which often renders the atmosphere of the Eastern tales so unwholesome." Again he says (and how well the sentence touches on the imaginative spell that one finds in the more primitive, more peculiarly Celtic of those tales, such as the thrice wonderful 'Dream of Rhonabwy!'): "There is a glamour and sleep-walking mystery which often incline a man to rub his eyes in the midst of a Mabinogi, and to think of previous states of existence."

It remains to be said, finally, that the old manuscript volume of the 'Mabinogion,' known as the 'Llyfr Coch o Hergest,'—the 'Red Book of Hergest,'—lies enshrined in the famous library of Jesus College, Oxford: the one college in the older English universities which has a time-honored connection with Welsh scholarship and Welsh literature.

Ernest Rhys

THE DREAM OF RHONABWY

How Rhonabwy Slept, and Began his Dream

Now, near the house of Heilyn Goch they saw an old hall, very black and having an upright gable, whence issued a great smoke; and on entering they found the floor full of puddles and mounds; and it was difficult to stand thereon, so slippery was it with mire. And where the puddles were, a man might go up to the ankles in water and dirt. And there were boughs of holly spread over the floor, whereof the cattle had browsed the sprigs. When they came to the hall of the house, they beheld cells full of dust and very gloomy, and on one side an old hag making a fire. And whenever she felt cold, she cast a lapful of chaff upon the fire, and raised such a smoke that it was scarcely to be borne as it rose up the nostrils. And on the

other side was a yellow calfskin on the floor; a main privilege was it to any one who should get upon that hide. And when they had sat down, they asked the hag where were the people of the house. And the hag spoke not, but muttered. Thereupon behold the people of the house entered: a ruddy, clownish, curly-headed man, with a burthen of fagots on his back, and a pale, slender woman, also carrying a bundle under her arm. And they barely welcomed the men, and kindled a fire with the boughs. And the woman cooked something and gave them to eat: barley bread, and cheese, and milk and water.

And there arose a storm of wind and rain, so that it was hardly possible to go forth with safety. And being weary with their journey, they laid themselves down and sought to sleep. And when they looked at the couch it seemed to be made but of a little coarse straw, full of dust and vermin, with the stems of boughs sticking up therethrough; for the cattle had eaten all the straw that was placed at the head and foot. And upon it was stretched an old russet-colored rug, threadbare and ragged; and a coarse sheet full of slits was upon the rug, and an ill-stuffed pillow, and a worn-out cover upon the sheet. And after much suffering from the vermin, and from the discomfort of their couch, a heavy sleep fell on Rhonabwy's companions. But Rhonabwy, not being able either to sleep or to rest, thought he should suffer less if he went to lie upon the yellow calfskin that was stretched out on the floor. And there he slept.

As soon as sleep had come upon his eyes it seemed to him that he was journeying with his companions across the plain of Argyngroeg, and he thought that he went towards Rhyd y Groes on the Severn. As he journeyed he heard a mighty noise, the like whereof heard he never before; and looking behind him, he beheld a youth with yellow curling hair, and with his beard newly trimmed, mounted on a chestnut horse, whereof the legs were gray from the top of the fore legs, and from the bend of the hind legs downwards. And the rider wore a coat of yellow satin sewn with green silk, and on his thigh was a gold-hilted sword, with a scabbard of new leather of Cordova, belted with the skin of the deer, and clasped with gold. And over this was a scarf of yellow satin, wrought with green silk, the borders whereof were likewise green. And the green of the caparison of the horse, and of his rider, was as green as the leaves of the fir-tree, and the yellow was as yellow as the blossom of the broom.

LLUDD AND LLEVELYS

How King Lludd Founded Caer Lludd, or the City of London

After the death of King Beli, the kingdom of the Island of Britain fell into the hands of Lludd, and Lludd rebuilt the walls of London, and encompassed it about with numberless towers. And after that he bade the citizens build houses therein, such as no houses in the country could equal. And moreover he was a mighty warrior, and generous and liberal in giving meat and drink to all that sought them. And though he had many castles and cities, this one loved he more than any. And he dwelt therein most part of the year, and therefore it was called Caer Lludd, and at last Caer London. And after the stranger race came, it was called London, or Lwyndrys.

How Lludd Found Oxford to be the Centre of the Island of Britain, and how he took the Two Dragons in a Caldron

And King Lludd caused the Isle of Britain to be measured; and in Oxford he found the central point. And in that place he caused the earth to be dug, and in the pit a caldron to be set, full of the best mead that could be made; with a covering of satin over the face of it. And he himself watched that night; and while he watched, he beheld the dragons fighting. And when they were weary, they fell down upon the satin covering, and drew it with them to the bottom of the caldron. And they drank up the mead in the caldron, and then they slept. And thereupon Lludd folded the satin covering around them, and in the safest place in all Snowdon he hid them in a kistvaen. And after this the place was called Dinas Emrys. And thus the fierce outcry ceased in his dominions.

KILHWCH AND OLWEN

The Ride of Kilhwch

And Kilhwch pricked forth on a steed with head dappled gray, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, headed with well-tempered steel, three ells

in length, of an edge to wound the wind, and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven; his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea-swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner, and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes, and upon his stirrups, from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed towards the gate of Arthur's palace.

Description of Olwen

The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-colored silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan; her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Those who beheld her were filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprang up wherever she trod.

FROM 'BRANWEN THE DAUGHTER OF LLYR'

Peace was made, and the house was built both vast and strong. But the Irish planned a crafty device; and the craft was that they should put brackets on each side of the hundred pillars that were in the house, and should place a leathern bag on each bracket, and an armed man in every one of them. Then

Evnissyen [Branwen's brother, the perpetual mischief-maker] came in before the host of the Island of the Mighty, and scanned the house with fierce and savage looks, and descried the leathern bags which were around the pillars. "What is in this bag?" asked he of one of the Irish. "Meal, good soul," said he. And Evnissyen felt about it till he came to the man's head, and he squeezed the head until he felt his fingers meet together in the brain through the bone. And he left that one and put his hand upon another, and asked what was therein? "Meal," said the Irishman. So he did the like unto every one of them, until he had not left alive of all the two hundred men save one only, and when he came to him, he asked what was there? "Meal, good soul," said the Irishman. And he felt about until he felt the head, and he squeezed that head as he had done the others. And albeit he found that the head of this one was armed, he left him not until he had killed him. And then he sang an Englyn:—

"There is in this bag a different sort of meal,
The ready combatant, when the assault is made,
By his fellow warriors prepared for battle."

FROM 'THE DREAM OF MAXEN WLEDIG'

And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy to gaze upon than the sun when brightest, was it to look upon her by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of red gold at the breast; and a surcoat of gold tissue was upon her, and a frontlet of red gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld.

The maiden arose from her chair before him, and he threw his arms about the neck of the maiden, and they two sat down together in the chair of gold; and the chair was not less roomy for them both than for the maiden alone. And as he had his arms about the maiden's neck, and his cheek by her cheek, behold, through the chafing of the dogs at their leashing, and the clashing of the shields as they struck against each other, and the beating together of the shafts of the spears, and the neighing of the horses and their prancing, the Emperor awoke.

NOTRE DAME
HIGH SCHOOL
SAN JOSE

FOR REFERENCE